





LOVE AFTER DEATH

731

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LOVE AFTER DEATH

by

SHAW DESMOND

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To
MY INVISIBLE FRIEND

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into the life of outer space; (2) that we must ourselves analyse the sometimes contradictory accounts of the astrals by separating the planes, and with it imagine the extraordinary experiences which await us after passing; (3) we know now the scientific reason for the unhappy matings of our earth and the happier matchings of the astral; (4) we have considered the difference between earthly and astral wooing and accentuated the import of "synchronization of incarnations"; (5) we have found that each night during sleep we meet our loved ones Over There, in it discovering the "subliminal life" almost unknown to human beings; (6) we regarded briefly the dangers of casual spirit communication; and (7) we made the supreme discovery that all evolution on earth or astral was one from the unconscious to the conscious; that we had forged our love-lives on the anvils of time and, therefore, that anything that happened to us here or hereafter was the consequence of our own actions, but that nothing was absolutely fated, for by "service", which is "love", we could change our fate at will. (These discoveries will give us thought for all our earthly lives, the goal of our earth being the passing from the intellectual and the "reasoning" to the "instant-knowing" or intuitional.)

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TO MY INVISIBLE FRIEND

This description of "Love after Death" is written, not to "an audience", but to *you*, who read these words.

I want you to read it, not credulously, but critically, because I know how little I or anybody else knows about the four-dimensional worlds of after death. It is only by humbly admitting our ignorance that we may hope to learn and to lift ourselves from this tiny planet of earth, itself lost within the immensities.

Yet do I believe that this picture of the astral world and of its concepts of love and marriage is basically true. But truth has many facets, and, as our psychic scientists pursue their studies and, as we are now doing, establish Chairs of Psychic Science at our universities, the dazzling jewel of truth, as it revolves, will throw off the fire and colour of other facets.

Here, unlike my *How You Live When You Die*, I am not so much concerned with proof of the existence of the astral and the survival of death, which I, with some scientists, regard as now scientifically proved for all time. My essential concern is with the astral view of Love in its various forms and activities, whether those be of sex or of that "Greater Comradeship" which we express in the phrase, "God is love". Throughout, however, I stress the human relationship of lover and lover, parent and child, individual and family.

In one or two chapters, I elaborate facts which I have dealt with in previous books of mine on psychical research. Where I have changed my views, I say so, for "Psychics" is science in flux.

Whatever you, my invisible friend the reader, may think of my statements, they are the result of several decades of study and thought in the psychic laboratory and otherwise. Some of them, at least, have the endorsement not only of hard-headed business men and men of science but of that vastly more important field of common experience, as such has come to many thousands of average men and women. Those men and women who have "loved and lost, but again to find".

I have tried to be as honest with you, as I would have you be with me. And there is honest and dishonest reading as well as writing.

When I am writing out of the pure imagination or from conjecture, I say so. When I am writing from direct or indirect communications from the world to which the majority of us pass at death, I say so. Yet would I say here that repeatedly, over many years, I have found such imaginative conjecture borne out by the later communicated fact from the astral guides and friends. So much so, that I have long reached the conclusion that even our scientific men and women may find that there is a better way of arriving at "truth" than by the logical-intellectual. They may yet stumble—and this may be specially true of the woman scientist—upon the intuition that is divine, because it is divinely accurate.

One thing might be said here. The later discoveries of orthodox science in "psychics", physics, and mathematics, will be found to have many parallels even with the more imaginative portions of this little "Guide to Love after Death".

Nor shall I hope to be unduly concerned with the often uninformed criticism of the materialist, whether scientific or lay. Over a long period, I have gradually reached the conclusion that not only words, but "evidence", mean entirely different things to different people, and that, until a human being has reached a certain rung in the ladder of spiritual evolution, his or her views upon such matters as the main subject of these pages will not be of much account.

For, if anything more than another has emerged in the history of a century of psychical research, it is that, until that point in evolution which I will call ignition is reached by the individual soul, the evidence, however strong, not being available to his quality of mind, will mean nothing to him. It is rather like laying the differential calculus before a third form schoolboy to ask for his views.

If in these pages there be found a certain passionate presentation which may arouse the ire or contumely of the professional of letters in an age when arid restraint is so often assumed to be the imprimatur of "fine writing", I can only humbly say that not only may passion be dispassionate but that to write on the most vital problem of our worlds without passionate conviction might be as foolish as ineffective. Nor is grey neutrality necessarily the vehicle of truth or of "literature".

Finding from experience how evanescent is the memory of psychic facts, even when we read about them in a book of this type, I have deliberately, in places, been repetitive. Also, although I trust it is not without literary quality in form and style, I have as deliberately chosen the "colloquial" rather than the "literary" form in a work which is meant to be intimate as between my invisible friend and myself.

Book One

Love and Marriage Before Death



CHAPTER I

"THE PHENOMENON OF LOVE"

LOVE is the least understood phenomenon of life, because it is the phenomenon that lies behind all life. It is life itself.

Of its chief concomitant, marriage, it may be said that, as the Danish writer, Karen Ewald, wrote: "Of all human institutions, marriage is the greatest failure."

Of all arts, "the art of love-making" is the least studied and the least imagined. Now the heart of love-making is imagination.

The creative imagination is the rarest of all the gifts of that Godhead of which we are part and which of us is part. It is not by the dead-weight of matter that women and men live, of which another name is hate, but by the creative imagination that is love. Not by bread but by roses.

It is because we have not brought that imagination to our betrothals that the seal of marriage has in the overwhelming majority of unions been just a "seal", instead of being the opening of the door that gives upon the greater life that we call the "love-life". It is because of this sealing that the partners of love so often become partners of hate.

Yet is there something more hateful than "hate". There is "indifference", the dead world into which the earthly marriage is so often the passport.

Men and women being what they are, transients on the web of life, timorously peering upwards, more often peering downwards over the giddy depth out of which they have ascended, wondering when they dare to wonder whence and why they have climbed, stagger from strand to strand, sometimes rising, often falling. As to whither they are climbing, they never even imagine, much less dare to ask the question of themselves.

Year after year, perhaps life after life, we transients on the web, drunk on life and what we miscall "love", stagger up and down the spiderways, flies caught in the trap, never asking ourselves how and why we are trapped or if out of that silken trap there be a way. Yet is the web of life the web of love, if we but knew it. It is only when we find love that we find life.

Bewildered, sometimes fearing, always hoping, we think of love in terms of lust, and of lust in terms of love. Spinning helpless in the web, still do we each one believe that the next strand in the web will guide us to happiness. For us, happiness is always waiting round the corner in our love-life.

Still does happiness elude us. Still do we blunder across the cords. "It never is, but always is to be" in our loves and marriages.

Hopeless optimists, we blunder on our way, always hoping for the best and expecting the worst, and never learning that neither "best" nor "worst" is for us. Always is it the "not so good" or the "much better". For the thing we fear never happens. It is the unexpected which happens. Always do we plan. Yet is it the thing planned that almost never comes to fruition, or, if it does, then it is but to find the fruit of accomplishment turn to dust and ashes in our mouths.

And if all this be true of the common things, is it not much more true of the uncommon thing we call "love"? Is all this not the experience of each one of us in the dream we call life? And is not "life" love, and nothing else than love?

All of us, lovers of life, are lovers of love.

It is a terrible thing not to be in love.

CHAPTER II

LOVE AND MARRIAGE BEFORE DEATH

WE have to consider love and marriage, as they show themselves through the vehicle of the physical body, before we consider them after our passing from that body in what we miscall "death". Love does not die at death. It actually gathers new life. Love really lives by "death". It is deathless.

Later, we shall refer to books which examine the evidence for the survival of love after death. We shall, perhaps, find that evidence to be at least as conclusive as the evidence for any of the other "facts" of science. For not only are chairs of Psychical Research being established in various universities throughout the world, but an increasing number of scientific men and women are turning their attention to the only question that can ultimately concern intelligent human beings—the question as to whether we survive the death of the body. With this, inevitably, there goes the question as to whether love survives death, for if there be no love on the other side of the grave, then there can be no life. Once more, *Love is Life*.

In the meantime, so that we may gain perspective, we may examine love and marriage *before* death. We shall watch them as we know them in this world of matter, in which the spirit is enmeshed, as a fly is meshed in a spider's web, in order that through struggle, suffering, and even sin, which for suffering is but another name, the spirit may learn and bear—bear and forbear. So far, in the history of the human, there is

no advance without pain and frustration. For reasons which will later be advanced, it may be that the moment may come when, the great delivery of spirit from its matrix of matter having taken place, man and woman's advance through the spheres may be only by happiness and realization.

Love, as all life, is still within the Period of Frustration. The evidences are multiplying to show that in this Aquarian Age into which the Second World War has ushered humanity, we are reaching through frustration to the Age of Realization.

Amongst these evidences are the first-time phenomena of the enormous concern of women and men today with what we may call "The Idea of God", the immortality of the soul, and, above all, the passion of service, itself another form of the passion of love. For love is service, and service is love. When love ceases to be service, it ceases to be love.

These phenomena of love and service show themselves not so much within the ranks of organized religion and the churches, not even so much in societies and parties, as in the individual. The very imprimatur of the Aquarian Age into which we are fast pioneering is *the raising of the spiritual status of the individual*. In nothing more than in the relationship of the sexes is this being demonstrated. For it is in "the lists of love" rather than in those of hate and death that the battle for the soul of our earth is being fought :

Once more the war-horse proud shall shrill the lists of love,
Once more the silver trumpets call with urgent breath,
Once more the pennants wave where Beauty thrones above—
To break a lance for life within the lists of death!

This is the age of the freeing of love from its black magicians.

The modern mind finds expression primarily through three channels. First, the radio. Next, the theatre. Lastly, the newspaper.

These three conductors are the carriers of destiny in our time. They are our slaves and masters.

Scarce a wireless world-broadcast that does not carry a message of service or love. You open your newspaper and there, again, you find this message and with it the war-world's urgent consideration of child and home, marriage and divorce, love or lust. The now countless millions whose mental pabulum is the screen and whose spiritual home is the cinema, follow breathlessly the Hollywood bowdlerizations of passion and the *grotesquerie* of love-making by machine. Even into the timidity of the pulpit as of the parish magazine there has stolen a new idea—not only "The Idea of God" but the idea of applying religion to life and even to that love between the sexes which for the churches of Paul has always savoured of the forbidden fruit.

In the spoken as in the printed word, there has come a frankness of expression that would have shocked the Victorians who, all unconscious, were the enemies of life—and of love, and who "made love" within the strait jacket of suppression and fear. We are now

freeing love from the tabu and the theologian, so that she may breathe the pure air of freedom but not licence.

And everywhere, in train or bus, in lecture hall and political meeting, is heard this "Idea of God", which is now the idea of applying religion to life and of bringing a name that is heard today on so many lips, the name of Jesus, into our sociology as our politics, into our parliaments, and even into our Churches in some of which his message for so long has been veiled by a strangulated orthodoxy.

The Second World War, itself the second birth-spasm of the First World War, acting as midwife for the delivery of a New World of Spirit out of an Old World of Matter, alone has made all this possible. War, like fire, is a cleanser.

It is a clearer of the way. It clears the ground for the sowing of new seed and the gathering of new harvests. Out of the hate of war, ultimately springs love and service.

Man and his comrade, Woman, within limits have free will. She and he are free to choose either to learn by the right hand path of happiness and realization or by the left hand path of pain and frustration. So far, we have chosen the latter. Not always shall it be so. I believe that our planet is now about to choose the path of love for the first time.

It is in the land of love and in love's hinterland, passion, that in this age there has been a clearing and a cleansing of the ground. The old landmarks have been burnt out or torn down by war, the reiver of earth and matter.

Dismaying, even terrible, are the means and the method to effect this clearance. Transition stages are always terrible.

The transition stage in which we find ourselves, one which may last for many years, even decades, is a stage of licence and satiety. It is a stage of promiscuity and lust. A stage in which the very foundations of marriage and the family, which for so many thousands of years have served man and woman in the Stage of Experiment, are being torn up. For the lust of war is the lust of life. Each phenomenon of our planet has its correlative. All these things are interrelated.

Let no man or woman who reads these words and watches this age of licence and the breaking down of barriers, racial, moral, and other, be mazed by the Phenomena of the Transition Stage. All birth is ugly and painful. These are but the birthpangs giving birth to a new world of life and light.

That new world hitherto, in our religions, has lain on the other side of death. Today, for the first time in the evolution of love, I believe we are about to see it, upon this side of death.

And in all this, we, who have eyes to see and ears to hear, know that the veils between the worlds are falling one by one, and that soon for us terrestrials, life before and after death will be one life, continuous, synthetic. When the last veil has fallen, we may even discover that not only has man always been a spirit, even when shrouded in the friendly flesh, but that his real home is not on this side of death but on the other.

CHAPTER III

OUR LOVE AND MARRIAGE

LOVE is the bridge between the two worlds, worlds which are not separated but united by death. For of love, death is part.

Love, in its myriad aspects, is behind all our earth-life as it is behind the heaven-life. That we, in our unconscious baseness, have segregated the divine love to the lowest common denominator of fleshly passion, and in so doing have so often divorced it from its heavenly implications, does not alter this extraordinary fact that behind all life lies romance.

This lovely word, which the screen, the theatre, and the novel have rendered shameless and common, enmeshes much more than that romance of the flesh, itself but the fustian of the romantic, to which we have relegated it. "The Romance of Life", we are beginning to suspect, is really the mainspring of all existence, life itself a glorious adventure finding itself sometimes within, sometimes without, time and space. It is an Adventure in which "Safety Last" is the word, not the coward "Safety First" which hating unloving heart with uneasy search for a spurious and non-existent "happiness" has adopted for its slogan.

Up to the time of the Second World War, we had lived in an age in which we sought after this coward-happiness of "Safety First", by making everything as simple and as accessible as possible, from the standardized superimposition of powder and paint at a standardized price, "plus government tax", upon the human face, as a mask to beauty, to the one or two-syllabic word and four-line paragraphs in our daily newspapers and in our screen captions, "to make it easy". We had become lazy and complacent in our business and our love-making—in that lovemaking which so often was just a "business". We confused licence with delight and lust with love. Marriage itself had largely become "a getting used to" one another. And it was generally accepted that after a longer or shorter time, "the first fine careless rapture" of love took its unnatural course by satiated habit and soured custom.

We had not even learned that "Safety First" inevitably led to "Safety Last", and that hunted happiness always, not sometimes, ended in hunted hate. That the words: "he that saveth his life shall lose it", had any relevance to fact, never occurred to us, or that the fine carelessness of the life romantic, with indifference to danger or loss, alone could bring to each one of us the Happy Life.

In that dreadful complacency of the Anglo-Saxon, we imagined that marriages, so far from being made in heaven, were really made on earth by registrar or priest. That there could be no marriage and no union without love, scarcely crossed what in our lighter moments we called our minds. We even in our organized religion "married" sickly and even dissolute age to unconscious youth, and so kept what

we with sardony unsuspected called "the marriage market", fully stocked.

Perhaps the amazing thing in all this was that scarce a man or woman looked at what was often "unholy matrimony" . . . in other words as the angels looked at it from the other side of the veil. The institution of wedlock, which should have been of the essence of love and life, we sentimentally viewed through rose-coloured glasses, "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden", orange blossoms and the garish confetti, the origin of which we also never troubled to investigate.

We were told by our pastors and masters that the unions of man and woman under the ægis of holy church or unholy registrar—just as you liked to look at it—was always happy when the happy couple loved each other, as was their "duty". And if, as it sometimes disastrously if unaccountably seemed, that such unions were *not* happy, then "it was the fault of the contracting parties".

The rapidly mounting records of divorce. The as rapidly sinking birth-rate. The hideous plain fact that comparatively few marriages stood the test of, say, five years, and that all about us we saw men and women "united in the bonds of holy matrimony", mutually hating and suspicious, mutually indifferent or actively unhappy, all meant nothing to us. Heaven, it seemed, had laid down the law of marriage as the law of living, from it sprang the child who was to continue the race, and that was that!

Fortunately or unfortunately, "that" was not "that".

For the first time, young men and young women began to challenge not only the origins but even the intentions and, above all, the results of the heavenly institutions, if of heaven they were, for they often seemed to be of Another Place.

CHAPTER IV

WHY EARTHLY MARRIAGE FAILS

THERE is in the human being an ineradicable hope, almost belief, that the unhappy marriages of earth may be righted by marriages made in heaven. As there is, invariably, some truth behind all such intuitions, it may be that this hope will one day be fulfilled after the freeing from the physical body that we call death.

We shall later in these pages consider this possibility, and, as dispassionately as may be, examine the evidence for and against.

Before we investigate the earthly marriage in its heavenly stage, it is obviously essential to investigate that marriage as it exists on this planet.

We have already in our last chapter taken cursory view of this human institution, so familiar and yet so strange, in its broader outlines. Now we are about to make closer examination.

In this examination, we shall not depart by a hair from the common experience of us men and women. What we will do, is to abandon the customary pleasant lies about this most complex and unsuspected of all human conjunctions and to regard it not as we would like to imagine it to be, but as it is. Fear alone has hitherto prevented men and women from facing the facts of marriage and lovemaking—themselves, alas! often things quite different. And, however much we may differ with him, we shall not even shy at investigating such statements as those of Emil Ludwig, the historian, in *The Germans*, when he says: "We recognize anew that genius is best handed down in unions of love not in wedlock." We will begin by asking: "Why do marriages fail?"

In our simplicity and desire to escape inconvenient thought, we think that there is but one rule in marriage for everybody. This in the Anglo-Saxon adolescent applies not only to marriage and lovemaking but to everything.

Yet in what is still our adolescent planet is it not only the American and Englishman who lusts for a single panacea for all human ills, for a solitary rule of life and living. It is the hallmark of an earth which, still unrecognizable of its own humble position in evolutionary space, still without perspective, believes that its religions as its institutions are "final", whereas they have only just been born.

The principles which may apply to a Hottentot or a Zulu cannot apply to a cultured European or Asiatic. Nay, further, the moral laws, like the sociological laws, which may be good for one country may be bad or impossible for another. Or, yet a step more, what may be quite moral and beautiful for one type of woman or man in a country may be immoral and ugly for other types in the same country.

I am not here speaking of the differences indicated by a word which is vanishing from our vocabulary—the word "class". I am not saying that a rule for marriage which may apply to a banker will not apply to a labourer. Nor am I even saying that such broad principles as "love" and "hate", truth-telling or falsehood, do not apply to every type and class—in all cases, however, in their several degrees.

Actually, we are about to enter into a post-war world which will suspect that there are actually no differences in "class" caused by economic or social position. That the only vital differences of class are those of spiritual class, and that great men and women are born into any social or economic class. Jesus was the son of a carpenter. The Gautama Buddha, his spiritual brother, was the son of a prince. And this is true despite such facts as the statement of Emil Ludwig that of the men who "signify in the world the glory of the German Renaissance, all were born humbly, unknown. Not a single one comes from castles and palaces," something true of nearly all the greater geniuses of our earth.

The chasms that separate human beings are spiritual, not chasms of economic or social station. And all this applies to our consideration as to why marriages fail.

We are here considering the marriage of men and women who

have reached a certain stage in spiritual evolution, irrespective of their class or education, their poverty or their bank balance. That is to say, the unions of human beings who have reached a certain standard of "education", but education in life and thought rather than in what so often passes for education today in a world of examination and book-learning. The only test of education is, again most obviously, how far that education teaches us to know our fellow men—and ourselves—that is to say, to "live". For the art of living, like the art of lovemaking, is still almost an art unknown.

A man or woman who can but indifferently read and write and cipher may be in this art of living and understanding of others, an *educated* person in the deeper and indeed the only true sense of that word. But our world is full of men and women with letters after their names who, unknowing and unwishful of service of their fellows, are deeply "uneducated".

Persistently, from the Other Side of the veil, we are informed by the greatest minds we have hitherto contacted that such is the only interpretation of education which obtains Over There. That the only differences between human beings are differences of spirit. That neither happiness nor sorrow are the prerogatives of any "class", as we have hitherto known that word. And that it would be as ridiculous to apply the same rules for love and marriage to all human beings as to apply the same rules for food and entertainment.

We have tried to standardize life, but, fortunately for us, life refuses to be standardized. That is why love herself has no rules.

These "guides", as they are sometimes known, who are as real as we ourselves, tell us one other thing. They say that our earth is about to find itself partly inside the heaven-world in the time that is opening, that communication between the two worlds of earth and "heaven", at present infrequent and difficult, is about to be as natural and as easy as our present telephoning to Australia from London or, by the televisior, seeing a man a thousand miles away, phenomena that only half a century ago would have seemed as impossible as a visit to Venus.

They also tell us repeatedly and under the most perfect test-conditions that they and we have been able to devise in the modern science of psychical research, that the deep and almost universal unhappiness of "Man and Woman in Love", as the strangest and least understood of all human phenomena is known, may be avoided, and that as actually "marriages are made in heaven", the only happy union is the love-union. "No love, no marriage", they say. Also, again quite dispassionately and of considered thought and knowledge, they tell us that the often unhappy unions of earth may find happy fruition after the death of that body which hampers us from birth to the release of the spirit which we call "death".

One of these astral sociologists used some-such words: "The great majority of marriages in your world are failures—few are the successes." It has also been pointed out from that ethereal plane that Man and his partner Woman have failed to accomplish what the

animals have accomplished—happy mating. “Ponder this,” they say, “for *there is a reason*.”

I do not ask anyone to accept these statements without the closest enquiry and study. But I can say here, without possibility of effective challenge, that some of the greatest minds of our time and on this earth, either accept in principle what I have here stated, or are more and more inclined to accept it.

Unknown to the vast majority of human beings, even educated human beings, there has been evolving for the past few decades a new science—psychic science, and with it a now intimate knowledge of the conditions which exist in what we loosely call “The Next World”. Conditions not only in love and marriage but in many other though less urgent compartments of human life. To reject the findings of the new science, itself based upon observed phenomena as ancient as the human race, would be tantamount to rejecting the findings of modern science in physics or mathematics, in chemistry or astro-physics, or those infinitely more difficult and elusive observations in the shadow-land of the mind which we call the science of psychology. A land so shadowy that I believe, as I write, there is as yet no Chair of Psychology at the University of Oxford.

It is this new science which, as we shall later note, has helped us to understand not only something of the conditions of the world to which the overwhelming majority of humans pass at death, but to understand the better our own earthly problems. Of these problems, the basic problem is that of love and marriage with its variegated questions—questions we are now about to try and answer.

CHAPTER V

THE THREE STAGES OF MARRIAGE

THE greater number of marriages of the type of person we are here considering follow some such course as the following.

First, there is the period of courtship or “falling-in-love”, when the man and woman, girl and boy, find themselves in a “blue heaven”, a paradise in which each, rushing to become part of the beloved, believes that nothing can ever go wrong. This period lasts, usually, up to the time of consummation, whether that consummation or union of the physical take place during betrothal, as do large numbers of marriages, or after the ceremony of marriage. *Sex blinds*.

Incidentally, it may be said that more and more in our day is the period of betrothal being used as a sort of “trial marriage”. Indeed, according to some doctors, in certain classes and types, physical union before marriage is the rule rather than the exception.

Next, there is the period of living together or “marriage”, itself a word of ever greater elasticity. In this period, after a consummation

that but too often is for one or both parties bitter disillusionment, the marriage itself is either made or broken. For millions, the honeymoon is the beginning of the end of happiness. This is the grand *climacteric*.

It is fairly sure that the month after physical consummation, certainly the first three to six months, is the testing time of most marriages and that during this short period the future of the union, whether for happiness, indifference, or misery, is decided. Many marriages are destroyed in that first week, sometimes on their first night.

The third stage is the stage of "mutual adjustment", always supposing that the union survives the second stage. It is the stage of "getting used to each other", itself a disastrously significant phrase, and one, usually, in which romance is excluded. It is here that the marriage takes one of three courses. It sets its course either for hate, for indifference, or, in very rare cases, for "married love".

Although it is true that hate and love are but two facets of the same thing, as shown by the dismaying speed with which passionate love can turn to as passionate hate in the marriage relation, this metamorphosis from one to the other is a phenomenon which all have observed, although few have ever attempted to explain it. It is this phenomenon of marriage which we shall here particularly examine, as its examination and, if possible, explanation, throws a light upon the whole Marriage Problem, as it may be called. For marriage is as much a problem as a state.

As regards the first course of "hate", women and men being what they are, lovers of life and of illusion, will often prefer to do anything than admit that they hate each other. We have seen, all of us, hundreds of unions in which the two parties to the contract, reluctant to admit failure and disillusionment, for it is by illusion or what the Indian magi call *maya* that most of us exist, will for years pretend to themselves and to others that they love when they really hate. This hate-suppression, incidentally, leads to those all too common neuroses of the love-psyche, and, at times, to mental derangement, nor does one have to subscribe to Freud to admit that. For the one thing the spiritually underweighted and certainly unscientific and dogmatic Freud never understood was "love".

The midnight madness that ran across our world upon the advent of Sigmund Freud and his "facile filth", owed its existence to the widespread nature of such neuroses, and the seemingly simple explanation of "suppression" and "complex" advanced by this thoroughly wrongheaded but brave and sincere Hebrew. When Freud was adopted as prophet by the doubtful coteries of Bloomsbury and Chelsea and even by certain "sects" of the Universities, it was because not only did he seem to them to be the prophet of licence and the lord of forbidden delights, but because "he made it all so easy".

Fortunately, his great pupil, Jung, and others have now "debunked" their Master, who, perhaps of all humans, knew least about love and marriage, because he knew nothing about the "romance" he

despised, and which of marriage is the heart. But Freud, who before he began his studies, never took the trouble to find out what Indian *yoga* knew of the human mind, did, at least, make psychological discoveries of import, his "complex", for instance, being fact.

Sooner or later, this suppression of hate by the married leads either to physical violence or to "illicit love", as it used to be called. For what constitutes "illicit" as opposed to "lawful" love, is in our day becoming more and more difficult to define. As for the "romance" of which we have been writing, it, most unfortunately, has for millions of people who imagine they "love", no meaning whatever.

The great mass of marriages, however, do not take the course of active "hate", although even where hate is not actively present, there will almost invariably be that subcutaneous irritation, as of the burrowing *acarus*, from time to time with which most married couples are familiar. The course the great mass take is that of indifference, which itself is worse than hate, for with the indifferent even the gods contend in vain.

Indifference is the only sin.

If we are moderately honest with ourselves, we shall have to admit that many, indeed most, of the marriages about us fall into the category of indifference. Unromantic, habit-ridden indifference.

The man has his club or his sport or his public-house. The woman has her friends. Occasionally they "entertain", and these are often the only occasions upon which they unite in any common undertaking.

Indifference breeds monotony. Monotony breeds dislike and that crepitation of minds which ultimately so often leads to the male partner finding his outlet in the arms of another woman, and the female, usually the last to break up the home, in the arms of another man, or, if no longer physically attractive, at the bridge-table, the tea-table or that universal panacea for the tired mind—the cinema.

Our world is a tired world. Tired of work and tired of play. Tired of "trying not to be tired" and of that escapism that is the national vice. It is partly the result of two world-wars within a generation, but it is still more the result of *the abandonment of romance*, not only in the more intimate life that is marriage, but in the larger life that is the world outside. And in the exciting years which are to follow the Second World War, we shall find plenty of excitement and with it its inevitable corrective, and correlative, tiredness.

In a war-weary world, the marriage of indifference is nearly inevitable. It is not the hating union, but the indifferent union which is sapping the foundations of love and with it the foundations of home and child.

When we later come to consider it, we shall, I think, find that the marriage of hate and the marriage of indifference have no place in the world to which most of us will pass at the conclusion of our earthly span, itself but a breath in the Greater Life of Spirit.

What then of "the very rare cases of married love" to which I have referred?

It happens that at long intervals we are, to our mild astonishment, brought face to face with romantic "married love". Not the thing that so often passes for married love, which but too often frequently means the horrid habit of "getting used to each other", but the union which still possesses the indefinable stuff of romance, without which, one may contend, there can be no marriage and no love.

In a lifetime of experience, the number of unions which after the expiry of half a score of years, still draw their inspiration from the hidden source of the romantic, may be counted on the fingers of both hands. In my own experience and after careful retrospection, I have known only four or five such unions. The flippant wishful-thinker will jeer at this and, hand on heart, will declare facilely that he "knows of hundreds of such marriages". I, who have lived in many countries and amongst many races, and who perhaps may say have had opportunities for observation of "the marriage bond" over variegated areas of our earth, will not venture upon didactic statement but will appeal to the considered experience of other men and women who are not afraid to face the facts.

Yet, although these facts are known to all who care to seriously consider them, scarcely anyone has been conscious and conscientious enough, to ask the question: "How is it that in the world's most important institution, that of marriage, the institution from which all new life is presumed to spring, romantic love after some years of union is so rare as to be noteworthy whenever it is encountered?"

Or that further, and still more urgent question: "Is there any way out from the marriage *impasse*, and is there any way by which women and men may find happiness together . . . *even in the married relation?*"

I believe in all good faith that such a way exists, and that the "immortals", as we quite unscientifically differentiate those mortals who have sloughed off this mortal coil of flesh, have discovered such a way.

We may, indeed, before we reach the end of our journey in these pages, discover that it is not a question of there being such a way out and such a solution, but the question of whether we, whilst "still in the body pent", have the courage and the inspiration to adopt it.

Yet, having said all this, I would with all the earnestness I can command, add a warning word to all married people.

Beware of divorce if you can find between you any mental and spiritual sympathy, however fleeting it may seem to be. Remember that in nine cases out of ten, divorcing your wife or husband in order either to be "free" or to marry another, means at the best exchanging one difficulty for another, and, at the worst, discovering one day that the new partner is not yours and that the old partner you have discarded, holds for you sympathetic memory.

Remember, also, there is a mystery in marriage which no human

being has ever understood. It is the mystery of two human souls *who have exchanged beings*, each becoming part of the other, even if they be only "united by hate". Be wary of breaking that partnership, until you are deadly sure that you have found outside it your "twin soul", and even then remembering that for ever, the partner you are leaving will be part of you. We humans do not "marry" for nothing. *There is a reason.*

CHAPTER VI

SCIENCE AND SURVIVAL

THERE is an entirely wrongheaded notion that of all men, the scientist is best fitted to test the truth or otherwise of survival of the death of the body. He is often the worst!

His very mental equipment, backed as it is by a long tradition of materialist thought, now, it is true, slowly yielding to the spaceless timeless science of our day, renders him often immune to the evidence. He is ruled by what he calls "intellect", and intellect *can* be a greater obstacle than ignorance to the acquirement of wisdom and even of knowledge.

If it come to that, whether in consideration of spirit or matter, the "trained" intuition is the only safe guide. To assert that the often irrational "reason" or the shallow profundities of "logic" are superior to the source of all knowledge and to the technique by which that Source makes itself known to its tributaries of earth and sky is to say that the Machine is greater than the Man who made it.

If the brain-ridden academic seek to quarrel with the spirit of such passages as the above in this book, I would gently indicate that the fault may not so much lie in the passages as in the possible failure hitherto of the critic to reach the evolutionary stage necessary to their understanding—an explanation which never occurs to the logician.

The still imperfectly equipped mind does not settle such matters by saying: "How foolish!" or "The man is mad".

It is not that we should be impatient with the younger souls or that we should "hang millstones round the necks of the little ones", but neither should we always be compelled to bow the higher vibration to the lower or always "to suffer fools gladly". Remembering always, that foolishness is but a comparative term, and that where these younger souls stand today we stood yesterday, and that what even the best instructed and inspired amongst us know on this earth is but a tiny fraction of even the astral knowledge, itself but a single step higher on the ladder of life.

Yet a certain impatience may be forgiven when, decade after decade, the astral "Groups" see that so-called science and so-called "literature" persistently turn their faces from truth, unless that "truth" can be weighed in a balance or measured with a foot rule. Not only

can the higher deeper truths not be so "proved" or "weighed and measured", but even empirical trial demonstrates, if not always their fuller truths, then the *tendency* to such truths. For often it is only with tendencies we have to deal whilst still trapped by "brain" and the machinery of thought.

The Group-Soul on the astral is free from that mass-hypnotism which has done its work on the pure intellectual, as it has done its work on the millions who once hailed Hitler and Mussolini as "great men". The "great men" of our world often take lowly place in the eyes of the Group-Soul. And it is these "great men" who so often weld themselves into the caucuses of science, "Old Men of the Sea" who ride the tyro to his undoing—and theirs. For if my knowledge of scientists and the scientific mind means anything, it is the fear of the younger men to shock their elders by free and independent thought, as many of them have admitted to me.

It is such scientists who for decades have refused to investigate the world's most important and urgent question: "Does the human being survive the death of the physical body?" For "if there be no survival, then, we are wasting our time", as an Irishman might put it. We are wasting our time, for only contemptible inadequacy would be satisfied with a span of seventy years and with a "plan" that has no continuity. Science has even sidestepped "love"—and, so far as I know, there are no "Chairs of Love" in any of our universities! Yet one day will there be such "Chairs"—the day when Science ceases to compartmentize itself and to recognize universal instead of "local" law in the reaction of body and spirit.

Nor is it that the member of the Groups, any more than the writer of these words, despises "science". It only despises the "science" which arrogates to itself a knowledge and a dogmatism which rivals that of any of the theologians or organizations of spirit whom the scientist so often despises. Nor is there any truth in the persistent claim of a certain famous scientist, himself one of the first two or three of the world's radiologists, to the writer on one of the Brains Trusts on which he serves with him, that "science has nothing whatever to do with deductions from the facts observed or with philosophy or religion in any form". Which is to say that Science, as we so often know it, has nothing to do with wisdom, and that it therefore is working *in vacuo*, in a medium in which there is no beginning and no end . . . and, as often one suspects, no *life*. Which also may account for the materialist scientist's hatred of the idea of continuation of life after death.

I confess myself an admirer of and believer in science, when it is "true" and not "false" science. The difference I have made plain in these pages.

Still burns, however, the lamp of truth, despite all the organizations of orthodoxy, scientific, religious, or other. Still, through the ages, in the non-stopping relay-race, does the last comer take the torch of truth from the hand of his predecessor, to hand it on to his successor, when

also his day's work on this earth is finished and he returns to the Group-Soul to hear the words: "Well done, good and faithful servant . . ."

"All fires go out one day," says Sigrid Undset in *Kristinlavrans Datter*. But there is one fire that never goes out. It is the fire of truth.

CHAPTER VII

THE NEW SPIRIT OF SCIENCE

THERE is, however, a new spirit of science in the air. It is "the science of the fourth-dimension". We have finished with "three-dimensional" science for ever.

It is not within the purpose of this book to do more than indicate the more cursory proofs of the existence of life after death and with it, of love after death. The scientific "proof" is for the scientific book, and these proofs I have set out with almost painful meticulousness in such books of psychical research as *You Can Speak With Your Dead*, *How You Live When You Die*, and the book published many years ago and the major facts of which are still unchallenged by scientist or layman, *We do not Die*.

When the "reluctance-complexes" of the scientific mind are overcome by the sheer weight of evidence, it becomes a noteworthy witness to what is now established fact.

So many scientists today are or have been avowing their belief in the scientific proof of survival, from the ex-President of the British Association, Sir Oliver Lodge, to the late Thomas Alva Edison, and from such noteworthy scientists as Professors Richet, Bozzano, and Sir William Crookes, the discoverer of the electron, men of international reputation, to the psychological director of one of our leading universities, that the reader will find in their works the carefully thought out and recorded proof of convictions only arrived at after long years of study. Such books as *Man the Unknown* by Dr. Alexis Carrel, possibly the world's leading biologist and winner of the Nobel Prize, although not definitely books of psychical research, will also be found helpful, as will "the most epoch-making book of our time", the mathematician, J. W. Dunne's *An Experiment With Time*, a book whose "serialistic" thought has literally revolutionized our ideas of time and space.

And, whilst we are on this question of proof, it may be said that the later discoveries in astro-physics and mathematics have done more than their share in forcing the scientist out of his now old-fashioned materialism into "four-dimensional" thought, in which spirit, not the matter which is its shadow, is the *real*.

Such books as *Diagnosis of Man* and *The Circle of Life* by Kenneth Walker, a Harley Street doctor of perspicacity and imagination, and the works of other medical men, indicate that even Medicine no longer

refuses to hold itself outside spiritual or "four-dimensional" thought, even when entirely indifferent to spiritism. In his second book, Mr. Walker, in his chapter on "Psycho-Therapy", speaks of the psychotherapy of the East and of *yoga*, the latter, he says, "a system of knowledge which provides all that is necessary for the welfare of body and spirit . . . and if its help could be enlisted by Western medicine, it would prove to be of incalculable value to it".

In illustration of this changed attitude of science to the spiritual, I chose "Physics in Flux" as the title of a recent lecture upon human survival at one of our leading universities, the discussion upon which indicated the rapidity with which the old materialist landmarks are being obliterated and with it the passage in the scientist from what may be called in these specialized pages death into life and hate into love! Such statements as that by Professor Eddington that the objects which physicists study are not constituents of the world in their own right but symbols of real things, symbols which the physicists have constructed, and which reflect the interests and peculiarities of the minds of their makers, are significant. I take it, he means that such symbols don't bring us any closer to reality, and that the real lies not so much in matter as in the thing behind the material which is spirit.

To the unaccustomed reader, it may seem passing strange that the Guides of the other world who are sent to "guide" our footsteps on the path of evolution and to instruct us even in the objectivities of physical science, should speak of love and marriage in terms, often outside both time and space from a world which has neither. Actually, one of the major differences between our earthly and limited earth-bound concept of love and that of what I may call the "heaven-world" concept, is that we relegate love to the love of individual for individual and love itself to a plane of feeling as narrow as it is unscientific. The astral scientists and laymen, on the other hand, treating "love as one whole", as the Voice out of the Cloud said, know and therefore insist that love touches upon every side of life.

We cannot consider the failure of earthly love and marriage without first considering a science which more and more concerns itself with love and marriage and the problems arising out of them.

The earthly lover thinks of love in terms of local passion, usually based upon the transient physical. The heavenly lover thinks of love as part of a whole of an infinitely greater span than Self and of a significance that is not ephemeral but eternal. We, *ephemeræ* of earth, dancing our little noon-hour beneath the hot sun of passion, think of our fleeting love as passing all too soon into the eternal night. The immortals, of whom let it not be forgotten we are the potentials, think of the love of the sexes, of man and woman, as emblematic of the love that is divine and that fills the firmament of the imagination that is God.

These words are no mere grandiloquent expression. They are carefully and as the writer believes, accurately chosen to express a truth that for us penned in the body, is nearly inexpressible.

Hate has no power to express. It can only express itself. Only love can express. When you hate a man or woman you can express nothing, give nothing, to them. When you love them, the way is kept open for full expression, full sympathy, and affection. We terrestrials have still to realize what the "celestials" have realized—that God, is, literally, *love*, and that love is *God*. The very passion of desire in the love-act itself is but the passion to lose ourselves in God by losing ourselves in the beloved.

This "celestial trend" of regarding love as inholding the love divine is to be found in all the communications that have reached us through many channels and by many methods from that other world in which one day you and I will find ourselves. Further, the modern trend of science to play with equations that stand outside both time and space, and therefore outside matter, is the most significant phenomenon of our time. This the reader may see by reading such books as Jeans's *Mysterious Universe* and books by such astro-physicists as Eddington who are but treading in the footsteps of such scientists of world-renown as Sir William Crookes, Alfred Russel Wallace, contemporaneous discoverer of the principles of evolution with Charles Darwin, and the astronomer, Professor Camille Flammarion. These last three men were all professed believers in the world of spirit and in the certainty that "we could speak with our dead".

Before leaving this question of proof of our survival of death and of marriage and love existing on the other side of death, it may be helpful to say that for some years, here and there in our world, scientific lectures, addresses and communications on this and other matters have been given not only through the larynx of the medium but in the "direct voice" out of the air to audiences of "students" varying from a score to some hundreds.

Such lectures or communications have been given, for instance, in London, to take a single city, in such halls as the Queen's Hall, the Æolian and the Conway Hall, whilst the lecture on vibration given by an astral in the Caxton Hall, also in London, in what used to be known as the "Shaw Desmond Science and Survival Lectures", will still be fresh in the minds of those who attended. Some of the most distinguished earthly scientists, it may be said, contributed to this last series of lectures.

And if it be, not unnaturally, asked by the intelligent reader: "Then how is it that I have not heard of such lectures through the newspapers or in the scientific journals?" the answer may be given in the form of a little and true story, only the name being changed.

Before a certain eminent scientist, himself a believer that life after death had been scientifically proved, ascended the platform at the "Science and Survival" lectures, he was approached by another eminent scientist of the older-fashioned materialist school, who expostulated: "My dear Smith, why, oh why, do you occupy this platform? Do you realize that if what you have been saying and are probably about to say is true, then all the laboriously constructed

fabric of our materialist science which, brick by brick, it has taken us so many decades to build, will be destroyed !”

“Why, oh why ?” indeed !

The scientist any less than the theologian is not always so violently concerned with truth when the evidence contradicts his prejudices. There are the dogmas of science as there are the dogmas of religion.

Speaking on these dogmas of science with one of the greater astral physicists who frequently, in collaboration with earthly scientists and otherwise, had given us valuable information upon the constitution and laws of matter on the shadowy borderland between the third and fourth dimensional worlds, he said : “We are trying by suggestion and otherwise in other ways to influence the mind of the earthly scientist in a science which sometimes, to us freed from earthly limitations, makes us laugh and cry together. Yet men like Jeans and Eddington, whose minds are open and spiritually inclined, are really approaching a knowledge of our vibrational worlds . . . so must I see if I cannot make connection once more with that man Eddington, who is one of the earthly scientists who sees the light of other worlds.”

I know of more than one scientist who in radiology and otherwise is collaborating regularly with the scientists on the other side of death. What at any rate is true is that it is from that other side, those who are students of love after death are getting knowledge most valuable.

Book Two

Astral Love

♦♦

CHAPTER VIII

AN ASTRAL LOOKS AT LOVE

HAVING considered something of the earthly side of love and marriage and the reason for their failure, together with the scientific view, we may now turn our attention to the astral view, for it is this view which will concern you and me when we have passed the Rubicon of Death.

For the first time in these possibly not unhelpful pages, in which the writer has but one object—to get at the truth, I will take from my records, all made either at the time or immediately after the “communication”, a statement upon love and passion which came through to some of us upon Friday, June 8, 1934. The speaker was the most famous Egyptian guide of our day, and amongst those present, who can vouch the facts, were a well-known woman philanthropist who has devoted her life to healing by psycho-therapeutics, the president of one of the most influential societies for the advance of psychical research, and one of the younger financiers in “the City”, who is devoting his time and his money to the only teaching that really matters—the teaching that man and woman are spirits, and that they survive the death of the body and that they love on the other side of the earth-life.

The great psychologist and guide chose as his subject: “Perfect Love casteth out Fear”, for the *raison d’être* of love is that within its radiance fear cannot exist. Every guide who has spoken about this, insists that love and fear cannot exist together, that love is the law of life, not fear or the hate which is its partner, and that until we humans have cast out fear, we cannot make real progress towards the stars.

Our Greater Comrade, as we called him, spoke to us on these occasions, sometimes through the larynx of his finely sensitized medium, sometimes in his own natural voice, out of the air, without the physical intervention of any medium, often in good light. Hundreds have heard this voice with its deep modulated tones, its wisdom, and its humour—for beware of the “guide” or preacher who is portentous and humourless! In humour lies wisdom, and through the milding channel of humour truth steals its unconscious way.

On this occasion, “The Voice out of the Cloud” as one of us was

wont to call this scientist of the astral, spoke to us of various types of love. He spoke of the love of the body, of the mind, and of the soul. He spoke of love and its dread companion "lust". Of the lust of the mind as well as the lust of the body which from it springs.

Unlike the prosy preacher of our pulpits, he never evaded any issues, however difficult. He spoke, as he always did, with the conviction born of serenity. He treated the vast complex subject of "love and passion" in the only way it can be treated, in matter-of-fact yet reverential tones. And he said, in so many words, that "if people would only not regard love and passion as a hush-hush subject, their methods, and ultimately their minds, would not be 'nasty', as they undoubtedly often were". "You sweep all the inconvenient truths behind the door of expediency," he would say, "and then one day wonder when they show themselves as furies at the feast of life."

Is not all this truth?

It was at this point I asked my question: "Where and how does the physical love affect the spiritual?"

Now "The Voice out of the Cloud" might have temporized and made diplomatic answer. He might have done what so many well-intentioned ministers of religion and even doctors and professors do, discreetly avoided the physical and concentrated upon the "spiritual" aspects of love—making it the fashionable "passionless love" beloved of the "unco' guid" and the complacencies.

Instead, he made once more the only satisfactory answer possible. He said: "My son, *I only recognize love as one whole.*"

And that is the only way to recognize the passion of love which is the passion of life and, do not forget it, also the passion of death. Love between two people is either everything or nothing.

He went on: "Over here, on this side of death, we do not separate the physical from the spiritual. Each is part of the other. They are one and indivisible." (I give his words partly from memory and partly from my verbatim records.)

"The body is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of love," was the substance of his further remarks. With his uncanny knowledge of what we were thinking, he took a mental unspoken message from me, much as a wireless receiver will pick up a message, and after answering it correctly, pointed out that what he had to say would help certain people in that little upper chamber in which we were wont to meet for spiritual consolation and instruction. A consolation that was never sentimental, never saccharine, and an instruction that was never "preachy" or dogmatic.

It was at this meeting of the two worlds, that the white light of the spheres was thrown upon the Other-world attitude to love and marriage. This was when our mentor spoke of the *Twin-Soul* and its meaning.

Knowing that the term "Twin-Soul" has been misused and exploited by the oecult charlatan and ignoramus, our friend went closely into the real meaning of the term and of "the love of twin-souls".

He began by saying that "marriages are made in heaven", then going on to use the remarkable words: "*the love of the twin-soul is the highest form of love*".

No one present that evening will forget the quiet significance of these last words as used by the "Voice". I noted in my records at the time that there was something in the manner of the words, in their reticent emphasis, the indication of something deeper than the love of man and woman—something profound. If it did not seem lacking in reverence, something of the Higher Spiritual Love of Jesus, the Master. In that moment there seemed to descend upon our little circle something of the peace of heaven—a blessing from unseen hands, that lifted us out of the moil of the earthly life into that light of neither earth nor sea nor sky which some of us feel in moments of exaltation, even exultation.

Each one of us knew in that freighted instant, that whatever our path might be on this earth, whatever of misery and trouble we might have met in our earthly unions, there, on the Other Side was compensation and understanding awaiting us after we had stepped out of the trammels of flesh and so into the next room of the higher vibration. That "Next Room" in which, having found the fuller life, "we know even as we are known", the place in which dreams come true.

CHAPTER IX

"ROMANCE" AND "SERVICE"

THE initiation into the Astral Life and the astral view of love and sex involves the initiation into the Romantic Philosophy. Perhaps one of the most appealing revelations which there will come to us is to discover that many of the intuitions, especially the romantic intuitions, we once had about life when on earth, were founded on fact.

Romance is the Fact Magnificent.

On the Other Side, romance is not confined to the narrow sex-interpretation of earth. It extends into every sphere.

Put briefly, this astral romance is the realization that life anywhere, anyhow, is a splendid adventure. That life is worth living for its own sake. That of that adventure, love is the heart-beat, and especially love between woman and man, which itself is a reflection in matter of the divine love in spirit of God for Man.

It is the attraction and repulsion of life, its systole and diastole. Without it, life may not be. It is the conquest of death.

Let nobody dare to underestimate the love of man for woman and woman for man, even in its lowlier earthly forms. Such love is of personality the revealing. It is the teacher of the life incarnate, and not despite, but because of, the pangs which so often accompany what in the rebirth of love is the everlasting birth of spirit, is the great teacher.

To quote from an exalted spirit communicant, the continuous revelation that comes from the astral realization that "we are what we are because of what we *have been*; that our thought never ceases; that it is constantly attracting and repelling the forces of life surrounding us", imbues us with a sense of adventure and of power of control over our surroundings, which, in its turn, leads to what is permanent exaltation over death. As I have myself, still in the body caught, experienced such exaltation for weeks and even months at a time, with it perfect freedom from worry and fear, I can say that the above is true.

There is no fear for the woman or man who has achieved this exaltation of mind over matter, whether in the world of earth over the coarser flesh, or in the world of the astral over the highly tenuous "matter" of the etheric. For it cannot be too strongly emphasized, even the etheric body is still a body of "matter", itself enclosing for release throughout the ages countless other and finer bodies, skin on skin, much as we see in the formation of the homely onion.

In the Kingdom of Love, fully realized, there is no room for death or fear. And fear and death are the same thing.

The thrill of love between two people on the astral inevitably merges into "the thrill of service". That thrill which so many who have died for others in the two World Wars have already realized. Now, "love" and "service" are identical. There can be no true love without true service, as every astral child knows, and the "love" that is without service is the love selfish, and, indeed, is but masked hate.

These last words will for thousands explain the turning of their own love into hate not only for the once seemingly beloved but for all the world about them—with it, their own uncertainty as to love. And here is a story which illustrates this from "real life", as we often call what is but the simulacrum of life:

I know a girl who has lived for some time in a great military centre after the husband she had loved devotedly had been posted "missing", leaving her with a child. Because of her extraordinary beauty and, perhaps, because of her helplessness, many of the officers about her tried to make love to her, telling her that "Arthur would never return anyhow, and she might as well have a good time whilst she had the chance."

But this girl was made of other stuff. She rejected these offers of the "good time" that was really the "bad time", and for years remained faithful to her deep love for her husband.

But what is a woman's "love"?

As I have written in these pages, we still know less about love and the human heart than about the human brain, or, indeed, about almost anything else you care to mention.

There came to my friend the inevitable lover, with whom, as she said, "just because Roger was so like Arthur, my husband, I often found myself inclined to fall in love!" A woman's reason, but, in this case, a true one, for I have never known this woman to lie either to herself or to others.

So the man "made love" to the woman, and perhaps the woman made love to the man, and this, as she told me, "quite apart from the fact that I still adore my husband and will always do so in life or beyond death". For who shall fathom the heart of woman! Certainly, not the woman.

Now her "love" for Roger is fast turning to aversion and to that "hate" which in such cases is inevitable as the setting of sun. For this woman has no desire to do anything for the world about her or, indeed, in any deep spiritual sense for the man she thinks she loves. In her love, there is no "service".

Her last words to me ere she left were these: "I shall always love Arthur, who, if he return from the grave and is found" (she meant, whilst still on this earth), "I shall fear to meet. I dare not tell him that I have let another man make love to me, for he would never understand. He is not of those who have the divine understanding of a Jesus of Nazareth. To him the fact that I am of those who *must* have love, or die, would mean no more than that I was unfaithful to him in thought, if not in deed. I would do anything for him, but I hate most of those about me—I hate my world—I hate the selfishness of the men and women I meet, and I want to be annihilated at death. If it were not for my child, I would have killed myself long ago."

When I pointed out to her as gently as may be, that nobody could rid themselves of life by suicide, and that the suicide usually returned down the chute of life almost at once after taking his life, she said: "Well, it's worth the risk. I just want to die and to sleep for ever!"

That is what happens to selfish love without service. But none of this deals with the other urgent problems of love on this planet and elsewhere which it raises. This woman may have done wrong, but she was a truthful woman who faced the facts, which scarcely one woman in a thousand ever does. For such there is always hope.

It was true that she was of those who need love more than life, because for such, love is life. They want appreciation and petting and even "spoiling". A thousand absent "Arthurs" will not solve this and kindred questions. Also it was true that she did and does actually love and even adore her husband—never more than when she had listened to another man.

How do the astrals solve such problems? All of them, let it be remembered, problems of *adjustment*.

The astrals ask us to remember that the men and women of earth do usually fall in love more than once in a life. The need of love at almost any cost is one of the outstanding facts of all our own experience. The impellent need of romance, and that in *any* form, is also the leading fact of our planetary existence.

Men and women who would not cross the road for money or power, will die for romance, especially woman, who is of romance the mother and slave. For romance, especially the romance of sex, is for nearly every woman the whole of her life, sending its impulses through every

act and every thought of that life, whereas for man it is still but an "incident". Perhaps, at times, the Incident Impellent and even the Incident Magnificent—but "incident".

CHAPTER X

WHEN LOVERS MEET IN SLEEP

GOD always gives surcease. Surcease even from the love-pang, as the woman of whom I have written will one day discover.

"He giveth his beloved sleep. . . ."

Sleep is surcease.

Nature is immensely merciless and immensely merciful. What she gives with the one hand she takes with the other. But what she takes, she gives again. The compensation of life is death. The compensation of death is life. The other side of consciousness is sleep.

Lovers parted on earth, meet in heaven. "Lovers meeting . . ."

We definitely know through the psychical research of such authorities as Claude Bragdon, some of us through personal experience, that each night of our lives we visit the astral plane, there sometimes to meet the twin-soul, if we have not already met and married that twin on the earth plane. We meet our dead in our dreams.

But we may meet in sleep even the "twin" we have found on earth.

Only the materialist "earth-bounder", limed to his clay, refusing to rise into the clearer air, is unable to free the astral or etheric body from its physical prison during sleep and so remains "earth-bound".

Like some others, I have had the delight during sleep of hearing the great astral orchestras and that "music of the spheres" which underlies all life, here or hereafter. Because much of my work now lies in the world of the theatre and the screen, I deliberately lay myself out to learn what I can during sleep from my astral mentors, who conduct their pupils through the astral theatres. Things which may not be learnt on earth.

For Over There, they have such akashic resources, such theatres, and concert halls, as dwarf anything we have down here, as I have indicated in such books as *How You Live When You Die*, and as has also been indicated in the works of others although we are still desperately ignorant and still but tentative timorous pioneers into such realms of the psychic.

I have even the advantage of knowing the names and personalities of my mentors in the world of the theatre. They are a little group, who number, amongst others, such names as Ellen Terry and Henry Irving, Neilson Terry and my friend, Conan Doyle, who for many years after their deaths kept on urging me to take some time off my novels and religious books for the play writing which I am now doing, on their instigation and under their encouragement.

I have known them to tell me of a play which was in my mind but of which nobody on this earth knew. But as it is reported that this happened some years ago to Einstein, in relation to a work on higher mathematics which he was contemplating, but of which he had told nobody, it may not be so unusual an experience as might be expected.

So, passing through the "Nightly Clearing House", which some of us suspect is used for the purpose of lifting the rate of our vibrations to synchronize with the vibrations of our loved ones on the astral plane which we visit during sleep, we find ourselves face to face with our beloved. The first meeting on the astral must be unforgettable.

True that the vast majority of Western folk on waking back into the world of earth, do not remember what they have experienced. But the *soul* remembers.

Materialists will complain: "But what's the good of an experience if you don't remember it?" forgetting that it is more than possible our prime experiences take place in the subconscious, not the conscious. Also, they do not know a fact referred to by Hudson in his famous "Psychic Phenomena", and one being increasingly suspected by our psychologists, namely that facts learned in the subconscious mind do ultimately rise above the threshold of consciousness to be absorbed and used in the ordinary waking life.

I am often asked how the memory of what happens during sleep may be developed? The method I have dealt with in other of my writings, but, in passing, it may be said that one method, for there are several, is for the student at the moment of passing out of the conscious world into the sleep world, to try to *carry on memory* over "The Great Divide". Also, in regaining consciousness in the morning, again the effort should be made to hold the memory of anything experienced during the night on the Other Side.

But it takes enormous patience and practice to accomplish this, unless the student be a natural psychic of power. Also, there here enter the intangible and baffling facts of the dream-worlds and of the dreams and nightmares which pass across the retina of the mind as pictures pass across the cinema screen. For those who are seriously interested in the prophetic dream and in the collateral problems of Time and Space, I would strongly advise the reader to get J. W. Dunne's *An Experiment With Time*, rightly termed by Wells as "a fantastically interesting book," and by another great publicist as "perhaps one of the most important books of our age." I, at least, have been able to confirm some of the conclusions of this great mathematician and "timester", including his contention that he has found an irrefutable proof of human immortality.

Nevertheless, I would deprecate the spending of much time on such excursions from the path and intention of the earth-life. It is vital that we never forget that our prime business on earth is to live the life of earth, and not as so many of the shallower psychics do, to live as much as possible in the other worlds, where, in order to escape the hard realities of earth, they spend their time "communicating" with

their equally selfish friends who "like to pass the time" where no time is, by chatting with those they have left behind upon all sorts of tremendous trifles. With the result that all this time-waste will have to be made up in future incarnations, whilst the earth-life itself is neglected.

I know many otherwise good and well-intentioned friends who spend their time day after day with mediums who "put them through" to their friends on the Other Side. At times, flattered, such people will occasionally find themselves speaking with those who have been some of the so-called Great Ones of earth—the earthly communicators quite wrongly believing themselves to be gaining a spiritual insight which has no existence except in their own minds. Also, sometimes, it is true, the "Great Ones" may be what they represent themselves to be, but more often are they not. For "communication" of this kind is full of pitfalls, needs the utmost care and discrimination, and a mediumship of the highest order.

We can see fond mothers on earth, in the belief that they are helping the children or husbands they love, spoiling and coddling them, actually "killing the thing they love" as is the way of woman. So do we find fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, speaking from the astral, spoiling those they have left behind by filling their brains with dazzling pictures of the life after death, instead of telling such people that their job is to get on with the business of life.

As the astrals recognize, in much mother-love there can be much beauty, but there can be also an intense selfishness. It is the more deadly that it is masked.

None of which means that sane and purposeful communication with the astral worlds is not essential to all well-balanced and ordered earthly life. It is, as I think all these pages prove. Only it must be a considered and intelligent communication. It must be one in which each learns from each and one in which there is on either side "give and take".

To refuse to take advantage in the love-life, in particular, of the carefully hoarded wealth of astral knowledge, on a plane where the psychologist has forgotten more than any psycho-analyst has ever known, is sheer insanity. For centuries we, in our poor calculated madness, have shut our ears and eyes to the wisdom of the invisible, and so now, through our world-wars, are paying the penalty, as we are paying it in the long-drawn miserable record of our divorce courts and of the vast majority of our earthly unions. The way to prevent world-wars is to teach people that they must *love or die*.

Here is a statement by an astral friend of remarkable acumen, and vouched for by the artist-philosopher Claude Bragdon who, when I met him on one of my lecture tours on my books in the United States had already won first place in his profession and with it national recognition. After observation of our earthly marriage conditions over long periods of time, this astral philosopher expressed himself as deeply pessimistic about the conditions of earthly marriage, due

primarily to the carelessness of the participants in selecting their earthly partners. I have even known more than one astral source state, bluntly, that the institution of marriage in its modern form, has, with rare exceptions, failed to justify itself.

Man and Woman must pay the penalty of advance from the lower animalism to the higher thought. As we advance on our path to the stars, by that *per ardua ad astra* which has become part of the language, we find our way showing more difficult and more complex. But we also find it infinitely more interesting and more worth-while. This is truer of the love-life than perhaps of any other thing.

"When "intelligence" and "brain", for a very little time, and as we evolve, take the place of the instinctual mating of the lower animal world, it brings confusion. For, unable any longer to use that "instinct" which belongs only to the unconscious, and not yet having fully acquired the divine "intuition" of the angelic worlds, we find ourselves, like the coffin of Muhammad, swinging 'twixt heaven and earth, and unable as yet to find firm hold on either! Remember that the path of earthly evolution, and of "heavenly", is the path from the unconscious to the conscious, and so to life's goal—the conscious-unconscious divine.

Yet are "brain" and "reason" essential to human advance. But they are registers, not creators—bridges from the instinctive of the animal to the intuitive of Man.

God pity those superficials who say: "How I wish I was my dog or my cat. They have nothing to worry about. They make love without pain. They play without work. They live without thought."

But which one of us would exchange our hardly won humanity for the twilight world of the sub-human gorilla or chimpanzee or for the half-light of the Twilight Folk of the wild? It is you and you only who have lifted yourself step by step through unconscionable ages from the animal to man, and it is you and you only who, in your use or misuse of your powers to love and hate, have made your future for yourself, whether that be a future of pain or joy, love or hate. And yet, again, nothing is *fated*, as I have said before. "Your future is in your own hands," says every astral to whom I and others have spoken.

Rail not at "fate". For you but rail at yourself. *You are your own fate.*

Your love-life of earth you forged in the long-agos. The woman you love here, you loved before, and may love again. Even the miracle of the separation of man from woman in the form of the "twin-soul", each of which is part of the other from all eternity and, as we think, through all eternity, though under constantly changing *form*, was accomplished by you. Accomplished by you when, instead of splitting into two parts, male and female, in the mystery of fission, you were one person, one unity and one *love*.

CHAPTER XI

WHERE EARTH AND ASTRAL DIFFER

I WONDER if I have the power at this stage to show to the reader the strange differences between the terrestrial and astral conditions which face the lovers of either plane. For the earth is also a "plane".

The love of earth is "clouded". Clouded by the matter of which the earth is composed and which gives its quality to the earthly mind and therefore the earthly love. It is assured that never, under any conditions, does the earth lover manage to convey to the beloved what he or she feels. At best, it is only in ecstatic moment that such emotional depth is conveyed. Always, between the lovers lies the veil of earth.

True that the lovers who have passed over to the astral are exactly the same a minute after death as before it. Everything that has come through to our psychic laboratories on earth proves that. There is not even a pretence that anything is radically changed. Jealousy and envy, love and lust, brain and spirit—all of these we carry over with us to the "angelic" plane as it has been called. And, although that astral plane has the angelic quality, it has also all the concomitants of the lower plane of our world.

It is because we know this that we deprecate much that, in all good faith, is asserted to the contrary in even some of the more excellent of our churches.

Why should we be different because we have laid down the mantle of earth to take up the mantle of the etheric? *Why* should Jack Jones, cardsharp and mankiller, change his heart with his "coat" in the "twinkling of that eye" beloved of the sentimentalist and the fool? And *why* should the saint of our earth suddenly be transformed from saint to sinner, when he takes on the etheric body?—for it would be just as logical to assert this last as either of the former!

What is true is that the *conditions* of the etheric do favour the spiritual evolution of man and woman, whereas those of our earth, as it seems to me, are deliberately designed by some Higher Power to act as clogs to the spirit, so that in its struggles to escape the net of matter it may attain resilience and endurance and temper.

Persistently we are told by the spirit guides that we can make more progress in an hour of earth than a century of heaven.

On this earth, we appear to waste nine-tenths of our time in economic problems. How to get the daily bread and how to find the money to pay the rent. Of course we could, if we would, rid ourselves of such stupidities as "rent, profit and interest", the Unholy Trinity, as it may be termed, but we do not choose to do so. Instead, we breed our slums and our unemployment, and blind, being led by the Blind Men who occupy our high places in politics, we stagger from one life to another, ever knocking our wooden heads against the walls we

ourselves have erected about us . . . walls which the "Blind Men" repair as fast as we demolish them!

On the astral, there are no economic problems for lovers to face, because *everything there is free and accessible*. For a very little time, we still bring with us the habits of eating and drinking and sleep to the planes of the Third Astral World, the world about which we are in these pages chiefly concerned, but soon these habits fall away from us. Then we find our nutriment through "absorption" by the pores of the etheric body, and our "sleep" in what seems to me must often be a deliberately induced trance or semi-trance, in that "Twilight of the Gods" which takes the place of our night. For on the astral there is never complete darkness, except in the "astral hells", although when we wish to retire into ourselves—i.e. into our Greater Selves, as the Astrals have it, we can always find the shade that is necessary.

Our houses, our 'planes, our ships, and our trains "we call out of the air", by the process of the creative imagination. We just "imagine" them—and they *are*. Of this there can today be no reasonable doubt, not only because we are constantly told all this by astral sources widely differing in type and quality, but some of us, in "the twilight sleep before dawn", have been able to partially prove this for ourselves. Some of us, including the writer, have actually "seen the process in operation" and even have, at times, initiated it.

Next, we are surrounded by an etheric medium lighter than air. This "physical" (for it is "physical" in a sense) environment finds its reflection in an airiness of spirit and in an understanding which on our earth has no parallel. It is this etheric fineness which enables the astral lover to express himself fully to the woman he loves, and to find himself dimly percipient of depths of feeling and realization impossible to him when still confined in the earth-body.

A thought, and in that instant the other knows what and how the beloved is feeling. For the instrument of mind is, on the astral, intensely flexible, and communication is by telepathy, instead of word of mouth. It is only on some of the sub-planes of the astral that human speech is still employed. But also many men and women on our earth who are close in spirit communicate by thought, especially those who have been married for long periods.

This question of *communication by thought* must be mastered by the reader before a fair picture of astral conditions can be attempted.

When an earthly "medium", using the automatic pen, writes down what she or he hears from the astral communicant, it is wrongly assumed that the medium always *hears* voices. This *can* happen through what is known as clairaudience, but in nine cases out of ten the words are not so much "heard" as seen as pictures upon the retina of the medium's mind. The medium then, without any definite thought, writes them down as though she or he had heard them. Nor does she distinguish between seeing and hearing them.

Speech and the habit of using the human tongue is difficult to shed, even on the astral, and for the first few months, you and I will probably

find ourselves spoken to by word of mouth—a process which, gradually, fades into telepathic communication and that unconsciously. I myself frequently do not know whether I have “imagined” or actually heard even earthly voices. Indeed, to take one example, I arrived in King’s Cross station from Lincolnshire, where I had been staying in perhaps the most “haunted” castle in England, and was preparing to gather my bag preparatory to leaving the long corridor “third”, when I heard a shout: “Shaw Desmond! Shaw Desmond!” It seemed to come from a young soldier near me, who was also getting his traps together. But he denied having spoken or, indeed, giving what was a powerful yell, and nobody else seemed to have heard anything.

Puzzled, I went on with what I had to do, when again the call came close in my ear: “Shaw Desmond! Shaw Desmond!” But not a soul other than I heard it, and it was with the greatest difficulty I managed at last to reach the conclusion that I had heard it *inside*, not outside, myself. But the caller was outside me—it was only the clair-audient voice that was inside.

And may I say here that, for thousands, it is increasingly difficult to decide whether they are on or off our earth. For in the New World which is opening out to us, we are becoming “four-dimensional” and are “seeing through the veil of matter” into the reality of the world of spirit. Those of us, also, who have developed the power of doing several things at the same time, will recognize the extreme difficulty, at times, of deciding whether those about us are in this world of earth or on the astral world and as to which plane we are ourselves “vibrating” in and functioning.

For the ignoramus to assert didactically that “such things cannot be because I myself have never experienced it”, would be tantamount to saying: “There can’t be a place called Australia where everything is topsy-turvy, with duck-billed platypuses which are animals but which lay eggs, and cherrystones growing outside instead of inside the cherries, and ‘black fellows’ who can trail the invisible, because I have never seen these things or been in Australia.”

It is on a par with the scientist who, when he has been asked to take hold of a round table with five of his fellows in a private drawing-room, and who, with those fellows has been lifted up to the ceiling on a table which levitates as scores of tables have been doing for fifty years past, calls out as he grabbles on the floor: “It *must* have been piano wires!” When he is asked to examine the table and ceiling closely and no piano wires are found, he comes back: “But there *must* be piano-wires, because otherwise how could the table be lifted?” This is a story from life!

When, after one of my “religious” lectures, held in the Music Room of John’s College, Cambridge University, I knocked out a powerful young undergraduate at a distance of perhaps four or five feet without contact, by certain psychic “emanation”, nobody there suggested that contact had been made by my fist or otherwise, because they could see in good light that there was no such contact. But had their grave and

reverend seigniors of physics been present, I have not the slightest doubt that they would have said: "But Shaw Desmond *must* have hit him with his fist, because he was knocked out of time for perhaps half an hour, and we have never seen anybody knocked cold without intervention of some physical object!" O ye of little faith!

Yet for countless years, by the practice of *voodoo*, negroes have been killing at a distance—a *voodoo* that I have myself experienced at a distance of three thousand miles, although the "sending" put upon me failed to complete the "kill" because of the quick intervention of a very noble lady who instantly burned the "sending" or death-message. And in this connection, we have always to remember that, literally, neither man, woman nor devil has any power whatever over us if we do not *fear*. "Fear" is the last foe the human race has to overcome before it is free of the school of earth and can take its rightful place in the realms angelic.

The natural laws behind all these things are known on the astral, but the knowledge of them is only now beginning to percolate to our world.

On the astral, its inhabitants have largely overcome fear—at least fear of the pettier things of economics, such as "earning a living", of losing their possessions in a realm where possessions can be "imagined out of the air", and above all, the fear of sickness. For the etheric body is marvellously fit.

Let us now consider sickness, mental or "physical", Over There.

CHAPTER XII

"MIND" AND "PASSION" OVER THERE

It will repay us to make further investigation into some of the major differences of condition of earth and astral. The one thing in which there is no difference is "natural law", which lies behind all spheres of life, here and hereafter, for "The Law" is never abrogated or suspended, even by "miracle".

What we call the "miraculous" means only that we mortals of "the Blinded Planet", are dimly beginning to reach through matter to the reality of spirit behind, discovering new laws and new applications as we go.

We are now going to investigate the thing which is the origin and motor-force of both earth and astral. That is, *Mind*. With it, its attributes, not only mental but physical, as we find them in bodily infirmity and in "madness".

In such consideration will enter notable astral differences from ours in its concept of telepathy and of space and time, as we are about to see, and all these things are intimately related, as every astral thinker recognizes.

As to how far there is sickness on the astral, we cannot yet say with certainty. We only know that "physical" sickness has no existence, at least on the mid and upper planes, and that as regards "mental" sickness on the planes mentioned, the lunatic of our earth loses his madness. On these planes, madness is not carried over at our earthly death. For as alienists like Cannon are beginning to understand, lunacy and mental disorder on our earth is nearly always due only to some defect of the machine of brain, this permitting "possession". That is to say, possession by evil spirit, as taught by Jesus and, indeed, by all the more intelligently spiritual students of madness through thousands of years.

A blow on the head can so destroy the defensive vibrational power of the brain, that the recipient is unable to keep out those darker forces which always encircle us, seeking whom they may devour. And the keen observer will see how, even in cases of passion, the angry person changes appearance and voice, and as I have myself often noticed, how the person that looks out at you from the eyes of the possessed, is another personality than the normal personality of the man or woman who, as we say, "have gone outside themselves". Literally a scientifically stated fact, for it is when the true personality vacates the shell of the body under stress that the foreign personality enters.

One of the Colney Hatch psychiatrists told me years ago that he himself was coming to this belief in possession as an explanation of certain types of lunacy, and writing on such lines is now comparatively ordinary. Nevertheless, one of my own astral guides told me that possession alone does not explain all lunacy and mental disturbance, which may also be due to "obsession" or the *idée fixe*, which at times does obsess all of us.

I will go so far as to say, with restraint, that every human being is, in moments, afflicted with some kind of madness, whether that be a madness of man for woman, or a financier for wealth, or a politician for power or simply bad temper. In such sense, madness is the normal!

It has been stated that there is no madness of any kind on the astral. This is not true. I myself, with others, have been present at a talk between a distinguished Armenian doctor and his own astral psychiatrist, who answered his questions about certain facts he had learned in his own nightly sojourn during sleep, in the astral hospitals. This man is but one of thousands who nightly work upon the astral as volunteers from earth, and you who read these words may be one of these, without remembering your nightly experiences.

But this madness is, I feel assured, confined to the lower planes of that astral. For repeatedly we have been told that on the mid and higher planes, the distraught human finds herself or himself freed from "the breaking of the dream", as madness may be called. The break is healed, and those of us who have witnessed the astral operation known as "the healing of the broken aura", in cases of obsession, and the resultant cure, can vouch for the possibility. Such great healers

as the now passed over "Medicine Man" Jones, and that noble worker in the vineyards of light, W. F. Parish, who is still with us, have done great work in such healing of broken mentalities, apart from their victories over the sick-physical. Indeed, one may not separate the mind from the body whether in healing or in the pathological field of illness, as our modern psycho-therapist is demonstrating all over the world.

Now love is the divine madness!

In all passion, whether of anger or of the love of the sexes, madness lies hidden. But there are many kinds of madness and many kinds of mad people. The greatest being who ever came to our earth was called mad in his day, and if he returned to earth now, I have no doubt he would very likely be locked up either as a vagrant "wandering without any means of support", or, if he persisted in teaching what he taught two thousand years ago, as "a common madman". For such a lover of mankind, it would not be easy to keep outside gaol or lunatic asylum, nor is one sure that the "common informers" who would come forward to testify to his madness might not be drawn from the ranks of orthodoxy! At least so was it in his day when Caiphas ruled the "bench of bishops".

To be called "mad", is often the highest compliment our world can pay to man or woman. For the "Great Damned Average", as it has been called, everybody is more or less mad who does not conform to conformity! Here we are not in the atmosphere of conjecture but in the harder clearer atmosphere of fact, and I think, upon reflection, it will be found that a large number of the statements in these pages may be confirmed by the reader's own experiences. Rarely do I make assertions which have only a solitary personal experience behind them. Nevertheless, it needs patience and discrimination sometimes for the reader himself to associate his reader's own experience with the statement, if only because we so rarely look for the indirect association, only for the direct.

In the domain of the psychic, in which we are dealing with an "etheric" medium, it is often difficult to trace cause and effect. Yet the law of cause and effect is always at work. Even the "hiatuses" of a Jeans in his *Mysterious Universe*, which is to say that like causes do not always appear to bring like effects in the science of the material, will one day, I do not doubt, be found to have natural law behind them, as I assume Jeans and the other astro-physicists also think.

So we may take it that on the astral, although love may still have its quality of the madness that is divine, it is a madness controllable and controlled. The etheric lovemaking of the astral, one feels, is not unaccompanied by a certain serenity which gives to it a depth and an emotion impossible to the more superficial and excitable lovemaking of earth, which expends its high frequency in an instant and "breaks love's butterfly upon the thudding wheel of lust".

On the earth the male imagination in love is superficial and ejaculatory. On the astral male meets female on equal terms of spirit.

Amongst the strange differences of condition between earth and astral may also be noted the astral capacity, in a moment of our time, to indulge the astral senses merely by thought. This we also do on our earth, with the difference that here we may not always bring about the immediate local condition necessary to the accomplishment of our desires, whereas "Over There", when we wish, they *become*.

CHAPTER XIII

LIVING WITHOUT "FORM" BY "THOUGHT"

WE now find ourselves faced with a fact which is already intruding itself into our world of matter, as the veils between earth and astral fall.

It is a fact of a significance almost solitary. For it implies the passage of us mortals of earth out of "form", bodily or otherwise, into the spaceless, timeless worlds of the etheric planes and with it, into love-concepts of quite other dimensions than those of this world of form on which we find ourselves for a few fleeting moments.

The influence upon love and desire in a land where neither Time nor Space exists, is transcendental.

Writing from the Fourth Plane of being, not from the Third and lower plane of being about which and its phenomena this book primarily concerns itself, that fine scholar, F. W. H. Myers, speaks of "The Plane of Colour" (The Fourth Plane) on page 54 of *The Road to Immortality* in the following terms:

(a) Certain Soul-men who could, if they wished, be free of reincarnation, desire to return to earth, and so reincarnate.

(b) But the majority of "Soul-men", that is of humans who have reached a spiritual condition higher than that of the Third Plane, "slough their etheric body" (i.e., he means, of the Third Plane of the astral) "and put on a shape which is a degree finer. They are then released from Illusion-land, from that *nursery* in which they merely lived in the old fantasy of earth."

(c) In this "state beyond Illusion", for all matter is illusive and a mask of the spiritual, he says, "you dwell in a world which is *the original of the earth*. Briefly, the earth is an ugly smudged copy of the world wherein dwells the subtle soul in its subtle" (he means the etheric as opposed to the earthly) "body."

(d) "You will understand, therefore," he continues, "that pain and pleasure, joy and despair are once more experienced. Again, however, they differ greatly from the earthly conception of them; they are of a finer quality, of an intellectualized character. Mightier is their inspiration . . . inconceivable the bliss they stir within the deeps of your being,"

(e) "Our conception of space differs entirely from yours. I can give you a faint glimpse of it if I use a wireless message as an illustration. I have but to concentrate my thought for what you might call a moment and I can build up a likeness of myself, send that likeness speeding across our *vast world* to a friend, to one, that is, in tune with me. Instantly I appear before that friend though I am remote from him; and my likeness holds speech—in thought, remember, not words—with this friend. Yet, all the time, I control it from an enormous distance; and as soon as the interview is concluded I withdraw the life of my thought from that image of myself, and it vanishes."

Those five points of difference between astral and earth conditions, when studied, reveal worlds hitherto unimaginable. Nevertheless, for many years, as my earlier books will demonstrate, I have been thinking along such lines. Also, I believe, others may have been thinking in this direction. Many times, when my Egyptian friend would materialize and speak with me, it seemed to me that it was by some such method as that embodied immediately above, that he made himself plain to me and spoke as if in ordinary life.

Further, I have myself begun to experiment in such "telepathy" and in "sending the image" across our world. We already see an obscure phase of this in the repeated cases of the "doppelgänger", as the Germans and Scandinavians call the appearance of a man, still on earth, and still in his body at the moment of the appearance elsewhere, who himself quite unconscious of it, is seen by his friends perhaps a thousand miles from his own physical body. Within the week before writing these words, three young men waited on me in my Guest Chamber in Oxford University, where I had been lecturing to the University Cosmos Society, to tell me that two of them had just met the third, who was then elsewhere, in the passage below, had held conversation with that third, and had believed they were speaking to a living man . . . as they were. Even though that living man, present in my guest room, had been in another place at that moment.

And even if this remarkable case be placed by the sceptic under the heading "Not proven", what of the hundred and one other cases? And what of those still more extraordinary cases of materialized "spirit-lovers" who have returned to earth to make love to those beloved whom they have left behind in the physical? Of this last, amongst others, the lady who is perhaps the greatest "scientific" medium of our world, has told me in the presence of Mrs. Dawson Scott, the founder of the P.E.N.—the international literary club organization now to be found in many countries—a lady who herself, whilst still alive, projected her astral body into the "Big Room" at Leicester House, where I reside, she herself afterwards describing minutely the peculiar arrangement of the furniture and the details of room and the garden on which it gave.

The truth is that the astrals are learning not only to live without

the physical body but *to live without form*, as some of the more advanced of our earth are also learning. For more than half a lifetime, I think I may say, that I have been so learning, and more and more as one advances on "the Path", one realizes that the form is the *mask* of the *reality* that is spirit. Or, as Myers puts it: "We are becoming aware of the fluid, flowing character of mind. We understand how it can control energy and life-force, those units which nourish all manifestations and appearances."

Before many decades have run their course, although our earth is still chained to form, I believe that we shall largely have dispensed with "form" in our finer thought, that we shall learn little by little how to do without the physical body and especially the physical "brain", and that the nightly visits to the astral will gradually be remembered and induced at will instead of by the automatic "*law of return*".

I, at least, refuse to regard our School of Earth as one which must always be a school for imperfect souls, as even so great a woman as my half-sister, the Lady Nona, so regards it from her loftiness in the world of the Fourth Plane. We shall undoubtedly lift our Earth as the "living being" it certainly is, much as we lift the individuals upon that planet.

To God, and to His comrade Man, all things are possible.

CHAPTER XIV

MARRIAGE: THE ASTRAL VIEW

THERE is a conspiracy, an Anglo-Saxon conspiracy, on our earth to get rid of all inconvenient problems of sex by either pretending they do not exist or skating over thin ice when we are forced to their mention.

The astrals in their love problems, on the other hand, face them frankly, and, having done so, set about their solution.

We pretend to ourselves that all really "respectable" men and women are monogamous; that marriage is not only honoured in the breach but in the observance; that "engaged" girls and boys never have sexual association before the marriage ceremony—"if they are not very wicked or very horrid"; and that a man or woman only really "falls in love" once in his or her life.

The astrals, from everything they have told me themselves, on the other hand, admit the existence of all these things on our earth or on the astral. In the solution of these urgent and age-old problems, they not only consult age but youth, in a realm which is "the land of youth" or "Tir-na-Oge" as the Irish have it. For nobody knows better than the astral that there is such a thing as "aged youth" and "youthful age". Much of the youth of our own earth during both the world-

wars was of the "aged" variety. As for earthly "age", but seldom does it remember or retain its own youth!

Yet is "age" conditioned not by years but by feeling, the astrals say. There are young women of fifty and old men of nineteen.

Men and women "fall in love" with each other for a thousand and one reasons. That is why "the single permanent immortal love" of the poets is so rare that it may be said to be nearly non-existent.

In spiritual love, age has nothing to do. I know of a lady of sixty-two who loves and is beloved by a young man of under forty. The writer himself fell deeply "in love" spiritually with a woman of sixty-five when he was just over seventeen!—a love that has persisted after death. There is no rule for love.

Rightly or wrongly, the astrals do not think it is wicked or unnatural that men and women should fall in love more than once in any single life, whether on astral or earth. On the contrary, they regard such "fallings in love" as both right and natural and, especially, as preparation and training for the deeper love of the twin-soul. If one challenges them on this or is shocked at such frankness of mind, they will say, incontestably as one thinks: "On your earth nine marriages out of ten have been preceded by either or both parties in love-experiments, whether those be that of temporary 'falling in love' without the deeper intimacy, or, as persistently happens, by actual marriage or sexual alliance."

To the astral, all life, astral or other, is a sort of "trial marriage". "If life be not a preparation for that vital part of life you call marriage and lovemaking, then for what is it a preparation?" he will ask.

"A man and woman meet," says the astrals. "Each finds in the other delight of mind and body. So they agree to make love to each other, and to trust to the result of the experience to decide whether they remain married permanently or whether, after longer or shorter time, they decide that they have exhausted what may have been a delightful and spiritual experiment, as most things do exhaust themselves on every plane. Is it better for these two young souls under a mistaken sense of 'loyalty' to remain 'bound together in the ties of holy matrimony' as the phrase so significantly runs, or whether, like decent and spiritual people, they decide, as friends, to break the intimate relation and for it substitute the relation of sexless comradeship? And is this not exactly what you earth-people do in your modern marriage with the right to divorce if you find you have made a mistake?"

I do not think that any man or woman who is honest with himself or herself will have much difficulty in answering that question.

It is because so many couples, having run the gamut of their emotional and spiritual experience together, insist, as against all the facts, upon "sticking together", that we have so many either actively unhappy unions or, infinitely worse, unions of indifference and of "getting used to each other".

In our passion for compartmentation and our hatred of synthesis, we imagine that we have no choice as ex-lovers, but either to break

completely or to go on living a lie. On higher planes of the astral, lovers who find that they have "taken and given", and who have found that in the closer relation there is no longer any spiritual sustenance for either, agree to stop that relation. But they also, almost invariably, continue as comrades and friends, and there is no back-biting or recrimination. Rather, a mutual gratitude for the joy and understanding of life and love that each has been privileged to give the other.

I personally know here of many such former lovers who today are comrades and who feel far happier and better people for the experience which each has afforded the other in the yesterdays. Never believe that any experience, anywhere, has been wasted. To do so, is to be "mean" to God and to life.

None of which means that the astrals do not believe in a ceremony of marriage, or in that "ritual of betrothal" which to them is as important as the other. They stand for love, not for promiscuity, and so sponsor decent and ordered wedlock. What they do *not* stand for is forcing people to live together who hate. Average men and women of orthodox ideas will feel shocked at something which they will call "the encouragement of licence and of immorality". To such people, neither astral nor I have anything to say, beyond asking a question: "What are the actual facts of earthly unions? Is it not true that tens of thousands of them break up after a longer or shorter duration, whether they be unions under the seal of marriage or of love?"—often a terrible distinction and a terrible difference. For in our days, "marriage" is but too often synonymous with boredom and misery, and "love" with a delight and a freedom which it all too rarely finds.

Why do we not face the facts? The astrals face them.

The astrals, as I myself, in my present life a terrestrial, so far from encouraging "licence", believe with all our hearts and brains that the "physical" relationship should invariably be entered upon with care and discrimination. As I have shown in these pages repeatedly, men and women should first "try each other out" aurically and mentally before venturing upon an intimate relation which brings in its train other psychic relations, even though the love-act, spiritually and physically conditioned, is probably one of the most spiritually satisfying acts on earth, and the one most rarely achieved.

One of the tragedies of earth is that boys and girls, men and women, carelessly "come together" with their bodies before they have realized what follows in the train of this action. They have sex relationship much as they would eat their breakfasts and then wonder "what has hit them" when they feel the nasty mental repercussions which invariably come from a purely physical love.

But the astrals, so far as I have been able to gather from my communications with them, frankly face the fact that, once men and women find that they have mental and spiritual as well as physical affinity, they would be deeply unspiritual if they did not work out their relation-

ship upon the plane of the psycho-physical as well as upon that of mind and spirit.

Although this is not the place to deal with it in minutiae, I am convinced that even on our earth the thousand new experiments in love and life which we find about us, will ultimately result in profound changes in our attitude to love and marriage. These potential changes I set out in a series of lectures in the colleges of our leading universities, and was surprised to find the instantaneous response from crowded halls invariably from the more spiritual members, which indicated that already the young men and women who will lead the post-war world are thinking along some such lines and are determined, whether their elders go with them or not, in working out their own love problems in their own way. All lecturers upon this have the same story to tell, and on some occasions I have had to answer questions until the small hours of the morning, in one case, the eager students sitting up all night in our consideration of such problems.

When Jesus said "Judge not that ye be not judged", he was expressing exactly the astral view of judgment or censoriousness upon the morals and marriages of others. In no field is it more dangerous or more repellent "to lay down the law", for the circumstances of no two "love-unions" or "marriage-unions" are alike and we never know the motives or the difficulties of "the other fellow". That "Other Fellow" who is really you and me.

In marriage as in so many things, including disease and death, it always happens to the "Other Fellow", never to you or me. What hypocrites we all are!

In all this we must remember that much of what to us is moral is for the astral profoundly "immoral". That, whether wedded or unwedded, the sexual living together of millions without love is for them indistinguishable from "lust" and from even uglier things than lust.

The "marriage" should be the "love-union". Nothing can make a marriage or love-union but "love". That, in two lines, is the astral view of love and marriage.

Compare that view with our smugly complacent views of marriage and the love-act, and then ask yourself: "Which of these two views of the terrestrial and the astral is the saner or the more beautiful?"

That is a question which will give thousands who read these words to examine not only their attitude but their conscience to love and marriage.

I think it is well for us from time to time to take stock not only of life but of love.

CHAPTER XV

"FALLING IN LOVE"

ON the etheric plane, the more perfect spiritual fusion is alone possible. On our earth, even in the most ideal unions, the interposition of the coarser vibrations of the flesh interfere with that "melting together" of two lovers which is so rarely attained here below, even in the physical side of love.

This fusion of spirit can only be achieved by gentle but persistent wooing of woman by man, and, strange as it may sound, of man by woman, for woman is, subjectively, if not objectively, nearly always the initiator and the schemer in love. I imagine there is scarcely an astral adolescent of either sex who does not know this. For Over There, they do not seek to drive the child and adolescent in blinkers, as one drives a fractious horse, for the whole object of astral education, whether social or sexual, is to free the child from tabus and to give her or him full play for the imagination.

How many married couples who read these words can truthfully say that even in the course of many years they have ever achieved this melting together of body, soul and spirit? I, who have asked the question of scores of married people, can scarcely remember getting this question answered in the affirmative. The fusion that is on the astral the common experience, on our earth is so rare that the memory of it, when realized, is for the lover the outstanding memory of the love-life.

Love needs consummate patience. Even the fusion of body and mind may take months or years. But until that fusion is brought about, it will be idle for any pair of lovers to look for spiritual mingling. *And love cannot be forced.*

Nights of spiritual fusion are not followed by mornings of disillusionment. The consummation of love on all the three vibrations of the physical, mental and spiritual, is consummation for eternity. Such consummation can never be broken, not even by temporary hate—certainly not by death.

Of all phenomena, that of death is the most impotent.

If earthly lovers will have the patience and, above all, the *imagination* to follow love's highway, with its labyrinthine turnings, then, and only then, will the spiritual realization ensue.

In these pages, I wish not to shirk any unpleasant issue, or sidestep any awkward question. I wish to be as honest with my reader as she or he would wish me to be. For if, like the journalists of the baser sort, I seek to make a watertight case by omitting anything that may seem to tell against my case, then will even the sincerely written passages fail to convince.

Average men and women may not always seem to have so superior an intellect that they may infallibly know when a writer is writing from

his heart or from his head, but even the most ordinary will have a fine nose for equivocation and avoidance.

Now one of the chief of the problems of love between the sexes, is one which is avoided by nearly everybody—certainly by every lover : “Do men and women fall in love more than once in a single lifetime, and if so, what then becomes of an ideal but *temporary* wedding between two people, who have reached the goal of physical and mental adjustment, and even perhaps touched the remoter goal of spiritual fusion yet are not twin-souls and so are not intended to be permanent lovers from life to life ?”

The answer is that men and women do, in the overwhelming majority of cases, fall in love or imagine themselves to be in love several times during any single life. Not only that, but no two of these lovings will be the same, for a man may love during his life several women, one after the other, and no two of them in the same way. Yet would I say that in such cases, where any relative understanding has been brought about between two human beings of different sexes, nothing has been wasted, even though such understanding has been achieved consecutively in the course of a life with various women. The same also applies to women. For what woman of them all but has imagined herself in love with a man more than once ?

The woman who said to me : “I am deeply in love with a man today, and I have been deeply in love with other men in the past, but I can say with all my heart and soul that each time I have fallen in love I have learned something, and so had something more to give to my next lover,” said something worthy of note. Nor was she a light woman, but an honest woman who had, as she said, outgrown her lovers until she had found a lover on her own plane of growth.

It is significant that in the course of many communications between living and “dead”, I cannot remember one case in which the “dead” partner of the living communicant did not give his or her blessing to the betrothal or marriage of the survivor.

We have often been told by our spirit-guides that, “as we advance on the path, we change our guardian angels”. Nevertheless our finding spiritual guardians more suited to our spiritual growth, even during a single life on earth, does not mean that the affection of our former guardian angels for us and ours for them has been wasted. The same applies to the woman or man who has loved more than once and who, from each lover, has drawn knowledge and inspiration.

Here we stagger upon a major truth of utmost moment to many who will read these words.

As we advance on the path of evolution, life after life, death after death, we gradually acquire a stature spiritual which demands that our helpmeet on the path, the man or woman we love, shall be of our own spiritual stature. There can be no more poignant tragedy on earth, one which we meet every day, than the tragedy of a man outgrowing a woman or a woman a man.

In such cases, the partner who is being left behind on the path is

puzzled and offended. She or he thinks that all that is required by the other partner to the union is an effort of will once more to restore the equality and the "comradeship" of their earlier love. Actually, no effort of will can accomplish this. It can only be accomplished by the partner who has refused to grow, seeking the path of growth and, learning from the other, finding with that other the kingdom of heaven on earth that we so facilely call "love's paradise", forgetting that even in our heavens there may be a little bit of hell to spice it!

On the Other Side of death, such inequality of growth is much rarer than on our earth, because on the astral, knowing as they do the facts of vibrational equality and of the factors which underlie all true love, men and women do not so lightly enter into betrothal or marriage as men and women do on our planet.

The Astrals are exquisite to impression. In their more tenuous "susceptible" medium of ether, they betroth and mate by pure feeling without those hundred and one other considerations which dominate our *mariages de convenances* here on earth. No economic factors enter into such unions, because on the astral there *are* no economic problems of any kind. Those twin obscurers of true feeling, jealousy and envy, over there scarce have existence. The battle of life is no longer for position or bread. The battles of the astral are mental and spiritual only. So are marriage mistakes more rarely made.

On our little turning ball of earth, we constantly "imagine ourselves to be in love", when we only care for the other's body or "accomplishments" or position. We "fall in love with love" as often as not. Hence the stark disillusionment which so often ghosts the heels of betrothal and the marriage bed.

CHAPTER XVI

THE STORY OF MARY

THIS "falling in love with love" is one of the most elusive problems between the sexes. It is, especially amongst women, a phenomenon which constantly shows itself, and its explanation is still obscure, more particularly when chasms spiritual and intellectual separate the lovers.

That we can fall in love with a *thought* built on a real woman, who becomes our "dream-woman", is as sure as that we can fall in love with a real woman herself. But I go farther. It is possible for a highly imaginative man or woman, who is also idealist, to fall in love with a conjured lover who never had physical existence—although I would not dare to say that such lover never had existence on any plane.

I knew a lovely young South African girl who at night, in her dreams, would dance with her phantom lover, who, as she said,

was more real to her than the original, whom she had known but who was killed in an accident. Also am I sure that for millions of lonely women, this *escape to the astral* during sleep is their only way out from unloved loneliness, as many thousands of women can testify. To deny this "escape" is merely a sign of ignorance and contumacy towards evidence which is either distasteful or has not been experienced by the sceptic.

With such scepticism no argument is possible. It is but waste of time and nerve to attempt to persuade. The facts speak for themselves to those who have experienced those facts and there is no arguing with the *fait accompli*.

In this "falling in love with love", a single example taken from life is worth a score of invented instances. The truth bears its own stamp. Here is a true story from the life of a man whom I perhaps knew and know better than anyone else.

This man, when a boy of seventeen, one day in the house of a friend, saw a young woman of great beauty come down the stairs. Now I take up his own story as related by him :

"When I saw Mary, and this for the first time in my life, there came to me an extraordinary thought. It was this :

"That girl is very beautiful. She is so beautiful that it would be a shame not to win her. There cannot in all Ireland be another girl so beautiful as she. So you *must* fall in love with her."

"Marriage was the last thing I ever thought of with Mary, either then or afterwards. There is a sort of purity in the love of a young boy that never afterwards has any counterpart. From Mary I wanted nothing—not even a kiss. I only wanted to love her. Honestly, I don't think in those first weeks, when morning by morning I could feel the love steal into my heart as the birds sang in the grey Irish dawns, that I ever thought of Mary loving *me*. I only thought of loving Mary.

"Had I then been able to see the misery and even terror that this love of mine for a then unknown woman would bring on me, I ask myself : 'Would I have gone on loving her?' My reply is 'Yes, even if it destroyed me body and mind.'

"Day by day I allowed this 'love' to steal into me, until it absorbed me, body and blood and soul, and almost usurped the place of reason. In that love there was absolutely no physical passion, even though I was strongly sexed, and had many temptations to overcome with the girls about me. It was at once the most terrible and the most lovely experience of my life up to that time, and even now, half a lifetime after, when I am married to another woman, and have lived and loved and suffered, I think of it as one of the rarest of experiences.

"As for Mary, I would rather have run away from her than let her know I loved her. But one day, when I was walking with her in the Modeligo woods, by the side of the Blackwater river, it slipped out from me by one of those 'accidents' which I now suspect are planned from the Other Side of life.

"This confession she accepted beautifully and lovingly as though

she had been my mother confessor rather than a woman. And from then, until the day three years later, during the interval of which I never saw her, and when I sought her out in the London to which she and I had come separately, she was for me, a boy six years her junior, my good angel. There was nothing in her that was not good and true and lovely and, as it seems to me now, however unworthy, she seemed to love me as the angels love. But never once did she say that she 'loved' me or that she 'was in love' with me. Never down to that moment of meeting after three years' complete separation during which not a line had been exchanged between us, as Mary had feared that 'it was not good for me to love her', who was six years older and a fervent Roman Catholic, whereas I was as fervent a 'Protestant'.

"Three years! and as I waited for her in that London drawing-room, my heart was beating, all my suppressed love of the years waiting for expression.

"Someone entered the room. Someone I did not know. Then I saw it was Mary—but a woman I had never seen before! And as I rushed over to her to take her in my arms and to kiss her for the first time, there fell upon my heart a dreadful coldness—and as our lips met, it was the cold kiss of life upon death. In that instant, I realized the intellectual and spiritual chasms which separated us—yet was there still a bond between us—something beautiful and true. But something else.

"Day by day and year by year I had built up out of my imagination a Mary who had never existed. *I had fallen in love with love.*"

As this story unfolded, there came to me, the watcher, that dread feeling of frustration and futility which sometimes overtakes each one of us. Why had this boy, imaginative, gifted, idealist, created out of thought the beloved Mary who never had existence?

And yet, had she really *never* had existence?

And was it sure that all this feeling and unhappiness had been wasted?

Or might it not be that somewhere Over There, on the other side of death where await our Greater Selves, there might not be the true Mary?

But who can answer such a question? Yet, may it not be that over there, where lives the Group Soul and the Greater Self, there may be a solution and a satisfaction in the place where dreams come true?

I do not know. I only ask the question.

Book Three

Passion—Earth and Astral



CHAPTER XVII

“PASSION”

HAVING partly cleared the mists from the cloudy imagination of earth by our last three chapters which showed something of love conditions and outlook on the astral plane, as well as our own, I think we are in a position to consider in some of its multitudinous facets what we call “passion”.

As we have indicated, *passion* is the driving force of love.

This will involve not only physiological details of our earthly instruments of expression—our “bodies”, but also details psychological. We shall look not only at the “love-act” but at the mind behind that act, at the various “contacts” of mind and body, and with them the problem of “mutual adjustment”.

We shall also hope to find an answer to the two questions we asked some way back, in the chapter, “Why Earthly Marriage Fails”.

The answer to our two questions, the first as to why our marriages of earth are almost invariably more or less unhappy? and the second, the way out, if there be a way, from this unhappiness? cannot be categorically answered. The answers will emerge as we proceed.

We can only find those answers when we realize the strange difference between the earthly way of regarding love and passion and the “heavenly”, if we still care to call the next world the heaven world, even though that is not by any means an accurate description. For even on the other side of Death, love has her problems and the “Immortals” themselves have but advanced a single step beyond us in their solution of those problems. Nevertheless, that step is determinative.

We have to understand the meaning of “passion” before we can even begin to find those answers. That word which is behind so much even in our world, whether of love or hate. That word which we use indifferently to express hate as well as love and so tacitly admit that love and hate are two facets of the same thing—which is to say, the two facts of *passion*.

We speak constantly in our earth-world of “the passion of the hours”, “the passion of life”, and, not least, “the passion of death”, reserving to the last even some of the deeper, darker sides of our

religious beliefs. In doing so we recognize that behind all life and all death lies this thing of elusive power that we name passion.

After many years of communication with the world beyond death, I have reached the conclusion that the astrals or "immortals" believe what I have stated above. One dare not claim that one knows or even could know every phase of their thought on passion, for the finite cannot fathom the "infinite", even when that infinity, like the Einstein curvature of space, is strictly bounded. For the "infinity" of the astrals is still but a tiny extension of the idea of space-time which dominates our three-dimensional earth.

Basically, the astral world divides passion into three. The passion of the Body. The passion of the Mind. The passion of the Spirit. That is to say, physical, mental, and spiritual passion.

In doing so, as we have seen from the refusal of the spirit guide already quoted to separate the physical and the spiritual, the leaders of the world of spirit refuse to draw any sharply delineated line between the three kingdoms of body, mind, and spirit, because they know that each is part of the other two.

We earthbound mortals, with our crutches of dogma and our mental tabus and suppressions, are tacitly ashamed of the physical side of passion. Until the last couple of decades, we hung our heads when we spoke of sexual passion, we refused to initiate our children into what we used to call, also shamefacedly, "the facts of life", and, generally, we behaved abominably in such matters of life and death.

From that shamefaced attitude of the Puritan, we rushed to the other extreme after the First World War. We rushed to licence, to the ineffectual disgusting experiments of a D. H. Lawrence, who, a fine artist, lost all vision and all fineness in some of his more rabid experiments in words, and to the lees of Freud and other thoroughly wrong-headed old gentlemen of Science who wallowed in lustful inaccuracy.

The astrals, on the other hand, with a spiritual background denied to the mortal enfleshed, always viewed the physical side of sex and passion with calm detachment combined with that sensitiveness of mind without which there is nothing.

Let us take a glance at this view of passion of the Other World, which is the view we shall inevitably one day take when we arrive in that world and which we shall now, for the first time in evolution, begin to take in this very earthy world. This world which we at last begin to realize is but a *School of Spirit*.

First let us glance at the physiological facts of the human body and the psychological facts of the human mind as the astrals see them—those astrals whom our world ignorantly calls "ghosts". To do this, I will take certain verbatim extracts from a public lecture given by an astral thinker from the platform of the Caxton Hall in a series of lectures on survival, in which the idea of love after death was implicit.

I remember he began by telling his astonished audience what I once heard a *yogi* tell his: "Why, you do not even *know you live!* You do not even know how to reach out on the vibrations in the three

worlds *in which you live at once.*" He then went on to explain that each one of us has within him or her first, the vibration of matter, deriving from the body of flesh in which the spirit is encased. Secondly, the vibration of the astral world, deriving from the "etheric body" or, if you prefer, "ghost", which leaves the body of flesh at death to take up its residence on the astral plane. Lastly, because we are immortals, which is to say "mortals with souls", we have the soul or spiritual vibration, which is the highest of all.

"You know the possibilities of light waves, wireless waves, but what do you understand of high frequency or etheric waves? You are aware of the infra-red and ultra-violet rays of vibration, I know, but what do you know of the *interpenetrating* rays of vibration?"

By which our "scientist-ghost" meant: "What do we know of the potentialities of our own bodies which are electric batteries or, if you prefer, wireless sets, and from which radiate continuously invisible rays of varying consistencies and types?" A sort of aurora borealis, contracting and expanding, an aurora which can be seen by the clairvoyant and partly registered by our physical electrical instruments.

Never does this aurora or *aura*, as it is known, show such contraction and expansion and such brilliance as when the human being from whom it emanates is what we call "in love". The love-act evokes its supreme brilliancy, and this very obviously goes to indicate the import of that act and of "the making of love" in all its forms. Incidentally, Havelock Ellis indicates this evocation in his *Fetishism and Sex*. The assumption by the male bird during mating season of brilliant plumage is a collateral.

It is these rays which in psycho-therapeutics or "faith-healing" to use a popular term, are the media of healing the sick. I myself with perhaps twenty others have witnessed the restoration by means of such healing rays of sight to a girl who had been correctly diagnosed before their use as "totally blind". But the feats of the genuine faith-healer, such as that great and good man, W. F. Parish, are now the commonplace of every day, whilst even in the orthodox ranks of medicine, psycho-therapeutics, or the healing of body by mind, is now part of the normal curricula.

Remember, that all this is essential preliminary knowledge to the understanding of love or "passion". None of it is irrelevant. If you do not understand the instrument, you cannot get results. Until we think of our body as a wireless set, we cannot understand the mind and soul it contains.

In moments of deep emotion, when the man or woman is, literally, lifted out of himself or herself, out of this world of earth into the heavenly worlds, for there are many such worlds, the connection or bridge is made by such high frequency rays or vibrational waves. This is no conjecture. It is the common knowledge of science. As our "ghost-guide" put it during his lecture:

"It is possible for the wireless set of the body to tune itself into the higher frequency wave-lengths of vibration of the astral world, and,

penetrating that world, to carry on into the *higher soul world* above it, and so to touch the perfect vibrations emanating from the centre of the kernel within the nutshell which all the time are interpenetrate and not coming from without."

He then added the remarkable words :

"The higher frequency wave length of vibration is the *soul* wave-length. The physical body is only the magnetic box to attract the highest frequency rays, which have the property of reaching out." By this reaching out, he meant from the soul-plane that is the centre and inspiration of all our planetary life, and from which, as in the "atomic showers" of science which ceaselessly bathe our earth, there for ever flow the life-giving vibrations which alone keep us living and learning. Without these showers, neither planet nor star, neither insect nor man, could exist. Without life there is no love. Without love there is no understanding.

His final words were significant. "I am not treating this as a religion but as a scientific explanation of what was taught by the Nazarene, Jesus, when he said: 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.' " The happiness of true love is not to be sought or found outside of ourselves. It rests within.

In the above, there is not a word that clashes with the findings of modern science.

Our phrenetic world is always seeking outside itself for happiness—its inhabitants rushing hither and thither to find a happiness, in love or otherwise, that always eludes them. If they would only search *inside*, and learn what has been above written, that there is ceaselessly passing from them and to them the eternal vibration, literally, "the showers of blessing" of the hymn, they would then *become aware* of the source from which they draw their life, and so find "the peace that passeth understanding". Understanding needs two things: love and awareness, and the comprehension of a human being is in direct ratio to the love he brings to bear on it.

Here we find ourselves on the threshold of an answer to our questions about love and passion.

"What is the explanation of that instant like or dislike of a person you meet for the first time—sometimes even before you make physical contact? Why do we dislike the tones of a voice in the telephone of a person we have never met? How is it that we feel like or dislike for a man or woman who enters a room and whom we have never seen before?" In this we have the meaning of what we call "falling in love at first sight". Indeed, in one sense, it is always at first sight only that we fall in love!

Our astral scientist replies to his own question :

"About each one of you is a magnetic belt, or 'feeler'. This belt," he said in effect, "is the aura, 'which stands out from your body, sometimes a foot, sometimes a foot and a half, as you count length. That aura is throwing out its wave-lengths all the time, and all the time in vibration, for man is never still because matter of any kind (from clay

and stone to plant and animal life) is never still.” (Everything vibrates, as we know from our physical scientist, who will tell you that a wooden table or chair, or a steel ruler, is pulsing with vibration. Actually there is no “still life”.)

He went on :

“When you come close to a person, you will sometimes say : ‘I don’t like that person. I don’t know why. He seems all right but I have taken instant dislike to him.’ On the surface there seems no logical reason for this dislike, but there is one underneath.

“Directly a man or woman who is vibrating on a higher or lower wave-length than is the other man or woman with whom they make contact, a clash of wave-lengths, which is to say of the aura, takes place and so the two vibrations are not in harmony. That is why you get that instant dislike for the other. Vibration and wave-length is the very kernel of existence, both on the earth and beyond.”

The same law governs our instant attraction for other people. When we vibrate on the same wave-length, which is to say, at the same rate of vibration, and when like finds like, we instantly feel sympathy for the other woman or man and, in extreme cases, “fall in love” with them.

“Passion” is but a synchronization of vibration. In cases of high-frequency vibration, that passion is intensified.

The Law of Love may be set down as the law of attraction between two bodies of the same “frequency” or rate of vibration, which, melting together or “fusing” through the heat, intensity, and, above all, similarity of wave-length, in each other find the unique delight and satisfaction which passionate love alone can give to mortals still in the body pent.

So much for the physical and psycho-physiological basis of passion. What shall we say about the other two bases of mind and spirit of passion ? For the astrals tell us that all “happy passion”, as opposed to the unfructified and unhappy passion which on earth but too often is our only experience, an experience of frustration not realization, rests upon a triple foundation : body, mind and spirit.

CHAPTER XVIII

MIND AND SPIRIT IN PASSION

PASSION in its entirety is an electric battery compounded of three things—body, mind and spirit. Of love it is the motive power.

The body is easy to see and to define. We all have physical bodies. The reason for the frustration and subsequent disillusionment and disappearance of earthly love is that we almost invariably regard the physical body as its *only* instrument.

That way lies the death of love.

Sometimes it dawns upon us that perhaps body is of love but the

vehicle. That there must be some driving force behind the body to make it function without frustration, much as the engine of a motor-car is useless until it has behind it the petrol which alone can give it accomplishment. The engine alone cannot move the car. It has to be fed by petrol.

This petrol is the power of the *mind*. Indeed, without mind there is nothing. The human mind is the fount, the very *fons et origo* of all life on our planet.

Still more rarely does it dawn upon the human being that even body and mind together are not sufficient to make love function.

What is this mind?

Put into easy terms, it is the *imagination* which man and his partner woman may, at will, conjure out of the infinite. It must not be confused with the *brain*, which is a part of the body and itself but an instrument. It is the unhappy confusion of modern science of the "brain" and the "intellectual process" with the spirit of the creative imagination that has led science into so many of its materialist quagmires, although it is only fair to say that it is now from these quagmires slowly emerging.

It is *imagination* or *mind* that gives to the art of love its stimulus. Each man and woman of us all is familiar with the unchallengeable fact that if our minds cannot conjure up the image of the beloved and of the unrevealed delights of that beloved, the making of love becomes but dust and ashes in the mouth of desire. And how many an unhappily mated man or woman has not found this when vainly trying to imagine in the act of lovemaking that some other and well-beloved one was lying in their arms!

Love brings to itself only such delights, spiritual, mental and physical, as it can conjure through the creative imagination. *Thoughts are things*.

By the creative imagination were the universes called into being. Without it, was nothing made or evoked from the Imagination we call "God".

Yet are even the body and mind not sufficient unto themselves for the fulfilment of the passion of love.

Just as the motor-car has no power of movement until the petrol, which we have compared to the mind, has been fed to the engine or "body", so even this petrol cannot function until to it has been applied the vital spark which we compare to the third fundament upon which passion rests and functions. That is the spark or flame of *spirit*.

A man and woman, rushing together in the love-transport we call passion, seeking unconsciously for the fuller fusion of spirit, may have brought together body and mind, with the power of creative delight which such will bring, and yet, seeking all unconsciously for the fuller deeper *fusion of spirit*, may find that something is missing. Here one is not appealing to theory but to a fact observed in the lovemaking of all of the more highly evolved human beings. For we are not speaking of those who mate like animals.

What is the thing missing?

It is the crown of love and passion. The intangible thing we call *spirit*.

Without the spiritual, any making of love and in any form, becomes if not "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal", at least a maimed orchestra of passion. An orchestra without conductor.

What is this "spirit"?

It is as undefinable as the wind that bloweth where it listeth. It cannot be found by will or by searching. It can only come to us men and women unsought and unexpected, but not unwished. For the spirit of God may not be purchased or willed. It "bloweth where it listeth". It may fall on the just and the unjust, on the poor or even on the rich. It may be prepared for but not planned.

All that we know about it is that *when we have it we feel it*.

If the *evolved* man or woman "make love," as we have the phrase, without this thing indefinable running through the lovemaking, they will do so to their shame and undoing. Shrouded in our clay, we mortals so often vainly seek for the final benison of passion as we bring mind and body, but not spirit, together. Spirit is actually the oxy-acetylene flame that alone can fuse together the *mind* and *body* of the impassioned. All the *appassionati* of our earth know that, at least in their hearts if not always with their heads. Every lover of the astral world knows it. And each one of us, when we find ourselves, often all unknowing, on the other side of death, will one day know it.

Even in prayer itself, its answer turns upon how far we are able to feather the arrow of prayer with spirit and with spirit's lovely sister—faith, herself the essence of all *happy* passion, for I do not speak of the passion that is unhappy. Neither prayer nor passion can or should be planned. They can only be wished—and in the wish lies the prayer. For neither has to do with posture or with plan. Indeed, whether in the ordinary unimpassioned life or in the impassioned love-life, the wise never *plans*. Planning is for babies. Instead, the wise man and wise woman holds the imagination free and creative and so accomplishes in an instant more than years of careful but not care-free planning may effect.

It is the fashion of our detached and "gutless" day, to view with suspicion emphatic statement and conviction, which is called by the French *tendance* or tendency. And in nothing is this so evident as in anything written on love and passion.

As though "passion" could be written of without the quality itself! Men and women, detached from life and therefore from thinking, passionless as newts, players at life, may not think or write of the passion that is life. Only those who *feel* can *think*. Without emotion there is no thought. Without passion there is no love. Without love there is no passion.

So do we find that until love brings to the marriage-bed and the marriage-life the physical, mental and spiritual, it will never find fruition. Always will the apples of love turn sour in the mouth. Always will the conjunction of body and mind search, resultless, for

the perfect, tripartite conjunction of body, mind, and *spirit*. It is only when this is secured that is opened the door of delight.

A woman poet has said: "Perhaps two or three times in a lifetime of marriage does a woman find with her man the key to the tiny unsuspect door of delight. A thousand times the key is tried in the lock but will not turn. Yet may come the moment, always unheralded and unsung, when the key turns, for the door on love's paradise to open, only to shut again."

I think all this is known to the astrals—to those mortals who have touched immortality, as the child, sleeping in his dark room, may sometimes feel the fleeting touch of angel wing. We mortals, sleeping in our dark room of earth, our auras reaching out to the stars, may from time to time catch the echo of the angelic voices, catch the flutter of wings, and know, in that 'chanted moment, that our love makes of us the stuff of immortality and that in the hereafter, whatever and wherever that may be, we shall know even as we are known.

CHAPTER XIX

OUR "BODIES"

I WANT you to notice one thing which runs through all that has been here written about the love-life of this earth and of the love-life after death on the astral.

It is that love can find its expression through three channels. First the *spirit*. Secondly, the *mind*. Lastly and for us earth people the more immediately impellent, the *body*.

Yet love on the astral and even on the high Spiritual Plane lying above the astral, needs some "body" for its expression. This may revolt the wilder idealists and "cranks" who cannot bear to think of the love "physical", and only perform their somersaults in the rarefied air of "pure spirit", whatever that may be, for nobody on this earth knows.

What we *can* conjecture is that there may come a stage in evolution upon the higher planes of consciousness lying remotely outside our earth, as lie the galactics or "Milky Ways", where all material body is dropped and where spirit functions bodiless.

But so long as we possess bodies of any kind, whether fleshly, etheric, or super-etheric, it is safe to say that, where love is concerned, until we function freely and beautifully on the physical plane with the "physical" body, we shall never function beautifully, that is to say, effectively, on the mental and spiritual planes.

A child may not run before it has learnt to walk. The crank always wishes not only to run but to fly before he can even stand upright and before his wings have fully come to him, with the result that, like Icarus, he loses even his vestigial wings and crashes back to earth and reality.

Yet must we in our moments of exaltation attempt the impossible and so make miracles possible!

What follows is drawn from many sources, all of them astral and all of them from the higher beings and minds of the astral life. Because a spirit is disembodied and has the power to communicate with the earth he or she has left, does not mean that this spirit is one whit the wiser for the transition or knows one whit more, or sometimes even as much, as those mortals whom he or she has left behind. There are "guides" and "Guides".

Ultimately, we are our own guides.

If we are to understand the physical side of lovemaking, it is essential that we know something of the "bodies" through which direct contact is established. It is these bodies through which sensation flows as conductor of spirit, and which, both in heaven and on earth, are the "outward-seeming" or "form" by which we are often first attracted to the beloved and which evokes the vibrations of mind and spirit which ultimately knit us together.

There are many schools of thought about our bodies, whether etheric or in the solid form of flesh, both here on earth and Over There on the plane to which we pass at death. I myself, after many years of study and with access to many of these astral and other schools, have tentatively reached the conclusions which I will endeavour to set down as moderately and undogmatically as possible. For always our only chance to learn and, greatly daring, sometimes to "teach", is to remember from time to time that none of us earth people really knows very much about the angelic consistency.

On the physical earth, we have the physical body which we all know and which to many, God help them! is the only reality, whereas of reality it is but the shell.

Inside that body is the etheric body or if you prefer, "ghost", which as I have written elsewhere, leaves that physical body on its death and dissolution. It is this body which passes to the astral or "etheric" world.

But this etheric body, again, inholds numberless other and finer-vibrated bodies, as I have also written in these pages.

Coming now to the etheric astral, we find the following bodies, all of them available for lovemaking, and that not only for "physical" lovemaking but for the lovemaking that is compounded of body, mind and spirit:

(a) The etheric body of which we have spoken above, and through which we function until and unless we slough it for the higher and finer "Subtile Body". (It is my belief that certain nerve-centres and organs of the earthly body associated with sex are, in their etheric correspondences, employed only as "conductors" of nervous and psychic forces.)

(b) The Subtile Body, which the advanced and advancing mortal who has come on to the etheric by "death", deliberately takes on by

a certain mental process in order to pass to what some Astrals call the "Super-Terrestrial" or, as I prefer to call it, the "Super-Astral" world.

(c) The celestial body or shape of light of which Saint Paul, who was a great spiritualist and mystic, writes in the fifteenth chapter of the First Corinthians, itself a perfect embodiment of psychical research. This body may be called the "soul-body" and through its medium the possessor, who, again at will, having by an obscure mental process *evoked* it out of the multitudinous bodies which lie, each inside the other, as lie the skins of the onion, is able to ascend to the still higher and more finely vibrationed plane which lies immediately above the "super-astral". This we might call the "super-super-astral" plane of the world of the etheric.

The power to love and to express love as between man and woman, and, on the "super" planes in terms of the Greater Self and the Group Soul, from which lovers may draw incomparable resources for and to their own mutual affection, cannot be set down in earthly terminology. Frequently, when I have been speaking directly to the greater Spirit Guides, whose care is largely that of the earthly lover, they have told me, regretfully, that we have no words in which to express what they feel and attain on the various astral planes of the astral world. From collateral evidence, I know now that they spoke truth, in particular about "soul-expansion".

The death of each "body", rising plane by plane, is the essential precursor of each expansion of the soul. To speak of love with understanding, you must know "death". When Watts painted his famous "Love and Death", this mystic and "spiritualist" painted truer than he knew. Love and Death have much in common, for death is the midwife of love released for higher functioning.

CHAPTER XX

"THOUGHT", AND "BEAUTY", AND "DEATH"

DEATH itself, whether in the physical or etheric bodies, is simply *a change in vibration*. When the etheric body is freed from its physical shell, it is because its vibrations, on the approach of what we miscall "death", have reached so high a speed that the physical shell of the body is no longer able to contain them and so, perforce, has to release them. Once released, and this release does *not* take place on the ceasing of the heart to beat but some days afterwards, the etheric body travels with the speed of light to its etheric home, being attracted thereto by natural law which makes "like seek like", whether in the world of vibration or the world of love. *And all love is vibrational affinity.*

Now, to return for a moment to our three bodies, each one of which is exchanged at "death", terrestrial or astral, for another body, I want to point out certain rather extraordinary qualities of these bodies

as we have been told of them by communicants of Geraldine Cummins and other mediums of the first order. (And I might here say, in parentheses, that the highest communications are almost invariably given through the only channels able to take and interpret them—such as Estelle Roberts and Geraldine Cummins and Hester Dowden, the latter two among the most remarkable “automatists” of all time.)

First, in regard to these qualities and powers of the bodies and their susceptibility to thought. Whilst on earth, we have but comparatively little power to alter the coarse physical body, but we can, at will, considerably alter the etheric body, and still more so the exquisitely sensitive “subtile” and “celestial” bodies.

Yet, even in the case of the physical body of earth, we can, by thought, alter it in many ways, and especially the facial muscles and control. The body is always, not sometimes, *ultimately* a true reflex of the mind and soul of its owner. Beautiful thoughts make beautiful faces and, as we are beginning to find out in “gymnastic” psychotherapeutics, even beautiful bodies.

Such changes go on from birth to death. We can, if we will, become more beautiful up to death. “Age” is a superstition, as *yoga* has proved.

Remember, each one of us, that each thought that passes across the retina of the brain changes the expression of the body, whether to fineness or coarseness. The coarse-minded man or woman will in time get coarse face and, very soon, coarse body.

If those unhappy misguided females who spend hours each day rubbing cosmetics upon their unhappy persons would give a tenth of the time to fine thinking and to drinking clean water and to the gymnastics which made of the Athenian women the world’s most beautiful, they would so dazzle themselves and those about them, that they would become, literally, *new* women. Even a woman-hater like Paul saw something of this power of the mind when he wrote of “putting on the new man”.

In the case of the etheric body, we know from direct observation in the psychical laboratory and otherwise that the “ethereals” have power to take upon them almost any age they wish, to wear any etheric clothes they wish, and, generally, “by thought, to add a cubit to their stature!” Within a few hours of writing these words, a friend of my own who had died in my road from cancer, appeared a few hundred yards from his home a few hours after his death dressed as we knew him in an old deerstalker, and said to a friend in words as plain as that of any earthly voice: “All is well with me. All is very well,” he having taken upon himself the age and appearance and clothes by which we knew him in life.

Usually the ethereal or, as we call him, the “ghost”, appears to us of an age and in the clothes in which we can recognize him. Also I am informed that on the other side of death, the ethereals usually do not in their outward appearance pass the age of thirty years, at whatever age they may pass out of the physical body, whether

as babies or old men and women. But it must also be stated from evidence which has been piling up through all the leading mediums and for half a century at least, that babies do grow up on the astral, that on the lower planes of the Third Astral, babies are "born", though not as they are born here. Also that, *if they wish*, women and men may take upon themselves the semblance of age as they advance to the astral death, which, in its turn, releases them to still higher planes, much as does our physical death, when it releases us to the astral. For death is the property of life and love, whether on the astral or here.

But "death" on the astral is greeted with joy as a most happy release to still higher states of consciousness. Nor, any more than we, do the astrals lose sight of their dear ones who by the *astral* death have passed to the "super" realms of the astral world. Always the doors are kept open, doors which here, on this sceptical earth, we are but now unlocking between the earth and the astral. And on the astral, as here, love survives the transition, and the lover who has advanced to the higher plane, awaits the lover he or she has left behind on the lower astral planes.

There is one other difference in the astral love-life from that of earth, and in the astral "death" from the earth death. The veils between the lower and higher worlds of the astral are *always* dropped, or are at least diaphanous, much as in this Aquarian Age they are beginning to drop between earth and astral on our planet. Free communication, and almost at any time, exists between the astral planes, although, as I have reason to think, there are periods when the higher vibrationed being has to withdraw for rest and meditation even from the beloved on the heavier vibration. But this process has been followed by the Indian *yogi* and the *magi* of all nations, since the dawn of time. It is an essential recuperation, essential as the recuperative death-sleep through which nearly all of us pass when we die out of earth into astral.

Death is "a sleeping and a forgetting". Death is a temporary "sleep" in order to acclimatize the etheric body, just released from earth by a sort of celestial birth, and it is a "forgetting" in the sense that in the advanced soul, he or she will be faced with a bewilderment of new sensations, a dazzling of new potentialities, and the certainty that the failures of earth will now, in the fulness of time, become the accomplishment of "heaven", and so the new-comer will as time goes on naturally forget the miseries and frustrations of earth. The one thing the woman or man arrived on the astral will never forget, is the beloved one she or he has left behind.

No wonder it is called "The *Passion of Death*".

It is that memory, in the cases of the twin-soul everlasting, which is the lovely memory of the new astral existence, the life-line reaching back into the pasts, and the guiding star of a love that stretches illimitably into the future—a future without fear or humiliation.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ART OF MAKING LOVE

To return from the "Passion of Death" to the "Passion of Love".

It is in "the art of making love" that the astrals excel. They excel in what is the most important of all arts, for it is the art by which we live, for two reasons, one of them incidental to their "physical" and mental structure, the other, because to that art they bring the "infinite pains" which we associate with genius. And when I speak of "making love" in this chapter, I speak of making love spiritually as well as in the purely physical sense to which we have so largely segregated the phrase.

To take the latter first.

Throughout the whole of their lives upon the plane of spirit, the astrals, whose ranks we will one day *rejoin*, after the death of the earthly body, live by love and love alone. I do not say that there is no hate in that "Third Plane" world to which out of the countless "next worlds" most of us terrestrials pass on the dissolution of the earthly shell, for we actually bring over there all our human passions, whether of love or hate. But love on the "heavenly" plane is the law of life—a law that is always followed implicitly or explicitly, whereas in our world of earth, we casually subscribe to that law, but actually live very largely by hate. The astral at all times realizes the uselessness and impotence of hate—we, shrouded by the body, only realize it at intervals. "Sex" we associate with "pleasure", and pleasure, we of the English-speaking races, associate with "sin". Indeed, to justify sex at all, we talk about "Nature's sublime law for continuing the species", so justifying it on strictly utilitarian grounds, as though the object of lovemaking were not "love" but "children", not "creation" but "procreation"—so exculpating both the Creator of Love and Sex and ourselves.

The life of the astral is the "love-life", using that term in an infinitely wider sense than sex. Yet there, as here, sex love plays a basic and even determinative part. The astral, at least, as we so often do on earth, does not sneer at sex or regard it as something not quite "pleasant", that English word which covers a multitude of sins and sinners!

The other reason why the astrals or "celestials" excel in the art of making love is because, living in the *etheric body*, not in the coarser shell of the physical, they are infinitely more sensitive to love and to love's implications than we. We shall be safe in saying that the emotion of lovemaking on the astral is as much deeper and finer than our clumsy attempts at the world's oldest art, as our attempts are more subtle and more full than those of the lower animals.

Every astral child from astral birth is taught that love, in its various forms, is the ruler of life. It is taught that everything about love and

the act of loving is beautiful, that the etheric body, like the mind and soul it encloses, has its own beauty, and that the God behind all has given us these things to use them to our health and satisfaction and to His glory. If only the Eastern Thought could learn that and, with it, the uselessness and folly of the renunciation it teaches but, thank God! rarely practises.

In this alone, we can mark the vital difference between the love-education of the earthly and of the heavenly child.

The love-life of earth is lived under a series of tabus. The love-life of heaven is the "perfect freedom" of which Jesus spoke and which Jesus himself lived. Jesus was no ascetic and never, in all his recorded sayings, even whispered of asceticism as a desirable path. What he did teach was self-discipline and that reticence towards love and life which alone can reveal the beauty of both. That he himself did not marry or "love" in the purely sex-sense of that word, was because these Masters of Life and Love find their fulfilment upon rarefied vibrations of mind and spirit and not upon the grosser physical.

He knew, above all, that the foes of the spirit are the two seeming opposites, sensuality and asceticism. Yet are these two things, as every psychologist of our day knows, but two facets of the same thing. There is a sensuality of asceticism that leads to orgies of spirit comparable to the orgies of the flesh. There is a spiritual beauty of use, but not abuse, of all our faculties that is comparable to the spiritual beauty of realization and accomplishment.

When our earth learns this, it will already be half-way to heaven.

Two of the more terrible sights of our earth are on the one hand the self-tortured hermit, immensely engaged with his little strangulated "soul", who castigates his body and maims his mind in his attempt to cut himself off from the world and from that "life" without which life may not be. On the other, the libertine, his body ravaged as his soul, who seeks to find satisfaction in satiety, and in promiscuity, spiritual delight.

Our churches, unfortunately for themselves and for the world they seek to save, have but too often throughout the centuries taught their flocks that the body, and especially Woman, were the delusion and snare of spirit. Like the Pauline teaching from which they derive, unrealizing that body, mind and spirit was a triple entity, they preached contempt for the physical envelope and with it the self-torture and immolation of the flesh on the altar of spirit.

Every astral adult knows that whether on earth or in heaven, *vibration is the mechanic of love*. That long before the meeting or touch of the physical body of earth, the vibrational bodies have sought each other out. That if this preliminary investigation and searching out be hurried or eliminated, as it but too often is in earthly lovemaking, real absorption of each by the other is impossible. This is the explanation of so much of the unsatisfactory and unfructified in the love of earth.

Wooing is a delicate process. It is of the very fabric of love. Where

there is no wooing there is no happiness. And the gossamer of passion is of such delicacy and so easily torn, that it is safe to say that in only one case in a thousand is it preserved intact in the carelessness of fleshly urgency.

The male is essentially in passion a careless creature. Impetuous, superficial, seeking only sensory satisfaction in the urgency of the love-moment, he cannot trouble to *woo* the woman in his arms. Women feel this from time to time but, finding their age-long path of satisfying the male, stifle their deeper nature and with it lay up for themselves and their partners harvests of hate which are not long in the reaping.

The astrals have been trying to tell us all this during the last fifty years of spirit communication, but we refuse to listen. Again and again they whisper to us mortals, trapped in matter, that not by the fleeting satisfaction of greedy flesh shall we enter the kingdom of love, but by reticence and the discipline of the self. That the "etheric wooing" must always precede the wooing of the body, and that "the rapture of the flesh" is but sorry exchange for the rapture of spirit which is only achieved by the elect of the human race.

If they have anything else to tell us, it is that until we realize that "man and woman are spirits", immortal, but temporarily caught in the flesh, they will never understand the art and the goal of making love—not even physical love.

The "first fine careless rapture" of the meeting of those who "fall in love", must never be clogged by calculation. Yet, as the astral world tells us, there is a technique of love as there is a technique of all the finer things of life. The *way* in which the passion of two people is exchanged is of vital importance. In love's madness there must also be love's *method*.

The technique of love may be compared to the technique of the pianist who, day after day, year after year, practises in order that his fingers may be freed from the clog of thought. It is only when in pianoforte playing as in love-play that we reach to freedom from thought and "calculation", that the music pours out of us to bear us to the heights.

In this freedom from consciousness, though not conscience, there lies the secret of the art of love.

CHAPTER XXII

AN "ETHERIC" LOVE STORY

THE love of man and woman is a process of infinite complexity. Of it, as I have said, we know less than of any other of life's problems. Often, indeed, it is a problem of death rather than life.

However that may be, love is the bridge between life and death, a bridge that can only be crossed by those who have found love's way.

It is the only bridge across the gulf that separates that part of each

one of us which incarnates on earth from its other half on the other side of the veil of death . . . that is, its twin-soul, which again, is *you* and *me*. The male or female half, as the case may be. In this there is mystery.

Earthly lovers cross many of these bridges from life to life, for again and again they return to earth to learn their lesson, singly or together. Once in many incarnations the twin-soul is found by the side of the "twin", a happening as unexpected as are all the lovelier gifts of God. This happens when both incarnate on earth at the same time. How the astral world now seeks to secure simultaneous reincarnation will be seen later. The marriage-tragedy of our world is basically that we so seldom return to earth at the same time as our twin souls. *For each one of us has a twin-soul waiting for us either on this side of the grave or beyond. Ultimately we always find each other.*

What is this "falling in love" which from time immemorial has been the central theme of the poet as of the philosopher and the storyteller?

We may look at it through astral eyes, and so perhaps learn why it is that for the vast majority of mortals it is so unsatisfactory. Which one of us will deny that in the love of earth there is usually more pain than delight?

One of the love-stories of the astral is a story of which the writer has personal knowledge. It is no mere dream or "tale". It is fact.

Something over three thousand years ago there lived in Egypt by the side of the Nile the most beautiful of Egyptian princesses. She was "beautiful", because her mind was as beautiful as her body—and that body was famous even in the Egypt of Amenhotep the Third for its beauty and grace.

This princess fell in love with the Egyptian who was the most powerful man of his day. Indeed, I have often looked at his statue in the British Museum, where, from time to time, I forgather with memory. There he sits, held in the massive stone, power-laden, as he was known in an Egypt long since part of the desert sands, as was the woman inscrutable he loved and who loved him; herself, as it might be the sphinx upon whom I looked within the sands of the desert, a thing of moonlight and dust:

*I knew her lovely when the world was young,
She knows it well, for she knows all, but stands,
Indifferent there, holding within the sands,
Resting upon her vampire claws, time-hung.*

*She crouches there on Time, in cunning sweet,
A seer in woman's guise, blind-staring She—
In darkly comprehension o'er the hooded feet,
I look at her . . . she does not look at me.*

This creature of power, luster after victory over life, and yet, in his way, as is perhaps the way of all of us, sometimes luster after the

nobler victories over sin and death, fell in love with the Stranger out of the Desert. But his love for her, like so much male, earthly love, was a passion for accomplishment, for satisfaction, rather than for love for love's sake. A mating with body rather than spirit.

She was part of his power-scheme. She was something to be won much as he would win his battles against the nations and tribes about him whom he lusted to conquer.

And is not the victory over woman rather than the wooing of woman, part of the kernel of what passes for "lovmaking" in this world of ours? Human nature does not change down the centuries. Love and hate are still the same. *Yet is there change.* Nobler concepts are already coming.

This great warrior-statesman forgot his love for his woman in his love for his power. The love of man for woman is the love of God of which it is the shadow. The lust of man to power is the baser love, which, like the love of riches, invariably destroys by corruption. And "the way of a man with a maid" is not the way of a man with his God.

The first religionists of our earth, who would never think of betraying their gods, have in the "power-dream" betrayed their Women without ruth.

The great fighters of our planet, often owing all to "the woman behind the throne", have throughout history basely deserted her who was the very matrix of their fortunes and who, when the inevitable misery overwhelmed, as their schemes of domination blew like smoke into the wind, was their last refuge.

Of such was Napoleon with his Josephine. Of such was this great Egyptian and his princess.

He lost his princess in that incarnation—but life after life this great woman, who herself had achieved the consciousness of reincarnation, and without which none of us are anything, watched over him from her place in the spirit world. For the chief object of our returns to the school of earth, apart from ridding ourselves of *fear*, is that we may achieve this consciousness and with it final freedom from the recurrent return. Then, as I have shown beyond serious controversy in my *Reincarnation for Everyman*, and as has been indirectly shown by Fielding Hall in his *The Soul of a People*, we enter the spirit world, never again to come back.

As incarnation succeeded incarnation in the earthly path of this Prince of Egypt, his princess waited for him on the other side of Death, nurturing him in his interregnums of spirit, saying good-bye to him as he left for what the astrals call "the little night on earth", and awaiting his return to prepare him for his next return from "heaven" to "hell". For to the dwellers on the astral, the return to what they know always as "The Sorrowful Planet", is, as some of us know, a return to "hell". But, thank God! not to a hell eternal which never had existence save in the mind of diseased theology, but to one that is temporary and one which, also as we know, can sometimes have its "little heavens".

The day came when no more was it necessary for the one-time

warrior-statesman to come back, for he had learned his lesson, often through descent into poverty and misery, or into that darker poverty of riches, which is the most dismaying of all task-masters. Now they are together for ever on that Fourth Plane of the astral, into which they, as I speak, are passing. Still, however, through the Third Plane vibration, do they keep the way open to earth to hold the "bridgehead of spirit" and to help us mortals with their finer astral knowledge.

What this couple, betrothed in love and married in service, have done to bring to our earth proof of the continuity of life beyond death and with it the persistence of love from life to life, can be vouched by our Egyptologists as regards the ancient Egyptian communicated, by our men of letters, and by more ordinary people. A tiny part of this love-story of the astral is given in my Egyptian novel of reincarnation *Incarnate Isis*, and there in imaginative form.

But there is more.

The princess herself, through an earthly friend, in order to set all doubt at rest, did record upon a gramophone disc at the headquarters of a prominent society of psychical research, under strict test conditions, phrase after phrase in ancient Egyptian in the dynastic idiom of the period in which she had lived over three thousand years ago. These were translated by the Egyptologist, Howard Hulme, and the facts have been repeatedly published to the world.

I remember a personal description by this great lady of her home on the astral. Of the gardens and flowers. Of her house, she said that it was of substance infinitely more tenuous than that of the bricks and mortar of our earthly houses—being etheric, and that it had been constructed by *thought*, not by hand. One of these buildings was, as she said, "built out of the loving thoughts of a great company" who had for their special work the tending and comforting of the sick and distressed on our earth. One of this great company was a woman whose name will never be forgotten, on earth or in heaven—Nurse Cavell, and the princess said that she had seen her at work.

It was in this talk that the Egyptian lady, who has honoured the writer with her affection and understanding over great periods of time, spoke of the "extraordinary buoyancy" of the atmosphere on the etheric plane, which we call the Third Plane. She said: "this is one of the first things noticed by the new-comer from earth". Those of us who have temporarily visited the astral during sleep, as indeed do most people, although they rarely bring back the memory with them on awaking, can speak of this elation and victorious certainty that there is no death and that happiness can be the normal.

As we now have a steady succession of great women and men, scientific and other, vouching for these things, some of them from the other side of the grave, others still here on earth, we may be excused a certain serene impatience with the petty cavils of the "scientific" sceptic, who is so often "unscientific", as he denies the evidence of his own senses. For there is a place where earthly mistakes are rectified.

The scientific minds of psychical research are even beginning to

refuse to waste year after year on futile discussion as to whether love and life persist beyond death and as to whether there really is a "next world". Serious students of life and love—they are the same thing, as we have said—wish to free themselves from interminable controversy upon facts as clearly observable and tabulated as any of the "facts" of science, even when physical.

Our love-story of the astral is no mere "story". It is a plain record of lovely fact. It is but one of hundreds.

And it may be said, in passing, that such communications of fact from the etheric or Third plane, are made exactly as are our earthly communications. That is to say, they are made either by the "direct voice" out of the air and sometimes in daylight, or sometimes through the larynx of the medium, who is fast becoming the collaborator of the psychic scientist.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LOVE-ACT

MEN and women often confuse "passion" with the love-act, which of passion is but a part. Passion is the full circle of love—the love-act but a segment.

The love-act is a communion of souls. It is not a medium for physical sensation, not even for mental sensation. It is a spiritual communion.

Let us examine this fusion of body and spirit as it is found on the astral plane and, infinitely more rarely, on the physical plane of earth.

When woman meets man and man meets woman and they find together that fabulous land of heart's delight that is all about us, and yet within ourselves, that we call "falling in love", they may or may not even see and hear each other. Their finding each other may be unconscious and one of vibration only. Mind meeting mind.

Before now, men and women have "fallen in love with a voice". The writer knew a man who fell in love with a woman he had never seen, but whom he inevitably knew he would marry—and this five minutes before they met.

Love is elusive. We fall in love with a gesture, with the tilt of a nose, the set of an eye, or even with a perfume. This universal experience has, literally, a thousand variants, and it may last for anything from ten minutes to a lifetime—even beyond death.

What it is that finds itself happy in the beloved, we do not know—for still, after æons of evolution, we know little or nothing about love.

The East refuges from love and from its implications in calling it *maya*—or illusion. As opposed to the facts and to the universal experience of us men and women who find in the passion of love the passion of life and joy, true, it is, at times blended with that suffering which on our planet is also universal, it declares dogmatically that it

is all *maya*. For the East in its "buddhistic" aspect, has lost romance and the romantic, and with it, lost itself in its "nirvanic" wastes and ecstasies of mind which it so often mistakes for spirit. It is spiritually insufficient and unsatisfying. It is something away from the True Path, to which its devotees must one day return and so, once more, find the way of life instead of the deathly "renunciation". And what the Gautama Buddha really taught, as opposed to what his followers today say that he taught, nobody knows any more than the Christian in some things knows what taught the Christ whom he misrepresents, and that all in good faith.

None of which is to say that the East, even in its present degeneration of knowledge and spirit, has still not much to teach the West in the realms of physiology and mind. For even the greatest of the physiologists and psychologists of the West pale their diminished fires before the *yoga* of the Orient. Also the "Renaissance of the East", though the East know it not, is faintly showing its morning-glow through the fires of world-war.

Human beings, because they *fear*, take refuge in evasion and half-statement when they speak of human passion. Let one man at least here state that he believes, with heart and soul and from experience, that, despite all disappointment and even disillusionment, romance is the one thing in life that never *ultimately* fails to give satisfaction and delight, and that *without it there is nothing*. I believe that also to be substantially the view of the astrals.

The love-act does not begin within the confines of the marriage bed. It may begin, as we have said, without even a physical meeting. It may, at times, even end in the dream of death without a physical meeting ever having been achieved. And perhaps for some, that has been the achievement-supreme, as they will discover on the other side of the grave.

CHAPTER XXIV

SEARCH FOR THE BELOVED

"THE making of love", as we euphemistically but not unbeautifully name it, begins when a man and woman first become aware of the *vibration* of the other. Each of us has her or his special wave-length and special vibration. We are radio sets always ready to pick up our corresponding and complementary wave.

That meeting of wave-length is unmistakable. Usually, it is true, we only become aware of it when we actually meet the beloved in the flesh, but there are those rare ones who become aware of the presence of the beloved before either hearing the voice or even seeing the face of that beloved. This is the explanation of that strange mysterious "thrill" which, at long intervals, comes to each one of us out of the circumambient.

There are flying about space millions of vibrations "seeking for the

corresponding vibration". Each one of us is a potential lover, and from birth to the death of the body, and as we shall see, even beyond, we are putting out *antennæ* or "feelers", hoping, in the subconscious, to find the beloved one. I believe this to be as much a law of life as is gravity.

This is not assertion. It is fact. A fact that has been proved repeatedly. Even the physical scientist now teaches us, in effect, that we are all powerful dynamos and electrical batteries constantly pouring out from us, principally through the solar plexus or inferior brain, vibrations. These, I believe, are streams of thought *which for ever and ever pass out into space* only to "short circuit" and to return to us if they fail to find their electrical counterpart or "twin". The solar plexus is the battery attached to the superior brain which directs it as the operator directs the release of electricity by his switch.

Sometimes this projection of the subliminal consciousness makes contact, finding what it seeks. Or it may be that the contact is not reciprocated and so the short circuiting begins and the projection, unsatisfied, has to return whence it came.

I myself have witnessed one of these attempts at contact. This was on June 16, 1933, when amongst others there were present Lady Segrave, a certain noble earl, a Buenos Ayres big-business magnate, and a remarkable medium who had been employed by a well-known scientist in psychical research, for the net of our experiments, extending over several years, would collect men and women of every sort and condition.

After a great friend of ours, a Cockney boy called Jackie, had come through with my own little "dead" son, the latter of whom often dropped in to discuss with me intimate private affairs including references to his mother and sister, we had two pieces of perfect psychic evidence about astral conditions.

The first of these came to a little woman of a certain contumacious scepticism who could never make up her mind that the extraordinary communications which would come to her from her dead daughter came from that girl. They were accurate, she would admit, but were they from Nancy? Well, Nancy herself came through and in her own voice out of the air, this time determined to give evidence unmistakable that she really was "Nancy", and not some wraith out of space.

She described minutely a miscarriage which she had had when alive on the earth, all the details, medical and other, being accurate the mother said. Then she told her mother that "the astral doctors were going to give her the baby which had miscarried in her earth life", proving what many of us know, that the disappointed mother of earth who has had miscarriage after miscarriage, will in "heaven" find her stillborn children awaiting her, radiant, complete.

After we had, before us, witnessed the audible collaboration of a radiologist engaged in experiments of national importance with his scientist brother who had passed out some time before, who entered into minute details of his earthly brother's experiments at Dover,

we had the second of the two determinative incidents. This incident went to prove the contentions in this chapter about the continuous searching out into space of the subconscious for its "psychic opposite".

We had present with us a beautiful woman of reticence. She was obviously a woman with a story behind her, and she had, as obviously, suffered much in that story, of which we never heard the details. All at once the stillness was broken by the voice of a man. Gathering strength, it came again and yet again, asserting that there was one present with whom he wished to speak. The emotion in this voice was almost unbearable.

Repeatedly the voice came out of the air from the unseen speaker, insisting that there was someone present who knew him. Yet nobody admitted this. The voice was that of a heart-broken man.

At last, the woman of whom I have spoken, who had refused to identify it, admitted that the voice came from a man whom she had known when he was alive. It was the voice of a man whom she obviously did not love but who, on the other side of death, continued to love her year after year. The evidence in this case was strengthened by the fact that the lady was a Scandinavian, and as I have heard Swedish spoken at such meetings and as I was, in each case, apart from the man or woman addressed, the only person who knew something of the language, fraud in this case was inhibited.

And here it may be said that hopeless love on earth, in heaven is often fructified. When we leave the physical body, we obtain new glimpses of love and of life, and it can happen that true love on one side or the other of the unrequited love of earth finds its mutual fulfilment in heaven.

I have been present at many of these heartrending meetings of those beyond the grave with their loved ones on earth. The evidence for the persistence of love beyond death is not sparse—but a measure pressed down and running over. Only the "congenitals" of a sceptic "science", so-called, would reject such evidence—evidence which the sceptic would at once admit if given within his entirely arbitrary confines of what he calls "admissible".

This love beyond death embraces also the fuller realization of what earthly love between the sexes really is. To understand love on earth, you sometimes have to understand it in heaven!

On earth it is "confused" by the interposition of the heavy flesh, and the subtler vibrations of love between man and woman are shrouded and even cut off from our mental and spiritual understanding. So is it that we confuse the physical sex-act with "love", when at the most but a part of love, perhaps, despite its undoubted import, the minor part. Yet is it the essential introduction in all normal people to the mental and spiritual in passion.

The example given below illustrates what may be called the "affectionate" side of love of the astrals, amongst whom love sometimes breaks away from the narrower view of earth into the love impersonal—not that they do not value the love personal.

One of the most loved men, one might even write the most *well-beloved* men, for there is a difference, was the screen favourite, Rudolf Valentino, whose influence upon the, not thousands, but millions of women who followed him, was only good. For this strange being, himself quite normal off-stage, had the stranger quality of being able *on* the stage, to conjure for every woman there the romance of life and loving and with it a contact more mental than physical.

To that man could a "tracer-film" be made of it, there would be seen the coming of countless arcs of light from the women who loved him, not as a "person" but as a "screen-ghost".

When the story of the benefactors of humanity comes to be written, in it will Rudolf Valentino take high place. With our habitual association of benefaction and munificence with hoary heads and longbeards, we are apt to think of the philanthropist as a venerable idiot—as he sometimes may be! It never passes over the hazy retina of our minds that the man who with physical beauty, and with that "charm" of mind associated with beauty, has given to countless women their only entry into the courts of romance, may be as great a benefactor to his race as a Shaftesbury or a Florence Nightingale.

We think of our benefactors in terms of economic—rarely in terms of love and beauty. But Over There, great spirits like Rudolf Valentino rank as high as any earthy benefactor or philanthropist of them all.

The Valentino Leagues of Love which at one time were established by women throughout the world, for the superficial observer were just the vagaries of sentimental women in love with a screen hero. And it is true that this attempt at the organization of the unorganizable had in it many weak points. Love, like the religion of which it is the realization, cannot be organized. It can only grow of itself within the human heart.

Yet were these Love Leagues a romantically brave attempt at the expression of gratitude of women to whom this personality of the screen had brought illumination. And that debt, on the Other Side, if we are to believe our spiritual guides, has not been forgotten in the passage from the physical to the etheric. Indeed, in a sense as yet scarcely understood even by the most advanced of psychical researchers, the adoration on the etheric plane of the etheric replica of the physical Valentino of earth is something more than a *personal* adoration—indeed devotion rather than adoration. It there takes upon it the fine impersonality of unselfish love and with it the desire to serve. To serve, not the immediate evoker of that affection, but through him the thousands on earth, love-bereft, who need consolation and the assurance that Over There, on the other side of death, there is a place where dreams come true.

Rudolf Valentino, on the other side of life, we are told is engaged upon work befitting some of the other sides of a complex personality, for each one of us is "many persons". The man who when in the flesh, seemed only to have that beautiful casing of spirit for his *raison d'être*, that elusive personality which we knew so well in *The Four*

Horsemen and elsewhere, on the other side of the grave has found his Greater Self, as we all do, and with it, made contact once more with the mental and spiritual sides of which his earthly beauty was but the reflection in matter.

More than once has this figure come through to speak to those he left behind when on earth. I myself first made contact with him and heard him speak in his own voice, not in that of a medium, on Friday, June 2, 1933, when there were with me a lady who had been a great friend of his when on earth, and a scientist who had experimented in communication with the "Next World" for over thirty years.

His coming was announced by an old spirit friend of my own, who in speaking of the growing up of my own boy on the astral and of his fine appearance, said that there was one other who could match him—that was Rudolf Valentino, who over there in the other world was doing splendid work and had enlisted with him in his work of the spirit many of the women who had given him their adoration when he was on earth.

He said, in effect, as he had often said, that love of any kind was never wasted. That of all emotions it possessed the greatest power, and that this power could be harnessed and released in a thousand ways, and that no woman who had admired Valentino when in the body need believe that her admiration had been wasted by his death. He even said that the women on the other plane still gave him their aid and sympathy and with it their "adoration". For those who knew Valentino could never deny that in his *real* personality of the screen he was adorable.

When I said to my friend that some of us hoped that the passage into the etheric from the earthly gave to love something finer and nobler than anything it possessed on earth, my spirit friend at once said: "Of course!" The truth being that on earth, even the finest and most fruitful love is but an earthly shadow of a heavenly meaning. And after many years of communication and speaking with dead friends, I can say, with absolute certainty, that there is being prepared for every earthly lover, whether his or her love was requited on earth or not, love's paradise on the Other Side after the freeing from the body.

I do not say, for I dare not say it knowing what I do, that on the Other Side, love has no misunderstandings and no disappointments, because it has—but what I do say is that these can be cleared up infinitely more easy than here where the flesh acts as constant brake upon the higher deeper emotion.

On this Friday, when Valentino came through, he spoke in a very clear and, as I noted at the time in my records, "wise" voice—a voice quite foreign to him when on earth in "content" and quality, even though it may have been of the same *timbre* and accent.

He said: "I have come here for a particular purpose. I have come to give test information of human survival of death that may not be questioned." He then gave us detailed information of a book of which he was the author, and something which was not known to anyone in the world, presumably apart from the lady who was present who had

known him in life. She at once recognized his voice and personality and, taking notes of his message for further testing, said that everything he had said about the book and his other communications, could only have proceeded from him.

Now, if the sceptic assert that this could not possibly have been Rudolf Valentino, the question may be asked: "Then, *who* was it?" Was it only the imagination of those present who "imagined" they heard a voice as plain as that of any human being speaking in that room? Were they subject to collective hallucination, in spite of the fact that such voices "direct" or "indirect", have been recorded, by scientific bodies upon a dictaphone record, of which I have already here, in the "indirect" form, given an instance? If the last, then the gramophone or dictaphone also must have been hypnotized, and that with a hypnosis that can only be paralleled by some of the hypnoses of a materialist science that has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing!

Or it may have been, of course, that Rudolf Valentino was impersonating himself! a sapient explanation that has been advanced by sceptics at their wits' end—an end sometimes easily arrived at—for some "explanation" that will do away with the hated idea of survival of death. For many of these men are lovers of death and haters of life and the absolute extinction of all life after death seems for some of them the supreme achievement of life.

CHAPTER XXV

THE POLARIC APPROACH

IN our last two chapters we have considered the "Love-Act" not only in its physical but in its more spiritual aspects. We have realized in this study of passion that each of the inhabitants of our world, perhaps the inhabitants of more than our world, is constantly sending out into space vibrations seeking the complementary vibrations of the beloved.

It may seem to the terrestrial reader that in our astral purview we have covered a great deal of ground in our consideration of the astral view of human love and human affection, whether that be between man and woman or between human and human being irrespective of sex. But in any astral consideration of love, friendship has also to be considered and with it the love of mother and son, father and daughter.

Our earth views are, just, "earthbound". It is the property of matter. But they are today broadening beyond the bounds of the purely personal without losing the peculiar joy and pang of the personal.

No sane appraisalment of the love-act would be possible without first weighing the feelings and judgments of the worlds of the etheric on this act. An act, let it be again emphasized, that is much more than a mere physical conjoining—indeed, perhaps, the most significant and potential act of any life anywhere. For the inevitable, involuntary

rushing together of male and female results not only in childbirth but, in its higher manifestations at least, in repercussions which are formative and determinative of the whole of our lives here and hereafter. Of the act, one thing I will say definitely: nine-tenths of it is romantic or spiritual—the other tenth but physical, especially in the evolved human. “Emotional” rather than “sensational”.

When “electrical” contact is made between two souls, each brings with her or him a stream of personalities, both of self and of the personalities of others which, life after life, have attached themselves to each of the lovers. For it may be said in passing that none of us is a single personality. All of us are compounded of several personalities, as indeed we know from the “changes” from our normal personalities which come over us in pain or pleasure, in work or play, in sin or virtue. Also, as we have before said, there is but very little of the True Personality in each one of us, whilst on this earth. Our True Personality or Greater Self to which we shall give fuller thought later in this book, we leave on the other side when we incarnate.

I believe that the love-act, even in its purely “physical” aspect, has its mental and spiritual parallels both on earth and in the astral.

Once more, deliberately to repeat, so that we may be clear about all this:

First of all, it does not begin with actual physical contact. It begins with an *exchange of vibrations*. We have in Chapter XIX regarded some angles of these vibrations and of this vibrational exchange. Men and women enter into the paradise of love first by feeling each other's vibrations, either through the sound of the other's voice or the sight of the other's face.

I believe that on the astral the vibrational approach is definitely more prolonged than here. Not that over there they do not often “fall in love at first sight”, for, as a matter of recorded fact, they actually do and much more often than not on a plane where the vibrational field is so sensitive and immediate. But knowing the dangers of too rapid contact, physical and mental, their “love-play” lasts much longer than our direct coarser approach to the contact of body with body.

And it is curious and strange to note than in the lower animals, especially birds, this “vibrational approach” is of greater length and complexity than it is with the average human, and it is for them the essential preparation to mating. That is, I think, because the animals mate through “instinct”, whereas humans mate through a more calculated passion. It is only when the human being reaches the infinitely higher plane, even whilst on earth, of the *divine intuition*, of which the “instinct” of the lower animal is the dark shadow, that the love-play in its turn becomes more prolonged. Remember, we always return to our originals, but always on a higher level, as we fight our way out of matter.

Much that follows is of necessity written of inference based upon a lengthy study of the subject both through some of our leading

mediums and also by acting as one's own medium by what I call the "direct impressionistic" method. This last is perhaps the most ideal communication possible with the astral, but it needs not only a rare psychic quality in the "sitter", but long selective and esoteric study and experience. In it, a sort of "psychic filter" is used, a filter of mind, which automatically rejects the communications of the "false imagination" and retains only those of the "true imagination".

We have, however, much to learn, and I contend that of all psychic phenomena, we still know least about the phenomena of communication, its technique and method. Nevertheless, as applied to the Third Plane of the Astral and to the sub-planes contiguous, I believe that when we pass over at death we shall find some such conditions as the following, however of necessity imperfectly expressed through the terminology of earth.

When two lovers find each other on the astral, they do so not usually by will, as by what we call "accident", for the meeting is not accomplished by the *planned* event. If we could see the network of vibrations, much as they are shown by photos in the world of the atom in physics, which rush backwards and forwards and across between men and women on earth and astral and astral on the Other Side, we might realize something of the complexity of our problem.

We have all seen the "tracer-shells" and "tracer-bullets" on the "black" cinema screen when it shows the battles of the skies. The vibrations between souls rushing to and fro to find one another are just like that.

Now under a Natural Law which is never, anywhere, at any time, abrogated, there is a *tendency*, I will not use a stronger term, for two *polaric* vibrations to be attracted each to the other. That is to say, two "male" and "female" vibrations. In the field of friendship, irrespective of sex, there is also this tendency. But all this we know from the ascertained laws of the physicist and the psychologist, and it will be noted that constantly, in these pages, I do not need to state authority, as the phenomena I quote often fall within the laws of science so far as they have been ascertained. And they are constantly in flux, especially in that more and more nebulous science—physics. "Physics in Flux".

Speaking now more pertinently of the astral lovers, one day an astral male or female will find a "thrill" come to them without any ascertainable reason, much as the fisherman feels the "chuck" or "tug" at his line fishing in deep waters. Always, indeed, does every mortal, as every astral, send out such "deep-sea lines", *antennæ* that wave in the starry ocean seeking, sometimes violently, sometimes serenely, for contact with the corresponding polaric.

It is not necessary, I think, for the astrals to have made even contact by sight or sound for this thrill to come to them. Each of them, as indeed each of us mortals, as we have seen, is a high-powered sending and receiving radio set—but more exquisitely sensitive than any radio set devised by man. And to the enquiring reader, I would say that

this can sometimes be tested even here on earth, where upon a "love-call" being deliberately sent out from hearts lonely or bereaved by life, it is often "picked up" by the man or woman who is the polaric collateral to the sender. It may be tried.

Many women wonder why it is that they remain "unattached" and loverless. But it never seems to have occurred to them that in life, as in death, "we find what we set ourselves out to find", but that if we do not send out our message, how then can our "message" be picked up? Such message needs daily prayer, but only at the time and "when the spirit moves". All other prayer is nearly, but not quite, useless.

Once the astral love-call has "caught" in its corresponding vibration, communication between the lovers is established—one rarely broken.

This "entanglement" in the airy spaces of the astral may continue for many moons, in a realm where, however, time as we know it is not. As the astral has only "to wish to be there", either can at any moment make "physical", or if you prefer, "etheric" contact, without the intermediary of train or steamer or aeroplane. Yet will they be chary of the direct contact, as I have said. The contact physical is the last, not the first, phase of the Passionate Friends.

"The finding of the vibration" is actually spiritual. For in astral lovemaking, unlike that of our coarser earth, the act begins on the spiritual realm, and only completes on the "physical" or "physical-etheric".

The next stage is "the *conscious* mixing of the mental auras". This, I imagine, is accomplished by the nearer approach, by a deliberate act of will, but still one that is not physical. *For the mind has its aura as well as the body.* And the mental aura can stretch almost into infinity at the will of the owner.

This "searching out" of mind by mind must form in astral love one of its most interesting and delightful experiences. It is of itself a delicate operation, this impingement of one mind on another, and on the resultant feeling all the rest of the lovership between astral man and maid will turn.

Next comes the mixing of the *etheric* auras, which is partly mental, partly etheric—or, if you like, "physical", for the etheric body is, in a sense, physical, the etheric-auric being the first physical contact.

The astral *auric*, not *intellectual*, "engagement" of minds, which has nothing directly to do with the "engagements" of our earth, although there is some superficial correspondence between the two, instantly indicates the mental sympathy or repulsion between the man and woman concerned. It is very like the "engagement" between two rapier masters, each "feeling out" the other's blade and intentions with the point of his own blade. Sometimes, indeed, such "astral engagement" may result in a mortal shock, when, despite the seeming sympathy which the first vibrational exchange revealed, the would-be lovers find that actually they have nothing in common.

For on the astral, as on the earth, where lovers' meetings are

concerned, there is the “true” and there is the “false” love, and in the latter case the “lovers” prove the truth of Shakespeare’s song in *Twelfth Night*, that “Love’s a stuff will not endure”.

This earlier mental exchange does not involve an exchange of ideas. The Ideological exchange enters with the later mental contact. If Over There, as Down Here, the principals permit themselves to be misled by that first “false” vibrational engagement, they will first “marry” and then find themselves in the misery that characterizes so many of our corresponding earthly unions. Here, again, is something that will touch a cord in the hearts of many who read these words, who, as in other parts of this book, will be able to test the truth of the assertions from their own experiences. And *there is no arguing with experience*.

If the “mental-auric engagement” shows sympathy and “feeling”, then it is safe to say that the ship of love is facing a barometer of “set fair”. For on the astral, unlike on the physical plane, the vibrational exchange tests both “physical” and spiritual sympathy, if the word physical may still be applied to the etheric. So, to borrow again a phrase from the motor-racing track, love “will be hitting on all three cylinders”.

Now this mental-auric engagement and exchange may be prolonged for as long as the lovers care, in order to test fully their fitness for each other.

CHAPTER XXVI

ASTRAL “CONTACT” AND BIRTH

THE *fourth stage* is the finding of the physical contact direct for the first time, and this through the “etheric-physical” only, as the “physical contact” of the vibrational exchange is more implicit than explicit and is still in thought rather than in deed, it being almost completely masked and meshed in the contact of spirit, which the first contact by the astral lover really is. And when I speak of “physical contact direct”, I am referring both to terrestrials and astrals, nor am I as yet referring to the “fleshly” contact of bodies. So far, we have only spoken of the purely vibrational contact.

This “physical contact direct” is, as it will be seen, already compounded of the spiritual and mental and is of a subtlety and sensibility as far beyond our cruder contacts as the astral children to which they give birth are beyond the “oviparous-fissuric” of our earth!

From various astral correspondents, I know that they are constantly engaged in new experiments upon mating with the astral body and mind. Indeed I have seen the statement that to the wise extended employment of the etheric body, they give much of their study. The base of this study is vibrational affinity and “matching”, and when we on earth employ it, our matings will leap forward spiritually and otherwise. Incidentally, my talks with my Egyptian Guide and

others have revealed that the astrals, being exquisitely more sensitive than we, they suffer joy, and perhaps pain, much more deeply than we. But on various planes these vibrational studies have continued for thousands of years of our earth time and will continue.

I am one of those who believe that even here below, for the more advanced souls, we are about to make that "new heaven and earth" in our marriages and love-unions of the more evolved.

What is actually this astral "physical contact direct"?

It is, one thinks, a mutual enveloping and submergence of the etheric bodies of both lovers. It is the physical parallel of the mental enveloping and submergence of the personalities of the lovers, in which each finds in the other, if they really are natural mates, the complement and completion of the other. But the "physical contact" is not, I believe from my correspondents, the same as the physical contact of the fleshly bodies of earth. It is *etheric contact*. This astral etheric contact has its parallel on earth when the *etheric* bodies of lovers come together before their physical bodies. Bring the physical bodies together before the etheric bodies, that is to say, before the "etheric wooing", and love's current is short-circuited, with misery resulting.

But I do believe that in this mutual finding out of each other, certain centres of the etheric bodies of the astral lovmakers are used as conductors of forces which are not only "physical" but also of mind and spirit. It is these conductors which are the keys that open doors, spiritual and other, showing to the beholder treasures unsuspected.

As I have heard it expressed, this losing of each in the other is a swooning away, in which the participants no longer are in control, but have yielded themselves to the control of higher forces, as is dimly to be foreshadowed in the love-ecstasy of the earthly love-act.

I have also reason for my belief that in the corresponding astral ecstasy, itself in our earthly act but too often only one of lustful, instead of spiritual, possession, new worlds and conditions of being are for the ecstatic moment glimpsed by two people who have, literally, been "lifted into other worlds", a phrase which even we use though all unconsciously.

This ecstatic union is no question of seconds, as it is in the case of earthly lovers who have rarely learned the lesson of prolongation of the love-instant as, for instance, the *yogi* has learned it. The "love-dream" or "*Liebestraum*", as it is sometimes called, may last for indefinite periods, to an extent at least determinable by the "imagination", not the "will", of those who have entered into what is a communion of souls.

It is out of this passion that is born the astral babe. How the birth is accomplished and whether the child is born of the mother as are the children of earth, is a question yet to find definite answer. All that I personally definitely know is that "the astral birth is painless and that during the period of pregnancy, there is no change in the form of the woman". It is, perhaps, a spiritual rather than a physical gestation and the period of gestation, concerning as it does a higher

evolution than that of earth, is probably much longer than the nine months of this planet of matter.

Whether the child is carried within the mother and is born in the way of earth, or being so carried comes away by a delicate etheric fissuration or parturition, one cannot yet say. I believe, however, the latter is the more probable.

What we do know of these etheric children, who are of a beauty that bewilders, especially those who have never known birth on earth, is that they are born "on the vibration". Which is to say they come to their fathers and mothers because they are of the same vibration as those parents, the result being that on the astral we do not find, in the upper planes at least, the unhappy common spectacle of children and parents quarrelling bitterly, of homes broken up, and of all the congenital miseries of so many of our earthly "homes".

Those imaginationless men and women who cannot conceive anything outside their "earthly" experiences, will scoff at much of the above, and that without making a single effort to study what is a finely complicate problem, or series of problems. Yet may even these "earthly matter-of-facts" one day, when they wake up on the astral, learn that our day dreams of love and marriage and children are actually "an earthly story with a heavenly meaning".

For we mortals have only just begun to see by the creative imagination that is "God" and that, in its last analysis, is love.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ETHERIC "TRIAL MARRIAGE"

So far we have considered in this "Passion" section, first, the *unconscious* vibrational finding of two lovers; secondly, the *conscious* mixing of the mental auras; thirdly, the *conscious* mixing of the auric-mental; and, lastly, the first of the *conscious* and direct "bodily" contacts, that not of the physical but etheric bodies.

Love and the love-act has now begun to take upon itself new, wider interpretation and qualities hitherto unsuspected.

Let us carry this preliminary and either wholly or partly unconscious searching out by vibrational ray, all of it etheric, a little further. Let us probe a little more the first of the *conscious* contacts of which we have been speaking, that of the deliberate mingling of the etheric bodies of the lovers, whether earth or astral, and see where it leads us physically in the actual bringing together of the physical body of flesh in the earthly lover or of the more intimate etheric contact in the lover of the astral, who has no body of flesh.

Any two lovers of either plane who make conscious and personal contact for the first time, and *before* the more intimate corporeal contact is effected, whether they know it or not are actually "trying each other out" with a view to possible marriage. These preliminary

searchings out are, in a way, "trial marriages", or, if you prefer, "trial betrothals".

For this sort of "trial", there is much to be said, even though it may shock the Mr. and Mrs. Grundys of our hypocritical, hypercritical world.

Before the closer approach be attempted, such "trials" are the only decent opening. If women and men would prolong such "etheric trials" *before* the physical consummation, there would be fewer unhappy marriages. And, although the American "trial marriage" in which physical intimacy takes place is often recommended, I am very doubtful of its idealism or its results.

This first approach of the etheric bodies is a delicate feeler towards the fuller knowledge. It may show any one of three things.

It may show that although attracted, the two people who are holding what the world of diplomacy calls "preliminary conversations", are not really suited to each other. This may be due to mental and spiritual differences of vibration, even though, for the time, the physical attraction may be nearly overwhelming. (The physical magnetism *alone* is the worst guide to marriage.)

Or it may show that the mutual attraction on the physical, mental and spiritual planes, whilst not impellent and power-laden, yet is sufficient to justify further exploration with a view to possible union—a union which may be temporary or permanent.

Or, it may show that each has found in the other the adored and adorable twin-soul. But how rare is this last!

In our recurrent lives on earth and even in the heavens in our spiritual interregnums, as we saw in the "Falling in Love" chapter, we may have many love-partners. Often, indeed, on the earth itself we "fall in love" half a dozen times in the course of a single short existence. But always, whether on earth or on the other side of physical death, there is watching and waiting the one true love—the beloved twin-soul, who, life after life, death after death, seeks to incarnate on earth at the same time as its twin, or, when possible, to be Over There on the other side of death waiting for the return of its spiritual complement—waiting for the True Lover.

Here we have entered a labyrinth of intense complexity. A love-labyrinth, of which no living soul knows the ramifications. So far as I and others, after decades of investigation, know, there is no key to this labyrinth. For still, as I opened in these pages, we know almost nothing about love because we know almost nothing about life. Of death, incidentally, despite the common supposition, we now know quite a lot.

After this preliminary searching out, still more or less from a distance, two earth people who believe themselves in love, unconsciously seek not only ultimately to blend their auras but their physical bodies. Astral lovers, on their part, will seek to find the more intimate etheric blending of which we still know but little, save that it is fact. These auras, as we have seen, normally exude from the physical body

to a distance of anything from a foot upwards. When the auras mingle, both auras enormously lengthen unless there is antipathy and mutual repercussion, in which case the auras shrink and refuse to mingle.

In what we may call "One-Way Love", where the desire is all on the side of one only of the couple concerned, whilst the aura of the lover seeks vainly to make contact by stretching out towards the beloved in unrequited affection, the aura of the reluctant one shrinks. It is exactly the same phenomenon exhibited when we accidentally touch the hand or face of someone we detest or who to us is antipathetic.

If upon interpenetration, the mental and physical auras find each other mutually responsive and delightful, then the "lovers", as they now are, will ultimately seek still closer absorption. This closer absorption will, even in the earthly lover, still be purely etheric, for so far the partners have only established etheric contact, not physical. Indeed, if there is anything more than another which we know about human love, quite apart from the astral love—and in all this we are considering both—it is that the determinatively dangerous point of ignition is when the etheric contact is replaced by the physical, even though that physical contact only be that of a love-kiss.

This is because the positive and negative charges of electricity are exchanged for the first time by contact direct. But bodily contact releases much more than this. It sets free mental and spiritual potentials, the effects of which cannot be gauged, as every lover knows.

Here we have the natural explanation of the constant disillusionment and disappointment which so often follows the first direct contact of lovers. Every frustrated lover knows it. And perhaps one of the more peculiar things about such disillusionment is that it is felt much more by the male than by the female partner to that contact. For the female, through ages of sex-frustration, has learned to bear disillusionment and "to make the best of a bad job".

What nearly every woman, apart from the happily mated few, knows, is that strange chilled frustrated feeling after physical contact with her lover and that this contact has not meant to him what it has meant to her. And in this I am not referring only to the closer, more intimate embrace, but, indeed, to the slenderer physical approaches. Shakespeare was spiritually wrong when he wrote about love that "in delay there lies no plenty". Here is one field in which delay is not dangerous.

All this indicates how all-important "timing" is in lovemaking, something that is known to every astral lover, who is taught it from her or his first entrance into the astral worlds.

Reticence, modesty and unselfishness yield magnificent harvests to men and women who, in love, are prepared to practise them. Indeed, physical passion itself and the more intimate contact draws its sustenance and supreme delight from such reticence. Passion is like some perfumes. The more you try to find them and to enjoy them, the more they elude and cloy. Passion cannot be "persuaded". It can only be "awaited".

None of which means that what we call "long engagements" are necessarily desirable. Where a man and woman are constantly in each other's company, over a period of years, their auras become mutually exhausted and "weary". Any pretence or affectation of love is fatal. Love and passion, like everything else, whether of earth or "heaven", need practice and fulfilment. The Anglo-Saxon suffers from a sort of chronic unfulfilment and frustration when, in his fear of race and national tabus, he postpones marriage and physical union with his beloved. And now, in this age of licence, his powers of suppression failing and unlawful desire usurping the place of romantic love, he but too often rushes to licence and to promiscuity. For this is the age in which the Anglo-Saxon woman discovered her body and the man discovered woman, sometimes to their mutual undoing, for all transition periods are ugly and essential.

There are about us thousands of old virgins who suffer from frustrated love. And this frustration, as every physiologist and psychiatrist knows, may sometimes actually set up in the body physical "adhesions" and "stops", which in their turn may lead to physical illness. There is a "love-sickness" which, if not relieved and cured by making love, may lead to sickness, mental and physical.

This kind of frustration, even in the Anglo-Saxon race, is much more rare among the males, who, whatever their professions, are often, during a portion of their lives at least, polygamous, especially in the adolescent interregnum before marriage, and nobody has as yet dared to face the problem of adolescent passion. To pretend otherwise, is to be both unscientific and hypocritical, and it may be that the slow and inevitable change in our attitude towards such things is partly due to the belated recognition of this. For in our day, we see "sex in flux", and that not only in our concept of marriage and divorce but in that of lovership.

The generation to follow ours will see strange changes in love, and as with "the falling of the veils" between the worlds of the earth and the astral, it will have the advantage of access to the higher knowledge and wisdom of the astrals, we shall find even upon our earth an incomparably finer and fuller concept of lovemaking and marriage than we have hitherto possessed.

This contact of the *etheric mingling*, all of it, remember, before the direct physical mingling has been attempted, will find fruition and limit according to the two people involved. For some, not only will such closer mingling be indefinitely prolonged until greater knowledge of the other partner be obtained, and this before the *later deeper* mental connection be made, but even if "marriage" later be decided upon and a more or less permanent union envisualized, such men and women will be chary of entering the fuller love-embrace until the moment is felt. For all of us have our "moments", and as such are the high points of our earthly loves, and lives, we cannot be too careful about their prolongation and "holding".

"Holding the contact", in life as in love, is vital. Force the moment,

or abandon it too soon before it has finished flaming, and you will have abandoned happiness. Learn by fine living and thinking and by self-discipline to sensitize your mind and spirit to those faint echoes which are always coming to us from the Other Side of death, so that you instantly realize the instant of taking up or laying down, and you are already on the path to realization and delight.

Make no mistake about it. We are intended to be happy—even on this Sorrowful Planet. *We must not allow anything whatever to interfere with our spiritual attainment of that happiness*, because that is the goal of evolution and the purpose of the Creator, and the supreme sin is to sin against happiness. Yet must we not seek a spurious happiness at the expense of others, because any happiness so found will one day nauseate. The only happiness is to be found in service and in that “love” which is service.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE “CONTACT” OF “IDEAS”

WE have now established and explained the first four contacts between lovers of the astral, with reference, where it applies to the lovers of earth. Now to elaborate slightly, so as to clarify, these contacts.

These three contacts are first, the *unconscious* vibrational “love-call” or “finding of the vibration”. Secondly, the *conscious* mixing of the mental auras, in which vibrations, not “ideas”, are exchanged. Thirdly, the deliberate blending of the minds and auras, which has *something* of the physical in it. Lastly, the *conscious* finding of the contact of “bodies” for the first time, these bodies being etheric, whether in the case of earth or astral, for the earthly lover also has and uses his etheric body in his love-making, as well as his body of flesh.

Having accomplished therefore the introductory contact first above mentioned, and the mental auric contact, which may be called the “short-wave” or “long distance” contacts, and finally the “long-wave” or “close-up” contact of the etheric bodies, we now approach the second mental contact, for which the auric contact prepared us. This is the contact of “ideas”. For the auric approach, or “mingling of the auras”, is the final opening of the doors between the *conscious* minds of the lovers, and so, for the first time, makes the exchange of *ideas* possible.

The direct mental contact, or contact of ideas, is one of the two basic essentials to the perfected love, the other being the *spiritual* contact, which we shall consider afterwards.

Even the physical intercourse of the sexes, without mind, is but shadow without substance.

Men and women in love are constantly attempting to make bricks without straw—or rather to build the House of Love without the

binding stuff of mind. When a lover speaks of his sweetheart, he will almost invariably begin by saying how beautiful is her outward-seeming. Rarely does he speak of her mind. And yet, body minus mind is but poor impotent wraith!—house without inhabitant—beauty without brain.

It is not essential that woman and man in love should agree with each other in their mental and intellectual conclusions. They may have strong differences of outlook upon all sorts of things from politics to sociology, and from reincarnation to real estate. They will be all the better for such differences, as without the whetstone of difference upon which to sharpen the knife of the mind, there would be no advance in human mental evolution. What is essential is that they shall be of the same spiritual quality or vibration.

Later, we shall consider differences as to religion as a separate question—one of extraordinary significance. For “religion” lies in a category by itself, it being the most important thing in the world, and certain religious differences may be fatal to love as they *may*, I do not say *will*, indicate differences in evolution.

The approach of mind to mind, again, should be conducted with delicacy and with regard to the other person’s feelings. Remember the mental and religious outlook of everybody is sacred and must not lightly be challenged or criticized. The criticism of one loving heart by another can never wound—it can only help, but such will have for its object constructive criticism designed to help and to comfort. The instant that criticism passes from the note of comfort and help to one of “making debating points”, as we see every day upon our futile platforms of politics and religion, it should at once be dropped, for if not dropped, it raises devils, not angels. It is not the words, but the thought that matters. Not the tongue, but the tone.

The criticisms of Jesus were always constructive, never destructive. None knew quite so well as the Master that we were all on different rungs of the ladder of life and that what might be the helpful criticism of one man might be the death of another. You can no more fix a religion for all men and women than you can use the same criticism for all. Literally, *there are no universal principles*. That is to say, no principles universally applicable, for even such terms as “good” and “evil” have quite different meanings for each one of us. But whatever else we do, we must never kill the faith in themselves of man or woman. It is the sin unforgivable.

So the first mental approach of lovers who have passed the test of the preparatory contacts, should be made most carefully—and yet be not “calculated”. Better always to trust to one’s intuition, remembering, as one does so, that intuition gives different messages to each one of us according to her or his stage in evolution and therefore in sensitiveness to impression from the Power Outside.

Between lovers, there should always be frankness, even, and especially when, that frankness seems impossible. It is upon frankness that all astral lovemaking and “marriage” is founded. Without

frankness there is no confidence. Without confidence there can be no love.

I will go farther. I will say that without at least some mental correspondence, there can be no love worthy of the name.

Millions of lovers from the day they meet, until what in such cases is that almost inevitable day of parting, never make mental contact. They try to find the house of love without the direction of mind. Weavers weaving without thread on the looms of chance!

On our screens, especially the Hollywood screen, we see so-called "lovers" moving and having their being like the automata they are, without any one of them all, from first to last, saying an original thing or talking about anything but some meaningless "plot" in a technique of "love-talk" which has no relation to life or to love. Sawdust love. We are always hearing of the beauty of the heroine, who, incidentally, is but too often a painted doll, "made-up" not only as to lash and lip but even as to mind, as a marionette, string-pulled, by the iniquitous manicurists and cosmetists of the Hollywood studio. You watch the mechanics of the dropped and painted eyelid—"a murder in mascara"—the adhesive lashes with their cow-like curve, and the lips, violet and encarmined, that never yet did beauty bear. All this set up upon a face from which has been rubbed out the lines which alone can give character, and with it, the likeness of God.

No wonder these robotesques kiss like robots, and the harder they press together their painted lips, the less conviction do they give, first, to themselves, and then to their long-suffering publics. "The Passionate Robots!"

But in all this paraphernalia of paste and despite the close body-contacts with which the audiences are satiated, never a mental contact, never an indication that these dolls are more than talking-marionettes, or that they have "souls".

It is from Hollywood that the average girl takes her ideas of beauty and of her lover or husband and it may be said that often he has never seen and never will see the face of his wife or sweetheart.

When men and women who are lovers meet, they almost always use an extraordinary *mélange* of language, a "sex-language" which seems to have grown up with the race in its adolescent stage. When the woman speaks to the man, she does so in a series of "try-ons", a sort of sprightly flirtatiousness that inhibits anything serious. When the man speaks to the woman, and this is true of more than lovers, he does so in a special male-language which he conceives, ill-considered mortal that he is, to be sufficient to what he calls the woman-intelligence, when he troubles to call it anything at all. Usually the male does not bother about intelligence in the female he imagines he "loves", for if there be anything more than another that the average male fears in that woman, it is "intelligence".

Not so on the astral, where after the death of the body and with it the freeing of the mind from the flesh, those rather magnificent lovers speak "the language of love" in terms that are mental and spiritual

rather than flirtatious. The man treats the woman and the woman the man first as a *human-being*, rather than as a "male" and a "female", and one is prepared to say that the treatment of one by the other as it is found in human love-stories and human life, is almost there unknown.

CHAPTER XXIX

RULES FOR LOVERS

No rules can be made for love or lovers. Nevertheless, an astral view of and an astral advice to earthly lovers may not here be out of place as a little bridge between our consideration of the mental and spiritual in love—that "spiritual" which we are soon to consider.

Once more, earthly men and women have found "lovership". They have yet to find that spiritual comradeship which is the distinguishing trait of the astral if we are to believe the communications which now reach this earth in every part.

When mind makes its advance to mind in the earthly lover, it may usually be as well first to "try out" and experiment in general principles rather than in specific cases of "politics" or "religion", or what not. When the general principles have been established by mental contact, and each has found exactly how the other regards such principles, then, and only then, it may be well for the participants to examine the more serious interests which stand close to them.

And always through the mental meeting there will run the substance of love—the red cord which must run through *every relation* of true lovers, if from the clash of mind they are to get knowledge and consolation. For all wisdom should be consoling.

It is this quality of "consolation" which is so often missing from the mental cerebration of some of the greatest minds of our time. You do not find it in such greatneses as Hegel or Kant, although you will find it in Spinoza and Plato and Jesus. You find it in Beethoven but not in Wagner. Wisdom without spiritual and mental comfort, is knowledge without heart.

Nor does one think it advisable in such mental contacts, especially upon controversial subjects (and all worth-while subjects are controversial!), to stay too long upon any particular subject on any single occasion. Just as too much physical lovemaking brings about satiety and indifference, so will the same apply to the mental factor in love.

Yet I would not venture to be didactic and to lay down any rules for any couple. It is for them to find their own heavens—and their own "hells". No outsider dare advise anybody else. All that one may do is to suggest and to stimulate to thought. The "leader" who seeks to lead, rather than to stimulate, has already lost his followers!

An excellent rule for the mental contact, which can so easily develop into the mental battle, is a pre-agreement by both lovers instantly to drop discussion when it becomes argument.

In Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, there is an agreement between two typical modern and shallow lovers, the moment they feel inclined to pass to physical contact in the form of blows, to use the words "Solomon Isaacs"! This play, which so brilliantly skates over the thin ice of the relationships of men and women in their modern form, without ever diving beneath the surface, is nearly a perfect example of the artifice and artificiality of the man and woman approach on the plane of the physical. But such couples are sick of each other almost immediately after etheric contact has been established—always, at least, after physical contact. Mental or spiritual contact, have they none.

All this clash of mind between serious lovers is part of true love-making on the astral and even, down here, in a very few esoteric instances. I know that in this war-torn world, there is a tendency for the finer lovemaking in those rare instances to show itself, and I am even sure after this age of war-licence has passed, we shall find ourselves caught up in a rush of romanticism of which the centre will be the recognition of mental and spiritual, as well as sexual comradeship between men and women.

This is not a matter of conjecture. We can observe it all around us, if we have eyes to see. But many of us, blinded by the hideousness of promiscuous love, the harvests of illegitimate babies born of casual contact, and the maddening increase in certain diseases, cannot see the splendid things preparing beneath.

"Everything that happens on this earth has already been fought out and decided on the planes of spirit." So speak the greater guides. How and why our earthly evolution is so worked out in the spiritual world, and that without interfering with our freewill, we cannot yet say. Repeatedly we are told from that world of the etheric that, although the "ethericals" can see but a little farther into the future than we of earth, and that *nothing is fated*—we ourselves, whether ethereal or terrestrial, *making our own fates from life to life*—all our earthly world-wars and private battles have already been fought out and even decided Over There.

In this there seems to lie contradiction, yet as we have over and over again in our communications with the astral discovered the key to much that we deemed incomprehensible, one day we shall also find the key to this.

My own belief, arrived at after many years of investigation, is that it is not so much actual *results* that are decided on the other side of the grave, as *tendencies*. That the astral guides ever knew the actual result of the Second World War is, I think, extremely doubtful. That some of them—a very few—could see the *probability* of the result, and the general effect upon our world, is, I believe, true. But that the Greater Ones above the astral plane, on what is called by the astrals the "Spiritual Plane", actually knew the result of the Second World War, as of the First, is, one thinks, fairly assured. And yet, here again, it may be evolutionary tendency rather than fact of which they knew and know.

Now our love-battles—and love *is* a battle, out of the friction of

which evolution comes—have already been thrashed out on the plane of spirit, although I think it is possible that in their *physical* counterpart and sequences we may modify the spiritual battle. Nothing is wasted, nothing lost, whether in our world or any other. None of our efforts, and especially none of our so-called failures, are wasted. It is not so much by what is so often miscalled “success” that we climb to the stars as by our equally miscalled “failures”.

If earthly lovers in their mental and physical contact would learn that, then their real failures would be reduced to a minimum. And if the physical and mental contacts be carefully prepared not so much by cautious calculation as by the intuition which alone should be the guiding star of love, then the final *spiritual* contact will give full fruition to a mutual love founded upon body and mind, with it, a strength quadrupled. A faithful loving couple can conquer a world. A hating couple have lost the battle ere it is begun. Happy love is the world's first force.

And it is only when this spiritual contact is successful that the physical contact of bodies can also be successful.

For millions, that physical contact, from first to last, is but a long grey story of disillusionment. For the spiritually prepared, it is one long story of realization and delight.

Let us not fear delight, as certainly do at least the Anglo-Saxon peoples, who, as we have already said, persistently associate in their timid puritanism joy with sin. The only thing any one of us has to fear is “sin”. And we must fear it, if for nothing else, because it is a kill-joy.

The great saints of the dogmatic religions, living in a perpetual state of fear, shying at delight whether of flesh or spirit, were often amongst the most miserable of human beings. But the great saints of happiness, now showing themselves upon the approach of the post-war world of the Aquarian Age of realization in their sociological experiments for the bettering of humanity and, above all, in the release of the human mind from the thralldom and suppressions of the death-religions, are amongst the happiest of the human race.

Of such are the great lovers. Lovers of love and lovers of humanity. For all love, whether of the beloved solitary, or of the race, is of the same stuff. It is of the stuff of “service”.

It is when man and woman find themselves not only physically attuned, itself of vital importance to happy love, but mentally attuned, that they find themselves upon the edge of the attunement spiritual.

When women and men can work together in lifting the common humanity about them to higher level by the teaching that love is life and that men and women are immortal and survive death, then they have well and truly laid the foundation stone of mutual love. When two lovers have devoted themselves to that service of others which is the implementing of love, then they have also devoted themselves each to the other.

So will there steal to them that fusion of spirit of which we shall now speak.

CHAPTER XXX

SPIRITUAL LOVE

So much nonsense and "half-sense" has been written about the spiritual that one hesitates even to use the word in conjunction with the love of the sexes.

Every little charlatan, "occultist", "astrologer" and "osophist" uses or misuses this word "spiritual" every day of the week. Our pulpiteers and pamphleteers, our spiritists and now our politicians, drag in this word because, like the word "Mesopotamia" which had so soothing an influence on the old lady, it satisfies and, sometimes, it dopes.

Nevertheless, just as the Master of Love, whom we know as Jesus of Nazareth, is the loveliest being who has ever visited our tiny distracted earth in spite of the professional Christians who so often, and all unconsciously, misrepresent him, so, despite the patent purveyors of the spiritual, there *is* the love spiritual.

The spiritual is not the product of itself. It steals to us out of very earthy foundations at times, just as the perfumed rose draws its life from the clay about its roots.

In the case of love of the sexes, these roots, as we have seen, are set in the physical and mental. Yet will the physical and mental matrix be useless without at least some modicum of spiritual contentment.

The spiritual fusion is not to be defined. It can only be *felt*. Once more, "the wind bloweth where it listeth, no man knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth".

But which one of us can define the attraction of spirit and flesh between man and woman that we call "falling in love"? No poet and no philosopher has ever defined it successfully. And, most unfortunately, probably through the biblical and other excision and interpolation which we now know through our scholars to have been the commonplace of those at times thoroughly wrongheaded old gentlemen the "Fathers of the Church", who quite sincerely believed they were justified in such insertion and excision to bolster up some pet doctrine of their own, there is scarcely to be found in any of our religious books a word about romantic love or the relations of the sexes, physical, spiritual or other.

That the heart of the teachings of Jesus was spiritual love, of which there has descended to us but the application impersonal, no reasonable person may doubt. That the Lord of Love, as was the Nazarene, often spoke to those who followed him about the overwhelming power of spiritual love between man and woman, who may doubt? That he who blessed the marriage of Cana in Galilee and who called about him the little ones who were the passion-fruit of love, to play with them and to bless them, spoke of love *in all its relationships*, who may doubt?

Yet have we indirect witness to this probability. For on scores of the main problems of our terrestrial life there is not to be found one word in the gospels. What has become of the teachings of Jesus on such vital matters as reincarnation (to which it is true he is recorded as making one or two references), life on the various planes after the death of the body (again, here, but a few slight references), the angelic and elemental genuses and evolutions, and that supreme hiatus and omission—the meaning of and the necessity for the institution of sin and evil?

Now, thanks be to the ever-growing communication between the two worlds of earth and astral—and through the latter a very occasional contact with the world of the spiritual plane beyond, which may be called the "Plane Angelic", we are recovering something of the teachings of the Great Teacher and with it, something of the etheric view of the spiritual love, at which we are now to glance, for its fuller thought would occupy many volumes.

CHAPTER XXXI

"MUTUAL ADJUSTMENT"

ONCE communication and fusion of body, mind, and spirit have been established, whether in the earth or astral worlds, the next process is that of mutual adjustment, which, in its final form, is adjustment of spirit. It may take a man and woman many years of our earth time to find that adjustment.

As Dr. Marie Stopes has so inimitably pointed out in her little treatise upon marriage, this adjustment is essential to married love, and indeed to the production of the happy child which is one of the chief objects of her work. This lady, who in some ways has done more than any other woman to free her sex spiritually and to frank it into realms of mind from which it has so often been barred in the past, as it happens and probably quite unconsciously, is following much that we have been taught from the astral in regard to married love.

The curse of our age is "compartmentation", as vicious as the "Cartesian" compartmentation of body from mind which it really is. By this I mean our vicious segregation of subject whether in science, religion, or the daily life. In science, until recently, the oculist concentrated upon the eye, largely ignoring the stomach and the physiological and psychological collaterals of sight. In religion, we have a "six-day religion" and a "one-day (Sunday) religion", and in the nineteenth century our professedly "religious" elders of churches were quite capable of sweating child-labour in their factories and coal mines, and then, on Sundays, thanking God in their churches and chapels with extreme unction that they were not as other men. In the old-fashioned music-hall, which had its own merit, you still found such segregation, and the audience that cried when "home and mother"

were the topics of the song sung on the stage would immediately after howl with laughter at the lewd joke and the coarse *double entendre*.

And we are still like that. Perhaps we are not so far removed from the *Jane Eyre* of Charlotte Brontë or the imposing *Wuthering Heights* of her sister Emily.

In matters of love, our Victorian and Edwardian male forebears had one code for the betrothal, another for the marriage bed, and an entirely different one for the casual love-relationships which they indulged from time to time as the fancy led them. They had one code for Pimlico and another for Piccadilly. Of their unhappy wives, they expected purity and fidelity, whilst holding themselves free to indulge in transient *amours* that were neither "pure" nor "faithful". All this they did with the remarkable *abandon* and freedom from conscience that was peculiar to "God's Englishman", as they believed themselves to be.

But this is now changing. Even in this still very doubtful little world of ours, we are beginning to realize in science and religion and in the daily life that each thing is related to everything else. That we cannot compartment ourselves as we have been doing and that religion and life are one and the same thing, and that the religion which is not lived, like the love that is not *lived*, is not religion, any more than love unapplied to life is not love.

It is to overcome this "compartmentation" of body and mind that mutual adjustment becomes necessary. And we shall find, as the astrals have found, that just as the organs of our bodies vary enormously in position and potency, so does a mental and spiritual variation occur as between any two lovers. Adjustment of these differences takes time.

Upon our arrival on the astral, as we have been told in the writings of various authorities, and as I have frequently been informed by my spirit communicants, the first task that awaits us is *adjustment to our new surroundings*.

This adjustment is the preliminary to that adjustment of spirit which, in its higher forms, we call love-adjustment. For Over There, we do meet those we have loved on earth, but before we can accommodate our still unrefined senses to the new etheric condition of our beloved who have preceded us through the door of death, we have to get used to the etheric condition generally and to our new world.

Upon the death of the body, a man or woman finds himself or herself often standing looking at that body from what has now become a world of spirit. Very often, such a "dead" person does not realize that he or she is dead. Attempts are made to communicate with the sorrowing relatives standing about a body which has been vacated for ever and which is soon to return to its primitive dust—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust . . ." When they seek to lift the veil of silence between "the living-dead", as the mortals of earth may be called, and "the living-living", as we may call the astrals because of their infinitely higher vitality and vibrational rate, there is confusion and grief.

It is in such tensioned moment the newly dead finds at his side the

astral friends whose special mission it is to care for the new arrivals on the other plane and to help them to the adjustment to their new conditions of which I have spoken. Sometimes, a lorn lover, who on earth had, as he or she thought, "loved and lost" by death the beloved one, will find waiting that beloved one. Of many such meetings on the other side of death, we have record, and no poor words of mine can express the delight and, at times, the almost unbearable joy of such reunions.

To find that death does not kill love and does not part those who loved on earth, is worth the troubled passage of Charon's ferry. Yet is such passage usually untroubled and an unconscious slipping through the ever-open door which separates the earth vibration from the astral and the lower life from the higher. No more than a passing from one room into another.

No astral teacher can be so perfect for the lover of earth as the man or woman who down there was loved. It is the well-beloved who teaches the new arrival how to use his or her new etheric body. How to forget gradually the sensations of hunger and thirst, but not the sensations of love, which in that ether world are of an incomparable sensitivity and realization as we know from the many meticulous accounts we have received from the world of the "Third Plane" to which most of us go at death.

Myers and other spirit communicants have told us that, strange as it may seem, for a longer or shorter period after arrival on the astral we hunger and thirst, crave food and drink, even at times tobacco and alcohol, as Raymond told his father, Sir Oliver Lodge. But perhaps the most curious atavism of the newly arrived is the often intense desire to make physical as well as mental contacts with those they love. The astral doctors give careful indulgence to such survivals of earthly appetites, gradually sublimate them, and so avoid shock.

In the act of adjustment, however, in the case of lovers who have found each other on the other side of death, the newcomer learns that there are senses more rarefied than mere touch, and an exchange of spiritual quality of which the earth experience never gave indication. "The finding of each within the other", as it is called on the astral, is truly a revelation—one that ranges far beyond the ethereal contact of the etheric bodies of those who find, each in the other, spiritual as well as sensational realization. Yet it may be said that in the communion of bodies and souls, sometimes achieved even on the earth plane, there is foreshadowed faintly this astral realization.

The first discovery of the man or woman who has "come back home" from the Sorrowful Planet of earth, is that the opening of the door of etheric love is the open sesame to worlds beyond. The worlds one sees sometimes in dreams, world beyond world, fainting into cosmic distances, but more real than this on which I write these words.

It is this first discovery which ultimately leads to the definite realization that *romance*, and romance alone, in its multitudinous form

and quality, is the life-line that runs through the worlds and holds the worlds together as a fine silver wire may hold its chaplet of pearls.

I can say, as can many others, that every communication we have had from the higher astral side of death confirms the above in jot and tittle. All this is no phantasm of the imagination. It is magnificent fact.

I sometimes get letters asking me whether those who have died during the Second World War through bullet or bomb will be met on the Other Side of death, so that they may not feel deserted.

It is with deep satisfaction that I can state that, almost invariably, after transition a mother will meet her son, or a father his daughter, or a friend the friend who has just been shocked out of his shell of flesh. Of all forms of love that of mother for child is the most unselfish, if not always the most intelligent. For love blinds.

Further. The education of the newly arrived soul may take months or years of our earth-time, for over there, time is not. But as little by little the eyes, still heavy with earth, are cleared and the veils fall away, the newcomer is dazzled by the endless possibilities of the new world and the new existence.

I myself have in my astral-travelling caught something of this elation ere I shuttled back to earth, caught it as one catches the last rays of the dying sun. None of us who has seen this astral sun will ever forget the experience, but, alas! it is only for the few to bring back the memory to earth after sleep or ecstasy has flung the goassamer-bridge from earth to astral, only for it to be withdrawn as morning breaks in the cold grey dawn of our little planet.

CHAPTER XXXII

LOVE AND MUSIC ON THE ASTRAL

HAVING "well and truly laid" our foundations of "Love after Death", using as our cement the facts or "appearances" as they have come over to us, it may now be possible for us to give our imaginations freer rein as we "ride our horse of air" into regions still but visionary. Yet may it be found in the end that our conjectures and imaginings have fact for base. In the astral, nothing is impossible, as some of us have learnt. One of the more fascinating fields of astral conjecture is the part music there plays in love.

"If music be the food of love, play on . . ." says Orsino in *Twelfth Night*.

When writing on astral love, one is faced with a thousand facets. Through all these facets we find music the scintillating centre.

The astral world is regulated by *rhythm*, using that word not only in its technical sense of "phrasing" but as it is generally used on our earth. It is in its "timing to the *n*th of a second" that the world of the

etheric excels. Indeed, it is only when we terrestrials "time" our thoughts and actions that down here also we excel.

The technique of music is sound. The heart of music is *rhythm*. The soul of music is tone and timing. Whether it be the pulsating bow of the violinist or the knock-out blow of the boxer, timing is the essence. When our physical bodies are sick, it is because the physical and etheric shells are not attuned, or "timed" each to the other. When we recover our health, we do so because the physical shell of the etheric body has found adjustment and "timing". Vibrational timing is the secret of all health as it is the secret of all love.

What I write now I write under strong sense of restraint, because it concerns itself with a side of astral love of which we still know very little.

Many of us have "listened in" during sleep, some even in waking clairaudient moment, to the astral music and to the astral orchestras. From a study of that music, it seems to me that the resources of the astral "conductor-composer" are as far beyond our finest efforts on earth as a Queen's Hall orchestra is beyond the reed-playing of a Greek shepherd. Yet is there one glory of the moon and another of the stars! In music, as so much else, comparisons are superfluous.

This astral music has in it a *starry* quality, and it is this quality, whether in music or other, which runs through so much of the astral emotion and the astral life. And although the term "astral" is quite arbitrary, it may be that such term is not far away from the quality of those spheres.

Personally, I never begin my day's writing until I have "attuned" myself to astral inspiration. Seated at the piano or organ I find that attunement in impromptu composition as I play, an attunement which is really the source of all the work of the creative artist. The astrals contend that it is the creative *conscious* artist who is the leader and inspirer of our earth, as she or he is also the inspirer of the astral worlds. In such connection I am of course speaking of the higher worlds of the astral, not those of the lower-astral, which as I have before implied are below even our lowest terrestrial phenomenal worlds. The earth may be one of the lowest evolved of all the planets, yet even at that, she is far beyond the coarser-moving elemental worlds of the astral.

To *break into the astral dream* during sleep, is an experience unforgettable. To hear but of the vast distances of the etheric, echoes of "the music of the spheres", as it is known, is to have a foretaste of the world of Eidos or "form" of which Myers and others tell us so much from the Other Side, and which I imagine to be at the beginning of the Fourth Plane. Those worlds of an almost fantastic beauty where to wish is to have, and where, much more than on our earth, in our enjoyment we have to exercise restraint and self-discipline so that "the beauty of form" which helped to destroy the Greek in his later evolution, may not also destroy us by entrancement.

When the Greek lost his spiritual sense in his worship of "line" and

"form", seeing the matter instead of the spirit, he also lost his soul. Nor does one think that the denials of this by the classicists can matter very much. Such men and women have themselves exchanged spirit for matter, making the pact diabolical in our universities and academies.

I have listened to harmonies—to a "counterpoint"—which has no earthly parallel. To a diatonic scale that runs a gamut not possible to any scale of earth's musicians. To a volume and *ensemble*, which often leave our earthly music symphonies still a-scrabble in a quagmire of physical limitation, whether of instrument or man.

But the astral instruments are of finer potency than ours, which, from age to age, remain much what they were, and, being puzzled at this "freezing of instrument" when I was studying the violin for composition at the Guildhall School of Music, I asked my masters "Why?" vainly enough. On the astral, they are always experimenting.

The beauty of the astral music is sometimes unbearable, though the memory is evanescent. It is the haunting beauty of certain earthly chords, notably the harmonics of the gipsy and of the dark elementalism of some of the Wagnerian tone-poems. For just as Beethoven was of the elemental-angelic, so Richard Wagner, Nietzschean and "Nazi", was at times of the elemental-diabolic. Music can be more dangerous than bomb or poison gas, as indeed the authorities at the time of the French Revolution realized when they forbade certain music as affecting the morals of the populace. In our own day we spray our masses with animal-jazz, and then, in our naïveté, wonder why our newspapers are full of murders and of animal-crimes. As though music could be compartmented from action!

Nevertheless, there is a rhythm-music of earth, spiritual and exquisite, which, with the orchestration in our dance-halls that would have delighted even a Berlioz or a Wagner, has brought to those same Masses much of the stars. Let nobody underrate the spiritual power of beautiful music to beautiful movement. So does even jazz, as the metabolism of the human body, breed its own anti-toxins. *The Lord never leaves us alone in our miseries!*

From the earliest age, the astral child is not "taught" music—for music cannot be "taught", something that is true of all education, for you cannot teach a pupil anything until he or she is ready to learn it. You either have it or you have it not. But this child is given every opportunity of hearing the music with which the astral "ether" is filled. The astral is nurtured on loveliness and not least on lovely sound, our only approach to which is the tentative introduction of music through the radio to our schools.

All this is the fundamental of the love-life of the astral child in a land where what we call "co-education" is the norm and where, from the earliest years, love, in one form or other, is the fluid base of all thought and effort. We say that music can be a great humanizer. It can also be a great de-humanizer. It all depends on the music.

Now astral music is essentially full and joyous, being based upon

the idea of love between all peoples. It is not confined to our strangled "sex-love". It overflows into every department of the astral life.

Where comradeship of the sexes is the norm, it is not difficult to understand how much more "human" and "humane" is that world and how the child is prepared for the later stages of love between man and woman. Over There is *sublimation* of the senses, with the result that what we call on our earth "bad habits" or unnatural thought is as inhibited as it would be for a terrestrial to breathe the tenuous etheric atmosphere.

On our sentimental earth, it is the custom in some countries for the lover to serenade his mistress. This is but a poor shadow of the "astral serenade". What I am inclined to imagine is that in an etheric medium in which music is evoked at will "out of the air", the astral serenade is not confined to one period of the astral life but runs through that life from astral birth to astral "death". It is a "Serenade to Life". Also, as I have reason to think, the higher music of the "Spiritual Spheres" is, at times, drawn down by the lovers over there by mental processes still obscure.

We know even here on earth how a lovely melody can lift us out of the matter in which we flounder, make us anxious to be finer and better people than we are, and help us in our loving as in our dying. For, always, on our earth, love and death are never far away from each other.

There is, I believe, on the Middle and Upper Astral a technique in operation by which through music of rhythm the auras of the lovers are mingled and finally blended, so that their two beings become one. It is out of this amalgamation that the child comes to the father and mother.

But I am persuaded that birth on the astral planes varies in type and method according to the plane. On the lower planes, following various communications, I think I may say that the child may be born of the etheric womb, as is the child of earth, but in such cases, as I have said before, the form of the woman does not change and the astral birth is painless, as one day it will be on this earth, when we have explored the resources first, of the "Twilight Sleep", and secondly, of the "Sleep" induced not by anæsthetic but by deep-breathing exercises and mental control. No greater barbarism exists upon our earth than the callousness with which Medicine has permitted the women of earth to endure the tortures of childbirth, with a complacency born of male indifference, when already we have with us the resources of the "Twilight Sleep", which, as every astral doctor knows, does not harm the child. In that latent barbarism which never lies very deep beneath the "civilized" surface, we have even heard leading physicians in the past declare that "pain was essential to healthy birth".

If our gynæcologists had themselves to endure the agonies I witnessed in several months' residence in a maternity home, when I was studying for my novel of maternity, *The Isle of Ghosts*, they might not be so loftily indifferent. It might even have induced some of them to

have journeyed to India to study its gynæcological *yoga* technique of childbirth—and not only of childbirth.

The fact that we have permitted millions to suffer the very real horrors of seasickness for decades without planned scientific investigation and study of something that is analogous to the nauseas of birth, also tells the story of that complacency. On the astral, there is neither seasickness nor birth-pang. Yet have they both seas and ships, and of course childbirth, the latter upon all except perhaps the finer-vibrated astral planes.

Whatever may be the phenomena of childbirth upon the lower planes, I have reached the conclusion that upon the other higher levels, the child is not born out of the woman body. On July 7, 1933, an astral with great gynæcological knowledge, in a lecture upon astral physiology in relation to vibration, stated that we all chose our parents on earth and that we were born into the country and of the parents we had deliberately chosen. That such choice depended upon a multitude of considerations, but was generally conditioned by our choosing types of environment our souls needed for their evolution.

When I asked him then and at other lectures how it was that genius so often seemed to choose the wrong sort of parents—parents without sensitive feeling or understanding of the talented child—he replied: “Don’t you know that opposition is as necessary to development as the pruning is to the rose-tree?” And he would say this of the psyche or mind just as much as of the somatic corpus.

He then went on to speak of the part *music and colours* played in our spiritual development both on earth and on the astral. I had told him that all notes on the piano or organ for me had their special colours, and that, so to speak, when I listened to music I could see with a sub-clairvoyant faculty cascades of colour like the rays of an aurora borealis, the bass notes being purple, the trebles blue-grey and so on. My friend said that all this was as it should be and that all notes, as all perfumes, had their separate colours, as, he said implicitly, had every lover on earth or in skies!

“As I said, you choose your parents.” He went on, adding, in so many words, that only those parents and children who are in the same vibration can truly be called father and child or mother and child, and that therefore, on the astral, “vibratory parentage” substituted our more casual and uneven child and parent relationship. He told us that “Christ’s mother and brethren, because they were of another vibration than Jesus, were troubled because he had brought so much earthly trouble upon them,” though they loved him, and that this explained many of the differences between materialist fathers and mothers and great and talented children, for genius is rarely the child of genius.

Out of this lecture there emerged the striking statement that “to force love was dangerous”. The astrals never attempt to “force” anything, especially such a potency as that of love, and also they rarely use “will”, substituting for it “imagination”. That is one of the chief differences of the astral love-life and the love-life of our world:

Love can't be willed
 When love grows cold
 Love can't be stilled
 In young or old
 Love's labours last
 Through fret and balm
 Future and past
 Through storm and calm
 True lovers meet
 Below, above
 True lovers greet
 Where angels love
 Seraphic whispers on the passing breath:
 "List, lovers lorn! *for you there is no death.*"

CHAPTER XXXIII

SOUND, RHYTHM, AND LOVE

THE views and "news" we get from the various planes of the astral, as we have now learned, vary with the plane. This explains definitely the wide divergencies of opinion amongst us terrestrials about the conditions of the next world.

I have now, tentatively as yet, reached the following conclusions as to the part that "Sound and Rhythm" play in the astral love-life, and, through that love-life, in all its life. In this, I am writing of the higher planes, and imagining that the astral shows planes of, say, seven vibrations I am writing upon such conclusions as referring to the third vibration or plane, upwards.

This solar system of ours, itself but a tiny migrant in illimitable spaciousness, has its own "tone" or "note". Our still tinier earth also has her note—and I speak of the earth as "she" because she is not only a living being, as even Fichte imagined, but she is to all of us the "Mother Earth", in whom we nest for a moment in our wayward journey through the stars.

In this, I believe I have with me every scientist of acoustics, so that I am not relying upon mere conjecture. Also, that the earth has her special note, may be tested by anyone who reads these words and who has even a modicum of the psychic sense, by his going out at night into the great spaces of desert or up to the lofty mountains, "when all is silent", and listening for that "note".

It will be heard, as I have heard it in my native Ireland, and as it may be heard in the little corner of the Sahara I once visited, as a deep booming note, like the humming of a giant bee. It is unmistakable, and thousands have heard it from time to time. But to hear it needs intense concentration and stillness, not only outside but *inside* oneself. "*Be still and know that I am God.*"

The Western World phrenetically rushes from place to place and is always extraverted. If that world would "be still" and practise the

meditation of the East and of all the truly great men and women, it might "know that he is God". Meditation is a daily habit of the Astral Planes, as preparation for the work of the day. Even in our own little earth, we have such an active mind as that of Chiang Kai-shek, generalissimo of the armies of China in their struggle with the Yellow Serpent that is Japan, each day "spending an hour in meditation, during which he is inaccessible, believing as he always has, that meditation better fits a man for coping with life's problems".

To my comrade the reader, I would say, that such practice, even if it be only a daily ten minutes, notably increases both the quantity and quality of the daily work, whether it be that of the "commerce" which is fast passing from the stage of earth with the passing of capitalism and the coming of the Automatic Machine and free power, or that of a Yehudi Menuhin on the violin, or the creative artist at his desk. I have proved it and I *know*.

The astral lover makes it a practice to "enter into the Silence to listen for the Voice". This Voice speaks to her or him not only of love but of life and in terms which she or he is able to bear. This "Voice" is always waiting to speak to each one of us, but for many earth lovers, it is only heard in its purity during "the divine madness of love", when the whole being is lifted out of itself to the higher dimensions of vibration, and so is able to catch, often unconsciously, the message of the stars, although, as we know, at times to catch the message of hell.

It is this message which the inspired poet or musician feels in the moment of composition. The pity of it is that we earth people do not cultivate this "listening" and this spiritual clairaudience and so learn, *at will*, from time to time to take ourselves away from our sorrows and from the heaviness of earth. I give my word of honour that this can be done, for I have done it.

There is a "dream" on the astral into which the lovers enter, often together, in which they catch the music of the spheres and as they blend their auras, find themselves transported to realms not otherwise reachable. Even in the love-poetry of earth, we often find such expressions as "wafted on the wings of love"; "lovers that are taken out of themselves"; and "losing oneself in the illimitable". The poet is not only the true scientist, but, usually unconsciously, except in the cases of the very great *conscious* ones, such as Keats and Shelley, Walt Whitman and Shakespeare, Pushkin and Homer, is the pioneer of the transcendental. Also is there a poetry of science, as we see in some of the works of a Dunne or an Eddington, of a Jeans or a Bhose.

We find this celestial quality in the works of all these men as in those of the Goethe who, in writing to Eckermann of the creative achievement of men of genius throughout the ages, said: "Their extraordinary achievement presupposes a very delicate organization which makes them capable of *hearing celestial voices*."

It is such voices that the lovers of the astral hear when they pass into the Silence. It is during the wrapt contemplative moment that they learn not only the truth about their mutual love in its triple connotation,

but they learn secrets of life and death which no other astrals may know, or, for that matter, no people of earth who are not "in love". Being "in love" opens the doors between the worlds, even though it sometimes momentarily shuts the door of understanding between the lovers, for love clouds as well as illuminates.

In this contemplation, its ecstasies comparative to the ecstasy of the "religious" Contemplatives of earth, they do, actually, it would seem, pass into the worlds of the High Spiritual and for a fleeting moment catch the message of those worlds and, as "they return to earth", as we phrase it, find themselves "trailing clouds of glory" behind them. For such upliftment, however transient, always leaves its impress behind. And never, after passing into such ecstasy, is the astral being the same woman or man that she or he was before the magic moment had done its work.

I would even say to the lovers of earth that if they, as we have indicated in these pages, approach their spiritual, as well as mental and physical, communion as befits entrance into ecstasy, they, also, will never be exactly the same people again, once having experienced the delights of that communion of bodies *and* souls. And let no man, unless he be prude or buddhist, despise the rapture of the senses, those senses which are the conductors of spirit as the spirit is their inspiration and their *raison d'être*.

But the astral lovers, as they listen to the music of the spheres, do so with awe and not in the haphazard way in which the earthly lovers enter into copulation of mind and body. There can be no middle way for them. Either they, naked to light and life, stripped of all pretence and self-deceit, approach that holy communion as they would approach a sacrament, or they make no effort to complete.

On the astral, unlike our earth, there are no half-measures in love. Down here, we are always "playing at love". Up there, they *live* it.

Apart from this passage into the twilights of the soul, the astral lovers, I have reason to believe, pass much of their time of preparation in listening to the astral orchestras, of which I have already written and which, as I said, I have heard during my nightly visits to the astral planes, the memory of which is often either evanescent or "post-conscious", the melodies and chords rising into consciousness after waking. Indeed, it is often impossible to reproduce them on the violin or piano, for they elude. And I might here say that not only do I listen, but I myself, as others have done, take part in the making of that music, and find myself, without intermediate preparation, seated at piano or organ and composing what I call my "Egyptian" quarter-tone music. Sometimes, however, I play the waltzes which I have so often played to my earthly friends, and give the "themes" with which I have led a London Indian orchestra, so even the music of mortal is not there debarred.

A peculiarity of the astral harmonics is that in them our dissonance becomes consonance, but one has to listen in to it to understand this seeming contradiction.

In these orchestras to which the astral lovers listen, there is always a "composer-conductor", who composes as he conducts, evoking his music, literally, "out of the air". This is accomplished by some process which still eludes me, although I have approximated to it in the time 'twixt sleeping and waking, when I have found myself conducting invisible orchestras, the music "coming as I *think* it into being". But, after all, this is to say little more than I do what others constantly do—sit down at the piano and compose as I play. Yet there *is* a difference.

In one form of the astral music, the audience take part in the composition, giving to the "conductor-evocant", as he stands before them upon his raised platform, the "power" and psychic quality which is necessary to the music. In this case, every player and every auditor is "composer". But here again, the process is difficult of explanation so far as technique is concerned, but is easy to "understand" so long as one does not objectivize it by statement.

Such collective-orchestration and spiritual *ensemble* is the basis of all education on a plane in which neither the "school" nor the "book" as we know them have part. Education Over There, as it should be here, is education through contact with higher beings and with life as it is lived about them. Also, to the astral lover, as to the astral child, the works of a Beethoven or a Mozart or a Bach are available from the earliest years, as well as the astral music which has a pungency as it has a scale and consonance of its own. Many times have my guides told me that it is only on that plane, with its magnificent field of instrument, notation, and even rhythm, that such masters as Beethoven and Wagner have been able to find full expression for their music and for an art which on earth was stifled by poverty of instrument and technical resource, and, in their time, starved of the powers of orchestration achieved by our greater orchestras on earth and even of the strange incursion and stranger experiments of "jazz". For "jazz", in its purer forms and especially in its experiments in orchestration, as Rachmaninoff insisted, after long study, will have indefinable influence upon the great music of the future on this earth from which I write these words.

The day is now here when our composers of earth will deliberately each night unlock the doors between the worlds for their inspiration.

In that remarkable, and as regards its application to the special plane of which it is a record, accurate work known as *Through the Mists*, we have a faint if emotional foreshadowing in the chapter called "A Magnetic Chorale" of the delights in store for all of us, and especially for lovers, on the astral planes.

"Rapidly that spacious auditorium was filling up its seats. Tier on tier, rising one above another, contributed to that sea of faces, upon every one of which happiness had set her name. . . . The dresses worn were of many colours . . . all serving to make the groupings as picturesque as they were varied. The lower seats were filled by children wearing robes of spotless white, of tints of the most imaginable delicacy. . . . Behind these, thousands of youths and maidens were arranged according to some method I did not understand. Above these, again

were women in greater proportions still ; and finally, rank after rank of men to the outer edge of that circle. Every nation on earth had its representation in that throng, and all were so disposed that each complexion added its own influence to the balance of the picture. . . .”

After saying that Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, Mussulman and Christian, all sat together on those ordered seats, as though they were held together by “a bond uniting them”, the bond of music, the recorder goes on to the music itself :

“The key note sounded.” This “key note” is the note which in my view, sets the vibrational note of the gathering and of the music and corresponds to the initial line of a poem or the first paragraph of a work of fiction which so often “sets” the harmony and scope of the whole work.

The astonished watcher then tells us of every eye being raised to the dome of the vast hall, “where a dove poised itself on outstretched wing, as if to hush the tremor of its rapid flight. In its beak it held something which flashed with a glory that paled the lustre of its carrier and added to the hallowed light which bathed the hall.” Here ensued a strange occurrence, which sealed the sacred nature of the gathering, when the thousands present rose and bowed their heads in reverent adoration as the silence hushed down upon them.

“As a bubble on the air becalmed”, the jewel released by the carrier softly fell, expanding as it fell into glorious colour, “until, at length bursting with a soft detonating chime, it threw a proportion of its crystal spray on every head within that audience”, which lingered through that musical service “like a blessing”.

“Seven bars of silence intervened,” and then the opening strains of the first chorus, *one without articulate sound*, fell upon the ears of the Watcher. It was at this point he observed colour and sound as one, much as I saw it demonstrated here on earth in the locale of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra on the “Colour Organ”, as it is known, from which arise prismatic colours and “clouds of sound” as the organist plays. “For,” the Watcher continues, “from the heads of the men, I saw crimson rays emitting, which, darting towards the centre of the dome, blended with each other and began to gyrate. The movements caused vibrations of deeper or higher tones, according to the size of each circle and the speed at which it moved. The effect of this blending of bass and tenor was like the muffled music of the ocean’s roll when heard from some distant inland hill. . . .”

But the reader must himself follow the rather bewildering scenes which followed in this “celestial chorale”. Read of “the clouds of sound” which finally wove themselves into a canopy beneath the vast dome, of “the blue and amber offerings” of the young men and women singers, “the sweeps of blue soprano and curves of amber contralto”, blending into the tremendous *crescendo* of the final chorus. As the Watcher says: “It sounded like a choir of angels singing, with the voice of far-distant thunders, and heaven’s own bourdon serving as bass to the orchestra of the roll of oceans.”

Now all this was but preparation of the “atmosphere” or *stimmung* for the healing of the sick and ailing of earth, whose etheric bodies had been brought into that great hall of healing. Healing, doubtless, not only of broken bodies but of broken hearts, for here is a healing by faith which never ceases day or night. Any sick man or woman who reads this may be sure that he or she is “surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses” who are always in attendance, but whose power to cure will be greatly heightened by the definite knowledge and *faith* that they do exist. But is all this not written, one way or other, in the New Testament? No wonder someone said: “O ye of little faith!”

From the writings I have mentioned, as from other communications to this earth, it will be found that the “composer-conductor” who comes almost invariably on the greater occasion from the spiritual spheres, lying above the Third Plane astral, by movements of his hands flings into the air swathe on swathe of colour-music—music that can be seen as well as heard. It is this music which does its work not only of healing but of education upon those happy enough to hear and see it.

One does not need to be fanatical or “rapturous” to state that although the poor sceptic, wrapped in his coffin of matter, may scoff at such descriptions of the music of the astral, these scenes are as much facts as the facts of a Toscanini conducting a London Symphony Orchestra or a Henry Wood conducting one of those at the Queen’s Hall in the days of the “promenades”. Do not forget that it was these sceptics who once scoffed at the existence of the “ghost” and of the “direct voice”, although now many of them have had to admit their error. For such men and women hate life and love death!—theirs, the instinct to annihilation of the Nazi.

These are the people whose spirit forms rush into our *séances* to tell us that they “are not really dead, only they don’t know where they are!”—poor distraught creatures. Or, sometimes, because God is merciful, to tell us that they have made fools of themselves and that, Over There, they have learnt the truth—that there is no death.

CHAPTER XXXIV

ASTRAL RELIGION AND LOVE

FOR some quarter of a century, messages have reached others and myself from the astral worlds which indicate that in some of those worlds, at least, religion and love are inextricably mingled. I would even say that as the ethereals think of it, “love is religion and religion is love”.

Was it not, however, something very like this that the Lord Jesus and the Lord Buddha also taught? Was this not, one way or other, implicit or explicit, the very heartbeat of all the religions of the world . . . at least before orthodoxy and “the priest” got at them?

And if you take "love" in its varied forms out of the New Testament, the love upon which our Christian faith is supposed to rest, what is left? Nothing.

For in that testament of the faithful, bowdlerized and interpolated and excised, as the scholars of all denominations and none tell us that it is, whilst we read almost nothing about theology, apart from interpolation malign or unconscious, we read much about love. Even that fiery innovator, Paul, who during his life and writing so metamorphosed the teachings of the Master whom he very sincerely believed he served, gave to love or, as he calls it, "charity", the first place.

The curse of earth lies heavy upon love.

We have so segregated the love that is religious and divine from the love that is the comradeship and communication of the woman and the man, that we have ceased to realize that both are of the same substance and origin. Indeed, so debased is our outlook as we can see from the way in which we treat such love in our newspapers and in our smeary novelettes, that we have come to regard love between the sexes as only "sexual" and "sinful", as indeed did even the great Paul himself, and as so many of his followers and churches today, still regard it.

Man is nearly always better than his creeds. Woman invariably so. Through all human literature and effort, through our speech-play and our theatres, everywhere perhaps except in our pulpits and on our educational rostrums, does this concept of love and religion as "the heavenly twins" show itself. Love without religion is death.

We see this persistently in some of the writings which have come through Geraldine Cummins of the Cleophas, and Rosemary of the Nona scripts, as from those messages which have been received by at least a score of the greater mediums. All this apart from the thousands of those "indirect mediums", who are unconscious that all human beings are mediums to greater or less extent, and who find that the religious note in love is always being sounded from "the realms of the blessed".

I was present with many others at three "meetings of the earth and astral"—not between earthly "lovers", using that word in the ordinary acceptance, but between good comrades, each of whom had found in the other that spiritual friendship and comfort which only a man and woman of the same spiritual vibration can give. For it is an entire mistake to believe that what we call "platonic love" or friendship between man and woman is impossible. Not only have I had such spiritual comradeship with women, but I know of many such happy conjunctions of spirit. One of my more beautiful experiences of such comradeship was when as a boy of seventeen, I met an Irishwoman, old enough to be my grandmother, who was my first real spiritual companion on earth—a comradeship which lasted till her death and beyond.

A very beautiful girl, who was fond of flying, one day took her aeroplane for one of the trips in the upper regions which the special creation we know as "the flying man" or "woman" enjoys, sometimes for their "psychic" as well as physical thrills. (This is not the place for

such records, but I hope one day to tell of what fighting pilots have told me of their psychic experiences in the stratosphere, they being particularly shy of speaking about such things, because they felt it brought the "religious" note into aviation. Such experiences, incidentally, have been confirmed by many others who have had no connection with the speakers, and it may be said that for such "fliers" of the "fourth-dimension", flight, stratospheric or other, seems to release all sorts of faculties as also phenomena unsuspected.)

As Mary got into her plane, the machine started before she was ready to handle it, resulting in her entanglement and death. It was believed that she had deliberately committed suicide at the time, and the poor girl was most anxious to disabuse the minds of her friends and especially of her man friend, of this idea. So it was that she came through to speak to John, as I will call him, and *in her own voice* told him the whole story before us as we sat with him in that London room.

Again and again she protested passionately: "It was a pure accident, I did *not* kill myself!" The remainder of that interview those who witnessed it will not easily forget. When John, under deep emotion at hearing the voice of his friend, asked "why she had not reached for the switch?" Mary replied: "I reached for the switch but could not get it." I find in my notes made immediately afterwards: "This was quite a heartbreaking conversation."

The woman asked her friend to seek her grave in a certain valley, and as she said it, she repeated, with a certain dignified understanding: "It was better thus." In the voice of our astral visitant there were no regrets, simply the feeling that such an accident was a part of one's life and *karma*, and that one day, somewhere, somehow, all would be righted.

Only a fortnight or three weeks later, Mary got through once more to John, who happened to be a friend of my own. She warned him against what she called his "recklessness", for John was a man who took risks with life and death. It was at this *rencontre*, that she discussed with him a railway journey which long before they had taken together in Scandinavia, the remembered minutiae of which would have convinced any sceptic, I think. And again, she told him to seek the "oasis" in the valley, in which was her grave.

I remember this meeting in particular, because my boy, Jan, made a special effort to get through to speak with me, as he has often done from the time of his passing out of the physical body. And it seems to me that this "love of comrades", as I will call it, here proved itself stronger than death.

About four months later, Mary paid a visit to our little circle to ask after her friend, who had left for a distant part of the world. It happened that there was a girl friend of Mary's present and this she had learned from catching this girl's "vibration" on the astral, and so had come unerringly into our room. Once more, did this sensitive girl ask us to believe her when she said she had not committed suicide. We reassured her, and she left us very happy.

Once again was I to discover at one of our sittings that love could bridge the death-chasm, in this case also violent death, but by suicide. It was a man who had thrown himself under a train who came through in agony of mind to speak with his brother, who was present and who confirmed every word the spirit spoke in his own voice. He cried: "The train somehow rushed upon me!" He loved desperately the wife and two children he had left behind on earth and at that moment was being cared by those who look after and comfort the suicides of our world, who fill the astral with their ravings as they do our earthly *séance* rooms. Their supreme tragedy, as that of those who meet sudden death on the battlefield or otherwise and who have not been prepared by psychic education for the world into which they pass at death, is that they cannot realize always that they are "dead". Many of them think they are dreaming, or that they have had an accident on earth and are still there in some hospital. It is all pitiful, this refusal to teach our children the facts of death! For that negligence, itself born of ignorance, we and they have sometimes to pay a terrible price.

Now in all these meetings of John and Mary and in the comments of the astral guides who brought them together, there was always the note of religion and of prayer. But it was the fact that both of them, having some knowledge of the worlds beyond death, were able to fgather and comfort each other in the meetings recorded.

In long, careful search, through my records, mostly personal, dealing with love after death, I find all the ethereal teachers agreed on the following points. First, that they want our universities to teach the facts of life after death and to establish foundations to that end, so as to give life, plan, cohesion and intelligence. (The earthly professors who have come over to the astral head this appeal.) Next, that as in the spiritual aristocracy, or, if you prefer, "spiritual democracy" of the astral, fellowship and comradeship should replace that of "class" or economic. Lastly, that originally there was neither "male" nor "female" and that the fiercest and most persistent driving force of our earth is that love which seeks to reunite these two principles. For in everything they say, they state that the heart of love is comradeship and fellowship, and that without it, there can be no love even as between man and woman. Only in such love can there be unity.

In these treatises there is explicitly stated that romantic love, *in one form or other*, is the basis of all life and religion.

I select some statements by astral lecturers upon "love and religion", taken from my own notes and communications and from those of others. As will be seen, they embrace many facets of love, both of the personal and impersonal:

One October evening in 1933, I had my first present of astral flowers, which my "dead" son handed to me. They were some lovely violets and I said I would give them to Jan's mother. These tokens were frequent from that time.

That the astral lovers never forget or forsake us during our earthly

lives of fear and sorrow, has been proved to me and others again and again.

One of my earlier memories of this nearly divine love and care, was one evening, also in October, when the magnificent friend whom I had known two thousand years before in Galilee, where I had a short incarnation, returned to tell me: "I am with you always—and you were with me two thousand years ago by Galilee." The almost passionate affection in my friend's voice was that of the time of the far-off sea, although I hesitated to recognize him. Yet, the instant I heard his voice, it struck a chord of passionate memory, to rush over my then poor bruised heart like a healing flood.

Nor shall I forget the words of a very great teacher, who for some years had been giving his message to our earth, when he said in his own voice: "I want you to realize as children of the ray of Love that you are entitled to the food of the spirit . . . but only to those that hath shall it be given."

Repeatedly were we instructed that working along "the ray of love", all doors would be opened to us. Also that intellectual knowledge had nothing whatever to do with "wisdom", which itself was the food of love.

Now to leave these remoter regions of astral love, and to come down to the love of man and woman both on earth and astral, here is a paraphrased extract from a communicant of one of the higher planes. He said that Over There they often follow the vain quest of the earth people, who seek by frequent divorce and fresh matings to secure married happiness. The reason that such quests fail is because all that the majority are doing is to exchange one faded experience for a fresh experience—in other words, the new woman or the new man always seems wonderful when one is tired of the old.

At the same time this passing affection and intercourse of two people must not be thought wasted. As an astral once said: "Affection, *love of any description*, is a blessing." I endorse that with all my heart and soul. So let the sour-faced ones who view with contempt our experiments in love, turn their faces to the wall of hypocrisy and be ashamed!

On the astral, it is not uncommon to find men and women who have lost all faith in love and in love's substance—romance. Such are to be pitied, as are their counterparts on our earth. But sooner or later, such will find the true mate, for on earth or in the skies there is no peace for woman or man until the Chosen One is found. Yet in this search, religion will be the carrier.

Often to the seeking lover the word comes on the astral: "Be still and know that I am God."

When the lover ceases from a phrenetic searching, that is to say a searching without faith, he will often find his love. "Be still!"

So often does this search on our earth take the form of search for the gratification of sexual passion, of the grosser flesh. On the astral it is more a search for that spiritual satisfaction which transcends any-

thing of appetite. Yet must man cultivate "an appetite for God". It is this spiritual search which deserves the name of a "search for God". This we do, in particular on the upper planes, through the "subtile body".

Myers, amongst others, has told us that the moment we leave the third plane, or "third level of consciousness", we assume the subtile or "subtile" body to which we have already referred, "a subtile body which in beauty and in shape no longer resembles the physical body". For there are many degrees of "form" in the evolution of beauty.

But in the world below this which he calls "the sphere of Terrene Imagination", we have bodies which are almost duplicates of our bodies of earth, except that they are etheric. He goes on: "Women do not bear children, though the illusion of sexual passion may be experienced as long as it is the soul's desire. The woman possesses an etheric body so framed that it can serve her as the material shape served her various purposes, wishes and appetites on earth."

Here I imagine Myers is speaking of a world lying lower than the worlds of the Fourth Plane, but very high in the Third, for on the lower worlds of the Third, there can be no doubt that children are born, although not in our earthly fashion, as I have before said in these pages. In all of which I am, quite arbitrarily, merely for sake of indication and separation, assuming an Astral World of seven major planes, for there may be countless sub-planes of vibration.

It should here be said that all sorts of almost fantastic possibilities are unrobed to us when we reach the Fourth Plane. On that plane, one to which I only refer in these largely "Third Plane" pages in passing, marriage and love assume finer and more splendid forms than anything we know on the lower planes.

For instance, as Myers says: "In uttering that famous saying, 'But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage,' Christ spoke of the circumstances that prevail on the *higher planes of consciousness*. . . ."

But on the planes below this of which he speaks, man and woman still remain held in the "earth-dream" and so retain that part of the earth life, or "dream", which refers to earthly marriage, death itself being but "a change in vibration". Dreams are realities; "matter" is but a dream. We dream out of matter into the reality of spirit as we progress world by world.

But this great writer repeatedly indicates that "pure passionate love" is itself of the essence of religious feeling. In the higher worlds of the astral, he says, "such men and women know pure yet passionate love again. Thus they create with their whole being and because of their greater sensitiveness, such self-created experiences are often heightened and intensified, and *increase the vigour of the soul*."

If those words do not mean "religion", then what do they mean?

Book Four

Letters from My Case-book



CHAPTER XXXV

LETTERS FROM MY CASE-BOOK

Now for a little human interlude.

The human being in love presents at times a picture of tragi-comedy untouched in any other branch of thought. Life itself, like love, is a tragi-comedy, and it is only when we realize this that we begin to understand it. It is indeed comedy which makes the bitter draught of life and love palatable or, at least, bearable. Humour sweetens. Love confuses.

It may be no accident that our word "flirt" comes from the German *firren*, "to make a confused noise"!

During the year, hundreds of letters reach me from all over the world asking my advice and comfort upon the one theme, apart from survival of death, which dominates the human race. These letters and messages may come from White and Black, Brown and Yellow. I get airgraphs from India. Tortuously written effusions from Northern Rhodesia or the wilds of Canada or the back-blocks of Australia. Epistles from Scandinavia in Danish or Swedish. The Dutch and Austrian refugees usually write in English. As for the American woman, she seems to spend more time upon "problems of the heart", as the lady-novelist used to call them, than upon cooking her dinners or "doing her stuff" in her particular profession.

These letters I, for one, take very seriously, even if sometimes I smile at some of their contents. These are the real expression of the real man or woman. People don't keep back anything from their doctors, whether those doctors be doctors of mind or body. I claim one of the largest "consultant" practices on the planet, but one strictly without fee, even though my unknown friends sometimes offer me an honorarium in their delightful certainty that I know all the answers!

God help them and me!

Many of these enquirers want to know what happens to love after death. So many of them "have made a mess of it" in their earthly incarnations that they are pathetically anxious to make it all right when they pass over. Nobody could doubt that love survives death after

reading some of these communications, written or other, which, directly or indirectly, concern themselves with the subject of this book.

Here is the story of a fine young engineer for the truth of which he and others vouch.

A British bomber after doing its dread work over a German city, is holed like a cullender from *flak*. With enormous difficulty it makes its British base with all engines but one out of commission, and under extreme difficulty, and after having to circle above its aerodrome for twenty minutes to permit other planes returning to land, finally makes the perfect landing.

The ambulance is rushed to it and they wait for the crew to come out. Not one appears. The engine has been shut off. All is silence. Finally they enter the plane to find that every single man on it has been dead for some time!

Who brought the plane to its "happy landing"?

This opens up the extraordinary result of prayer made with faith. Again and again, the crew of the bombers have had the prayers of their sweethearts following them through the upper air and down in the depths. If it be true, as Lucius Humphrey *proves*, in his remarkable book on prayer: *It Shall Be Done Unto You*, that prayers can move mountains and even save bombers from destruction, we find that in the dread machinery of war, love, which is to say prayer, is dominant.

An analagous case is the story I received of a fighting pilot crippled at his controls, who was taken from his seat by a shadowy visitant who brought the plane back. This visitant, seen by others, was not seen to leave the plane. "He shall give his angels charge concerning you . . ." still holds good.

The last of a triplicate is the account of a badly wounded pilot, almost unable to think, having his controls overlooked by what he thought was his navigator. Again and again he saw the bloodstained arm of his pal come forward to do what it had to do with the controls. When they finally landed, it was found that the navigator had been dead for several hours before the shadow-hand had been seen and the figure controlling from behind sensed.

Those three cases are, one thinks, emblematic of love surviving death, even on this planet.

Here is a letter from a splendid young soldier of the French Fighting Forces, written from the Parc d'Armée at Camberley, Surrey. This man tells me, perhaps unconsciously, that he knows we meet with our loved ones on the other side of death or during sleep, which the astrals call "the little death", for he writes: "Sometimes at night, a strange tingling sensation seems to spread over my body, particularly in the region of the stomach. I feel I am lifting up from my body—*floating*. I feel nothing under me." He adds that when he shuts his eyes he can see faces vividly of people he has never seen before. He wants to know what this portends. That letter I was able to answer, as I had had exactly the same experience of the "tingling" and "floating", when on

October 19, 1933, I was levitated in my own workroom in Leicester House and, to my astonishment, found myself floating above my bed. In my case it was a case of levitation of the physical body, for I felt the hair on the nape of my neck press my cushion as I was gently lowered again. The details are given in my detailed study of psychical research, *We Do Not Die*, which I hope one day to have reprinted.

In the case of this young trainee, he went further and probably, whilst still conscious, found himself on the astral plane itself, where he met the spirit friends of whom he writes. Then, speaking about the adventure of death, he says something I have often thought :

"It always seems remarkable to me how completely indifferent the average person is to the greatest adventure that can happen to anyone and that inevitably will happen to them."

It is !

And now we have a different kind of letter :

Sitting on the E.N.S.A. Brains Trust, I met at Portsmouth in the H.M.S. Vernon (which is not a ship but a place !), one of those refreshing sailormen with poetry in them. This man sent me to London for reading some of his poetry which showed the lover implicit—as I wrote to him, "great stuff". Once more it came to me that the poet is not only "the true scientist" but the true leader of our earth. On the astral plane, the poet ranks first of all creative artists, outside music. Now, is it not strange that both the music and poetry of our earth so largely concern themselves with love ?

I have before me some twenty pages of minute handwriting from an A.T.S. girl, who, at nineteen, is, as she says, a sort of Methodist preacher ! She had read from the bookstalls my "*You and God*" and my contention that "God was love", and in her intervals "in the gunpit" and bringing down one more Hitler plane "to the glory of God", studied this contention. So much so that she wanted to come all the way from her station in the Midlands to see me in London and to ask me more about it.

As she wrote : "I will tell you that I cursed Hitler for sending his planes over when I was at the lovely chapter 'Do we live after Death ?', whereupon I had to go up to the command post." (My young Methodist friend, however, decided "to take a chance" with Jerry, and so forsook the gun for the pen, and sat down to write me an inscrutable and excruciating, half score of pages of deep, but, at times, nearly undecipherable interest !)

This girl, who had probably associated "God" with the terrible Jehovah of the Old Testament, was, I think, astounded to find that "Love" and "God" were interchangeable terms.

But the interesting thing about this brave young girl's letters is their unconscious, implicit recognition that God *is* love. She writes in terms of "The Song of Solomon", a song that was a love-song and had nothing whatever to do with the adoration of any Church, as the theologians used to pretend. Also, she is much more interested in love as it is loved on the astral than in this world, a phenomenon I find in scores

of letters. She speaks of the Creator as "my father, my husband and dearest friend", surely the right way to regard Him.

In this selection from my mail-bag and my case-book, I deliberately choose such messages and questions as are typical of thousands of others, whether received by myself or my friends.

A Flight-Lieutenant writes to me from Wiltshire to express his deep gratitude for the help he has received from one of my "religious" books. His letter strikes a note which is constantly being emphasized in my communications—the writers insisting that they want a religion which frankly recognizes love and its problems instead of sidestepping them and skating over thin ice, as many of them put it. This man writes :

"We want a Religion that has made a meal of modern Science ; that has digested Galileo, Darwin and Freud, and all 'The Golden Bough', and *still* comes up smiling. Priests must not be ignorant of Science. I want religion badly . . . but I cannot find satisfaction in any church whatsoever."

Then he brings his final complaint against organized religion. He says that it tells us nothing about the love of the sexes : "What man is there who would not prefer a healthy, beautiful and fascinating young widow with children to a botched and unhealthy spinster ? Yet (in the Churches) the teaching of eugenics is strictly forbidden in the name of morality." And speaking of the sexual association of unhealthy men and women, and their production of children just because they are married or imagine themselves to be "in love", he writes : "How can it be moral to produce human rubbish just because you are 'in love' ?"

How indeed !

In that letter there is not a word which would not be endorsed by the astral eugenist, for there, as we have seen, they have in full blast the "eugenics of vibrational mating". No sick children are born on the upper astral planes.

CHAPTER XXXVI

UNLAWFUL LOVE

SOMETIMES, out of my case-book, there come letters in which tragedy is untamped by humour—of tragedy unrelieved.

There comes to my eye one of the saddest and sincerest letters of ten long pages, which comes to me from a lady in Bournemouth. It deals with a subject which, on the astral planes, is never sidestepped, but faced and dealt with effectively. It is a subject which in these pages cannot be deeply considered, but to ignore it would be to be faithless to one of the objects of this work, which is to throw light upon the darker places of earthly sex.

The subject of it is one that is growing today—everywhere about us, and the persistent production by nature of what I will call the "Third

Sex" is a fact of modern life which is engaging the attention of the alienists of all nations. One of the most distinguished of these, staying with us some time ago, told me that at one of the international psychiatrists' congresses, it occupied more than half their attention. Also that they had reached two conclusions: (1) that the warpings and instincts of these poor "unwants", who have no feeling or place for normal love, is not always due necessarily to deliberate wickedness, but to the misfortune of being born without natural sex instincts; and (2) that if it continued to increase, it would have one day perhaps to be regarded as not directly "abnormal".

Personally, because it "short-circuits" the path of evolutionary love, I believe this dread phenomenon of the modern life, but one that was known in ancient Rome and Egypt, has to be fought with every power of which we are capable—but it has to be fought with love and understanding, not with the misunderstanding that is bred of hate. It was, however, known to the ancient world, and was practised by the Greeks and by the tribes of the Near East and along the Mediterranean littoral. Flaubert also mentions it in that phenomenal novel of unconscious memory, *Salammbô*.

Here are some of the observations of astral scientists upon this phenomenon. They are words which should be read from every pulpit and in every school of medicine.

I have been fortunate enough to have access to the astral views of this "crime against nature". One of these views is sweeping and even virulent, stating that it is the sin unforgivable, and that for it there is no palliation whatever on earth or in heaven. The other, which I have gleaned indirectly and influentially, is one of complete condemnation, but one tempered by profound sympathy and understanding of the poor, violated minds who, through perhaps many births on earth, have acquired this unhappy vileness. They need understanding, not ostracism, says this latter view, which I feel is more in harmony with the Christ spirit. "The greater the sinner, the greater the love", might be the idea behind this, for it is not the righteous but the sinner whom Jesus came "to call to repentance", and we must not *judge*.

The astrals have painted an awful picture of the sexual pervert of love on the astral plane. This crime against nature leads to the "hells" of the astral, and these "perverts" are more difficult to cure than almost any. And here is an extract from one of these unhappy people, the Bournemouth lady of whom I have spoken:

"I have read your book, *How You Live When You Die*, but there is a puzzling and confidential question which neither you nor any other writer answers or allows for in the future life. Much is stated about the future of "twin-souls", the love of man and woman, but what of us women who hate the opposite sex from a physical and sexual aspect! Women attract me. Men do not. This has been so since childhood. And my love for my own sex has been filled with the greatest desire for help and service. . . ."

The rest of the letter from this poor lady would fill with compassion

the hardest heart and with it, the desire to understand. But no man or woman who is a good citizen and a spiritual citizen, would dare to palliate or compromise with what is a festering sore on the body social and politic. The ravages it is making into our daily lives, ravages that work their way underground and so escape the superficial eye, will have to be first, understood, and then stopped at any cost.

There came to me not so long ago a telephone S O S from a lady holding confidential position in one of our governmental services. She was in terrible distress, and, although I scarcely knew her, said that I alone could help her.

The story she told me of unlawful love was one heartrending and even awe-inspiring, and if I give here the gist, it is that the reader may understand the dangers of dallying with such loves, and realize that on the other side of death such dallying is regarded as the death of love. That is, of true love. Actually, dallying with death.

As she unravelled her tangled skein, she said: "Let no woman or man imagine that such alliances, unnatural and unlawful, lead to other than *hell*. In the beginning, heaven—in the end, *hades*!"

True love does survive the death of the body, but so does the love that is false.

What is the cause of these warpings of the love instinct? Has the astral plane anything to tell us about it?

So far, very little. Yet may one guess, to a degree, the possible origin of this departure from the path of life for the path of soul-death.

We have to remember that in some dim past, there was no differentiation of sex. "Sex" and the sexes came pretty high on the tree of human evolution growing from the protoplasm. So there is of necessity always a tendency to "atavism" or slipping back to the original androgynous condition. The appearance of the hermaphroditic phenomena is probably such a "slipping back" or reversion to type.

We know that we constantly meet men with feminine characteristics and women with those of the male, even when such men and women are perfectly normal sexually and psychologically. Indeed, it is almost an axiom that genius in the woman is almost invariably accompanied by male quality, as in the case of such first rank painters as Rosa Bonheur, who, we read, "had to shave her chin and dressed as a man". Sappho, the golden-tongued poetess, and perhaps the only woman writer of the ancient world of absolutely highest class, had, in her writing, something of the characteristic of the boy. All the greater mystics and founders of religions, hitherto invariably male, had without exception much of the woman in them.

We may say definitely that genius is the bridge between the sexes. The siren-song of the Sapphos from the shores of Hellas had, in them, the *timbre* of the voice of the boy, that voice which is of the astral order, as we know from the *timbre* of a Lough or of the boys who sing in Westminster Abbey their "wingéd prayer to the stars".

It may be that even "sex" is not the last word in the evolution of

human personality. It may be that already are we on one of the bridges invisible which carry us to the next stage of existence and to other worlds than ours. Indeed, in a psychic-religious sense, this is already true.

CHAPTER XXXVII

EDUCATION IN LOVE

AMONGST the saddest letters I receive from lovers, are those which fear "a hell on earth or in heaven" because of sins they believe they have committed against the beloved.

This fear of the hell of what they sometimes call "an offended God" is perhaps the most insidious haunting fear of all. One might even think that the "hells" invented by the pathological imagination of the theologian will, after death, be the temporary torture chambers of such in the worlds of the astral, were it not for the fact that these unhappy misguided ones, so unfitted to lead either church or state, are often quite sincere in their beliefs. And the result of all our actions turns upon one thing only—*motive*. No man can do more than follow his conscience, even when it is a bad conscience!

A typical appeal from one of those unhappy souls who have, from birth, been haunted by the fear of hell, who have found only hate and not love, was one which I received from a man of middle age with the mind of a tortured child, living in an idyllic Essex retreat near Epping Forest, where I had often, as a youngster, played many delightful cricket matches. It read:

"I hope you will excuse me writing you, but I believe you can help me, so thought I would write to you after reading your book *You and God*. You see I am 42. Ever since I was about 17, I have been most unhappy, because I have been brought up to believe that unless I live a very straight path and very good life, I shall be tortured for ever and ever in the next world, and as I know I can never serve God, you can see what I have to look forward to. I am a very wretched Backslider. Do you think if I go on living like I am, I have any hope hereafter? Can I go on with my daily work and not worry about anything—and will I one day be happy on the Other Side? . . ."

The remainder of that letter is as heartbreaking as the part I have quoted. This poor soul was tortured by the mistaken training of so-called narrow-minded "Christians" and by a self-enforced asceticism. He was starving for love, not least, the love of a good woman, and I think I was able to help him.

When will we give education in love? When will we in our schools and universities teach our children how to avoid the pitfalls of passion and to know their own minds and bodies?—to realize that happiness

lies neither in asceticism nor licence but in the glorious middle path? I am looking at two "case-book" letters as I write.

In all my accesses to astral knowledge, I may say that I have yet to meet my first advocacy of asceticism or of its opposite number—sensuality. And, as we know from the New Testament, never once did Jesus advocate the starving of the body, and with it of the mind, of man and woman, for sex-starvation is spirit-starvation, and with it the starvation of the creative instinct. For it was Paul, not Jesus, who taught this last, and as even a superficial comparison of the epistles and gospels will demonstrate beyond cavil, the teaching of Jesus and of Paul are two very different presentations of the life of body and spirit. But this last is now being everywhere recognized, as we know, although it is not a subject for these highly specialized pages, one which I am dealing with in a book soon to be published.

F. W. H. Myers, speaking from the Fourth Plane of the Astral World, said:

"The creative instinct is an essential part of man's nature. Its wise expression should be one of his principal occupations. It springs, partly from the sex urge, but often offers the greatest happiness in activities quite apart from sex. Whatever a man's (or a woman's) sex life, he would be wise if he sought in some way or other for an outlet for the creative principle."

Then there come these words, winged with wisdom:

"If a man (or woman) has not a constructive mind or imagination, he can express it merely in the enjoyment of beauty in some form or other, *in a wise but controlled indulgence of the senses*. But happy is the man with self-control as well as real creative power, however humble may be the medium of its expression."

Then follows a few words about the false position of the ascetic who, denying the sane use of the senses, also denies his God. "For faith, hope and charity without wisdom are without light, and *things that are hidden in darkness may not attain to healthy growth*."

Woe! to those in authority who refuse to educate the unwary youthful in these vital matters.

The mystery of love between man and woman will always be, just, "mystery". Infinite are its possibilities and the vagrants of its relationships.

But when trouble comes to the House of Love, woe betide the lover who has not the sure knowledge of whence he or she has come to this world and whither he or she is going after death. For without the perspective, comfort and "balance" which such knowledge brings, the ship of love is apt to run on the lee shores which are in perpetual waiting for the unwary lover. Nor is it only what we call "lovers' quarrels" which run the loveship ashore. It is often something deeper. It can be some warp in the woof of one or other—something very slight but which neglected, may ruin the whole fabric.

Some time ago, I met "by chance" a young man and woman, not long married, who were holidaying at a seaside place where I happened

to be. He had been a fine "rugger" player, and as fine a technician. She was a sane and apparently well-equipped young woman. They were deeply in love. But neither the one nor the other knew anything of life after death, of the fact that they reincarnated, or, indeed, of anything of the powers invisible who stand behind our and all worlds.

So, all unknowing, they were adrift on the sea of life, chartless, with no helmsman at the helm.

For some years they seemed to have an ideal if rather selfish existence. As so often happens in these "cases of arrested development", nothing seemed to trouble them—always a bad sign! They had enough of the good things of life, and they had their rather egocentric love. As such people put it: "We are sufficient to each other—we don't want anybody else!"

Men and women lovers who say that are already on the rocks. For love that is selfish and confined to two people, instead of spreading from them in an aura which will cover the world, cannot last. As a matter of actual experience, it never does last.

One day again by that "chance" which has no existence, for all such encounters are arranged, I saw the girl in a theatre by the side of a handsome dark young man. In an instant, by that telepathy which I have used since childhood and which I have never known to fail, I knew how it was with them. They were lovers, and the woman had left her husband for what used to be called "the primrose path—" but a path that is sewn with thorns and not roses.

I have some of her very long letters before me as I write. They are the story of a woman who falls madly in love with a man's body and mind although she still loves her own husband. The husband whose access she cannot tolerate. The husband for whom, in a way, she has a love of the spirit, but not a love of body or a desire for the dear intimacy of love.

What will happen to two such lovers in the other worlds? Which of these two men will the woman have in heaven? I can definitely reply, because I have followed the post-history of many such cases.

After she and her new lover have run their earthly course and have learned from and exhausted all the delights of a physical and mental companionship which is one way of learning our earthly lesson, she will find herself also "exhausted". The flame of passionate physical love burns fast and soon extinguishes, as thousands who read these words will know. The lamp of love may not be fed by the oil of desire alone. It needs the essences of the union of souls as well as bodies.

After perhaps one or more earth existences, in which this girl will perhaps again and again return to the waters of Lethe to drink, only at last to find them nauseating, she will find her true love—the man who himself, through his wife's defection, is learning his own lesson as I know, who tells her that he will at any moment take her back and not "forgive" but, what is much better, try to "understand".

This man who himself has found the love-path through that misery and loneliness which refines even whilst it, for the moment, tortures,

may, also in this life, find this woman who is his natural and his only love. Self-abnegation and humiliation is often the open door to realization and happiness. Try it!

One of the last letters I had from this young wife runs: "I want to learn the control of the emotions." She goes on to say that she wants a method by which she can bring her life into focus with her surroundings and learn discipline and complete control of the mind.

I could have told her of a certain way of securing such control.

It is the oldest way in the world. The retreat from life which the mystic calls "meditation". The method which gives us detachment, poise and at last, understanding. Passion is a disturber of the peace that passeth understanding. It is well, sometimes, to stand away from it and from life's problems as did a lady of integrity and courage whom I met some years ago.

Love disturbed between husband and wife has many phases, as my Case-book tells me, but "the retreat from life" to meditation in wild and solitary places, as did the troubled hermits of old time, is almost certain cure for "the wild misery of disordered love". Here is another section of this phase of human passion in a letter from a highly-strung young woman, who, troubled by life's problems, and taking with her the husband she loves, recently retired for a time to a monastery. As I have often done this myself, although not a Catholic, just for rest and meditation with the Trappists, I could understand the following which she wrote to me:

"Poor B. has been ill, and so we chose a wild beautiful place in France, for recuperation. On the way back we stayed by invitation in a sixteenth-century Cistercian monastery near Paris, now a retreat of tranquillity and work for artists and intellectuals, meaning writers and thinkers. The Comité d'Honneur is composed of André Maurois, Georges Duhamel, André Gide, amongst others."

This lady had her own love troubles, but fortunate in the love of her husband, as I knew from many years of her friendship, went on to say how much such a retreat from the world helped one to get a true perspective upon love and life. But how human she is:

"Write and tell me about all these things (of life and love) which you think, believe, feel, *know*. One minute I feel certain and conscious of things which make me calm, whatever happens materially . . . and then *it just goes with the wind* again, and I am so frightened, I can hardly bear to look at my husband for what my imagination pictures everywhere."

She means the terrifying possibilities even of an ordered love-life: sickness, disablement, death.

Is not the case of my friend *your* case, you who read this, one way or other? Is it not in its fear of the unknown the case of all of us?

In all these extracts from my "case-book", as consultant of men and women of every class and type, race and colour, even though it be impossible for me to reply to all of them, it will be found that love is the centre. Indeed, if rightly looked at, it will be found that there is

not a single human problem of the deeper sort that is not directly or indirectly linked with love. *The love-problem is the earth-problem.* I do not say with the hag-ridden Freud, the *sex-problem*.

This the astrals know. The band who Over There watch above our earth and who, almost certainly, have watched over and helped each one of the cases I here give, take infinite pains to help the love-lorn and the many "sick" lovers of our earth. As they have told us: "We do this not only for the sakes of you earth-folk but for our own. We, unlike your doctors, believe in prevention rather than cure, and so we try to treat the trouble at its earthly source before it has had time to develop and ultimately to come over here in an advanced condition of disease—for that is what all sick and disarranged love really is. We of 'The White Company', as we are known, drawn from our highest spirits and representing men and women who are of all sorts of philosophical and religious view, but all united under the leadership of Jesus in the single view of love as the solution of earthly and astral ills, cease neither in light nor dark, in time nor out of time, from troubling about that love which takes a thousand forms. *Love is life—and life is love.* When will you mortals learn this?"

When will we mortals learn this? When will we take the same trouble that we take in our schools of science to inculcate in our adolescents the science of love—for love is a science as well as the most powerful of all instincts?

In the thousands of letters which have reached me during the past years, it has been made clear to me that if we had taught in our schools and universities the meaning of love, most of those letters would never have had to be written.

I have been informed that the ethereals, or "astrals" if you prefer the term, have a method in their schools of teaching what may be called the "technique", and, something more vital, the "heart" of love. I have even before me, as I write, a statement to that effect, coming direct from the ethereals themselves. Music enters basically into this teaching, I have reason to think, with it, telepathy or thought-transference. What is true is that every astral girl and boy, from their earliest years, are taught about love—not from a lesson-book, but from the Book of Life and Love itself. The day is coming when we shall do the same in the schools of earth.

For the astrals assure us that the perfect love on earth or on the astral is possible.

Book Five

Astral Child and Home



CHAPTER XXXVIII

CHILD AND FAMILY BEYOND DEATH

WE now come to a psychic problem which has exercised the minds of many people, from such statesmen and thinkers as the late Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, once prime minister of Britain, to the scientists, including Sir Oliver Lodge, who was President of the British Association, the world's leading scientific body. To it, in my own way and without pretence to special qualification, I have given half a lifetime's study. The only thing I dare to claim is, at times, unique access to the astral mind and experience on the subject, but there is still a *terra incognita*, the landmarks and boundaries of which we are only just beginning to suspect.

That problem is the problem of the child and family Over There.

I will go so far as to say that we shall one day, on our own arrival on the astral after the death of the earth body, get many shocks to pre-conception and, with them, a certain dazzlement as we come closer to the potentialities of family life and of the child on that other plane.

Two things we know. They have children there, as I have already said, and without question they have a family life on the mid-planes. When we leave the Third Plane of the astral, to which most of us go after death here, and find the beginning of the Fourth Plane vibrational world, we shall see a change in form and personality which profoundly affects "family" and "child" on the Fourth Plane of existence.

Here we only allude to this Fourth Plane in passing. Once more we are not concerned in this book with much other than the lower and mid-planes of the astral world, and, when we use the word "astral", we only use this word to describe those next planes of consciousness because, although the term is unscientific, for our earth is also an astral world, it being a "star", this is the term which custom and tradition has given us.

In such books of mine as *How You Live When You Die*, *You Can Speak With Your Dead*, and *We Do Not Die*, I have dealt with certain sides of this problem. Here I shall endeavour to throw some other lights upon it and to see it from angles which have come to me with further study. Some of this study is "impressionistic", some of it

"objective", if one may apply such a laboratory term to this nebulous subject.

Before we discuss the child and home which are the result of procreation, we must, perforce, consider the astral-"sexual" love and its result, from angles hitherto ignored in these pages, including "Birth and Re-Birth" and the choice of parents by children, motherhood, and the Etheric view of our fleshly desire.

So far as my own researches have gone, I think I may say that "sex" and the "polarity" that is sex is to be found upon every plane of the astral world, up to the Upper Fourth Plane. The "positive" and "negative", and, in the larger sense, "male" and "female," the procreative and the receptive, will doubtless be found to persist into that Upper Fourth. Nevertheless, the relationship of the "sexes", if we may call what is largely a mental conjuncture of the Group Soul and parts of the Greater Self, takes there such different form and quality from the sex of the lower planes of our earth, as also the planes of the Third and Lower Fourth, that the term "sex" seems inapposite and inapplicable.

Here at the very beginning I wish to make one thing clear. Nothing is ever lost as man and his comrade woman advance from plane to plane. Love is not lost. Love enormously increases its power and its sensitiveness. Nor is *individuality* lost in merging with the vaster meanings and connotations of "love". As it absorbs and is absorbed, it gains immeasurably, and becomes "The Greater Individuality". Just as the "nation" is the greater individuality on our earth, as opposed to the individuals composing it, so the Upper Plane Group individuality of the astral is the greater individuality of the Astral Worlds.

Cowards that we are, we earth people always fear to venture out into the deeper waters for fear that we shall lose foothold. Yet is it only by venturing and daring everything that we gain and that we find the joys of realization.

The love-act of earth is but too often unlovely. Scarcely ever does it even touch the hem of the gossamer of the astral union. It is for millions but a physical gratification—not even a mental gratification. It is just "animal".

Out of this often casual unbeautiful act, springs the loveliest thing of our earth—the *child*. If ever a black science has its way and we substitute for the sex-act "artificial insemination", we shall get "children"—but such children! We may find that we have begot demons, not babies. For into the union of bodies there must come such mental and spiritual union, however small, as will attract from the upper planes into reincarnation the more beautiful souls who are always waiting to incarnate on our earth to gain experience and to help the earth people. If we substitute "machine-insemination" for "love-procreation", as some scientists are daring to suggest and even to experiment in, we may find man and woman driven back to the lower

darker vibration which cuts off the human from the ascending spiral of spirit.

Yet, even on our earth, women and men who love whole-heartedly and devotedly, with "service" for their background, can at times achieve something approaching the astral union of the sexes. But all this, as I have elsewhere indicated, needs that study and consideration and above all, *inspiration*, which the astral lovers give to it. The terrestrial foolishly supposes that love requires no study or care. That Mother Nature, of whom he usually knows nothing, will teach him how to love. That, as thousands of lovers have thought, and to use the slang of the theatre when they speak of their opening nights for a play, "it will be all right on the night".

What is the main difference between the coming together sexually of terrestrial and that of astral?

It is, I think, that as I have already said in these pages, on the astral with its higher vibration, the sexual organs of earth are not so much organs for definite physical purpose, as *conductors*. In a question which can only be fully and explicitly dealt with in a text-book of astral physiology, upon which the writer is at present engaged, as probably are others, we shall more or less have to leave this at this point.

Even the earthly lover knows the delight of the first approach to the beloved and before actual physical union is achieved. For millions of lovers, that approach has been the only love-relation during which they have not experienced disillusionment. And this, incidentally, is one reason why the approach physical should be delayed as long as possible and the temple of love entered only with trembling as one enters a holy place. Also, *still more vital*, why the first vibrational approach should be conceived in terms of a delicacy and concept which can be continued right to the end of love—if love has an end. That is why the "terms and method" of the first approach is so often determinative for all subsequent relations, whether physical, mental or spiritual.

As a novelist I have learnt that the opening paragraph often sets the tempo and quality of the whole book. The entrance vibration is of supreme import, whether in writing, in music or in lovemaking.

CHAPTER XXXIX

BIRTH AND RE-BIRTH OVER THERE

BEFORE we consider more closely this section of our subject, we may hear what some of the astrals themselves have to tell us upon the astral love and the resultant children and home in their three dimensions of the physical, the mental and the spiritual, drawing also upon some of my own direct experiences. My informants embraced all sorts and conditions of people, from astral scientists to lay-folk Over There.

Basically, they agreed upon their information and descriptions, as far as they go.

For a period of about four years, I concentrated largely upon the astral view of lovemaking, as of the family and child. There were often present at these talks and lectures of the astral any number of people from half a score to some hundreds. The communications were as often as not in the communicant's own voice, that is, the "direct voice" out of the air, and often given in good light.

I had been informed by various authorities that children were not "chance-children", but that the astral children, whilst still in the astral, deliberately chose the parents from whom they were to be born and also the country into which they wished for birth.

After telling us that to compel another to love us was destructive of the human mind and spirit, I asked our learned lecturer: "Do children choose their own parents, and if so why don't we remember making the choice?"

We were told more than once that "you don't bring back memory from the astral to the earth when you reincarnate. Nevertheless, there is a method by which that memory may be regained. Choice of parents is one of the 'lost memories'."

The lecturer then said: "Children do choose their own parents. It is at the moment of conception, not of birth, that they choose them." Yet, in some way still hidden, we have also been told that the incoming child only takes possession of the foetus little by little.

From this and other enquiries, I have reached the conclusion that when at all advanced souls, we choose our parents not necessarily because they are like us, or on the same vibration, but in order to gain the maximum experience in a single incarnation.

This will explain two puzzles of earthly parents. First, the often extraordinary differences between their children and themselves, and secondly, the at times bitter battles they have with those children, whom they want almost invariably, and blindly, "to be like themselves". This last is a principle of nature which, I imagine, but do not definitely know, is the thing that helps to hold the family together, the family being a vital unit of union in the evolution of our earth.

Genius is often born of sickly parents. Genius itself is in its saner forms the very flower of human evolution, and so the "genius" often deliberately chooses tuberculous or other diseased parents in order to learn from the sufferings they will bequeath to him or her. And, when you come to think of it, all the greater men and women, from Jesus, the greatest of all, to Saint Francis d'Assisi, have suffered terribly and sometimes have ended their lives in delayed torture and death.

There must be a reason for this. Let us not shirk the possible explanation. And, above all, let you, who read these words, if you often find life almost too hard to bear, remember with me that this has been the stricken path of all the great teachers from the Buddha to the Nazarene.

When one of those present, rather troubled, asked the lecturer

"whether it was not natural for children to love their parents?" the lecturer "hesitated", as I have it set down in my notes made at the time. He also was obviously troubled because he had to tell the truth even if the heavens fell and yet he did not wish to hurt. So he said: "Christ, when told his mother waited without, asked: 'Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?'" He then added to those who doubtless were puzzled by his words: "Those are my brethren who do the will of my Father."

In other words, Jesus was saying that children do not necessarily love their earthly parents just because they have been born to them. They will only love them when they are on the same spiritual vibration. If earthly fathers and mothers would remember all this with "difficult" children, it would ease the strain on either side, and after mutual vibrational understanding had been established it might result in love even in their present joint life of earth.

On October 13, 1933, I asked an eminent astral scientist one of the first of my questions upon the birth of children on the astral. Here is a verbatim transcript from my notes:

Shaw Desmond: I take it I am correct in believing that death on the astral has its equivalent to when we lay down our physical body here? We grow up on the astral and become old, then we deliberately lay down that body, as we lay down the body on the earth, and so on and so on *ad infinitum*?

Scientist: That is so.

S.D.: And I take it that children are conceived and born on the astral just the same as our our earth, but not in a physical sense?

S.: That is so.

S.D.: And loved just as here?

S.: That is so. Bless you my son. You are doing a very great work (in teaching mortals about these matters).

Later, at another meeting of the physical world of earth and the etheric world of the astral, meetings which had been established a long time before and regularly held for instruction, I wished to know about the incarnation of twin souls, and how and why they missed each other so often through difference of time for reincarnation. (I might add that what was, so far as I know, the first *inter-world council* ever held, was on January 30, 1934, on my suggestion, when speaking at an Albert Hall Peace and Remembrance meeting of November 12, 1933, there being present at this London conference three of the major spirit guides and representative spiritualist leaders. Here was a case in which terrestrial and celestial exchanged ideas for the better ordering of our earth.)

The speaker on this occasion after a most eloquent but carefully stated address, told us that "The love of the Twin-Soul was the highest form of love." It was at this meeting, quoting Jesus, he said: "All marriages are made in heaven," implying that no ceremony, as such, could make a marriage if the human heart with love was omitted.

One of the biblical passages which had puzzled myself as well as so

many others was the one in which Jesus was asked about the woman who had married seven brothers and in which his questioner wanted to know which one of these would be her husband in heaven? he saying, "in heaven there was neither marriage nor giving in marriage".

The astral's reply, as so often in similar cases, was illuminating even though shocking to some preconceptions. He said: "In saying this, the Nazarene meant that like attracted like in the heaven or astral world as elsewhere, and that love, in that world or any other, alone could bring people together."

When I asked him for further elucidation on childbirth there, he said: "It is quite true that the astrals do love and marry and have children, but of course allowing for the physical difference." For on the astral the solid physical body does not exist, even though the etheric body is also "physical" to a tiny degree, as compared with the body of earth.

We mortals are always fearful of "love". We are afraid to "make love" to the glory of God, associating as we do with the physical act of lovemaking in particular something "not quite nice", to use a hateful expression, which has done as much as anything to earn the entirely unfair accusation of "hypocrisy" for the British people, who sometimes care to play with nastiness beneath banality.

But in making love to a woman a man is as much serving God as in any other way whatever. Indeed, without such action, it would be impossible for the waiting souls of the astral plane to incarnate and so get on with their evolution.

I wished all this cleared up and one day asked the great Egyptian Guide, Red Cloud, as to "whether it was wrong for us to desire some joy in our lives and whether the joys of passionate love were inhibited or sinful"?

His reply I shall never forget. He replied at once, almost reproachfully: "Have I ever limited you, my son? Desire is natural to you—you are a human being."

Repeatedly I have heard the greater ones on the Other Side tell us that we have full right to the joy of life, and that the *joie de vivre*, as the French call it, is the very essence of life. Always provided that what we do, whether in lovemaking or work or play, we do with uneaten conscience and "to the glory of God".

But the astrals never segregate "love" to the love of the sexes alone. Always does their concept of the love of the sexes embrace the greater love of one human being for another, especially the most unselfish love of all—that of mother for child.

This was brought home to me on Wednesday, May 1, 1935, in so remarkable a manner that its memory has never left me.

As may be imagined, we all have different mothers in different incarnations on earth. Little do we know that some of these mothers never leave us during our subsequent reincarnations but make contact with us. Also that even in the spiritual worlds of the intervals between incarnations, these mothers of ours are with us. But only when they

love us and we have loved them, for, as we all know too well, mothers do not always love their children or children their parents.

I had been asked to come to an upper chamber in a London house to meet certain friends from the Other Side. Some of these habitually forgathered with us—others we had not yet met. All the people who spoke to us at this gathering did so *in their own voices out of the air*. There could be no deception, and I remember our meeting because they brought with them from the other world some rosemary and tulips which they spread about the room. The gardens of the spirit worlds are miracles, we have often been told, and I, with other trained investigators, have seen showers of fnesia and violets fall out of the air in strong light. I have still some daffodils and thornless roses which were flung around us when I was consulting a scientist in his consulting room, something that gave this rather sceptical scientist “furiously to think”. No wonder when roses were flung into the lap of the man who is perhaps the most renowned “Darwinian” of our day, that intensely sceptical person said to his wife, who was present in the taxi with him where this took place as they were driving along: “That is queer. I must look into this!”

I should think so! The only trouble has been that materialist Science has been witnessing such phenomena for at least fifty years without much troubling its sapient head to investigate. But if a man “discovers” a mock cure for cancer, a thousand scientists will puzzle their brains and stir their curiosity. Such is, at times, the “science” of our world, although it is only fair to say that science and the scientist also have accomplished magnificent things for humanity.

As it happened, a well-known psycho-analyst was one of the witnesses of what I am going to relate. He admitted the genuineness of the phenomena and indeed became, if he was not already, a firm believer in the power to communicate with the Next Worlds.

I was sitting with the others when we heard the low sweet voice of a woman. It was after we had spoken with an old-world astrologer, who, to prove that “time” had no existence, came to tell us that we should that year see (a) the passing of a crowned head before the end of the year, (b) a great ship going down in November, and (c) a great fire in London about August. As a matter of fact, the Queen of the Belgians was killed in a motor-car accident in September, 1935, her husband being with her in the car. An Italian troopship was burning for some days in November, and there was a great fire in the London docks in September which filled the newspapers. I might say here, in passing, that astral forecasts are constantly fulfilled but not always, and the times can be inexact. But the reasons for this, I have set out in some of my other books, even though I do not stress these forecasts.

Once more we heard the woman’s voice, of a gentleness of *timbre* which stirred me strangely.

For *I knew the voice*, which spoke first in Egyptian and then in English. And the instant I heard it, “I at once thought of ‘Amen-Ra’,” as I have set it down in my notes of this reunion.

However this may seem to the untutored reader, I can only repeat that I have repeatedly had similar experiences and had once before heard Egyptian spoken by the lady who had been my Egyptian half-sister of three thousand years before—an Egyptian vouched for by an Egyptologist. I, who make no pretence to philological knowledge of either Egyptian or the many strange tongues I have heard spoken out of the air from time to time, seemed to understand the purport, or at least the feeling which lay behind the foreign tongue—one that, save for an odd word, I suppose I hadn't spoken for three thousand years.

Now, I think, comes something like veridical proof. The moment I heard this woman's voice and felt her advancing towards me to lay her hand on my right knee, I *knew* that she had been my mother in another life . . . but I will give my notes, made immediately after the meeting, almost verbatim :

"The woman's voice was low and sweet and 'motherly', she speaking in Egyptian, as we were told by a guide and using the word *Ayah* repeatedly at the end, as she told us of those 'Lords of Flame' of whom I had already heard, and who are said to help in the governance of our earth. It was after she had finished speaking that I felt a hand laid on my right knee, and I, venturing, put my hand on it—a warm not soft hand. Instantly, on hearing her voice, as she entered the room, the name Mother ! broke involuntarily from my lips, and once more, as she laid her warm hand on my knee, there ran again through my mind the words : 'Amen-Ra—Mother !' the words coming from me as though I could not help them. She continued to speak to me so tenderly in Egyptian and English and there, in that London room of 1935 where 'dead' and living met, mother and son, where time and space were not, we met across the chasm of the years."

In long experience of life and death, I have learned, I think, the supreme lesson—"to believe in everything and in nothing". For nothing is impossible in the psychic world, and yet full of pitfalls as it is, nothing must be believed until full proof is obtained.

I know of a case in which a man and woman who had been lovers when time was young, were united on the Other Side of death after being separated for a thousand years, but surely this reunion after three times a thousand, unless of course she had always shadowed me from life to life, was still more astonishing.

Somehow I knew that she had been a priestess in Amen-Ra's temple when I lived in Egypt, but it was only when the Egyptian Guide who accompanied her into this room, himself an old friend of mine, told me that she had been my mother in the long agos as I had truly felt, that I began to realize the mystery of this experience. The Guide added : "You do not know, because you are still in the physical, what a great privilege you have experienced. She has been with you from death to life and for almost four thousand years."

My own little dead son, Jan, was present at this meeting and a well-known South African mine magnate also met his little boy John, who spoke to him freely.

My meetings from time to time with my own boy, who invariably uses his own voice and not the medium's larynx, alone would have convinced me, as they have convinced many, that love is stronger than death.

CHAPTER XL

BUILDING THE HOME IN THE ETHERIC

"CHILD" means "home". There can be no home without children and no children without home. We are now going to see how the astrals build their etheric homes.

This word "home" runs through every astral conversation as through so many earthly conversations. It is the nucleus of the life of both astral and terrestrial, just as memory and memory's nostalgia is the humanizer of our life on this planet, much of which finds its source in the "home". No song in our world has ever found such universal response as the "Home, Sweet Home" which for generations has been sung throughout our planet.

Unhappily for our earth, in its later stages of evolution, and especially during that incredible "quickenings" of the last fifty years under the stimulus of "wireless" and the aeroplane, it has been drawing away from the home of the mid- and later-Victorian period. The modern flat with its bridge-playing parents, gardenless, is no substitute for the intimacy of the nineteenth-century home and of the home of the centuries which preceded it ever since family life first showed itself upon our globe. The gimcrack partitions, the rattle of the lifts, the knowledge of the most intimate acts of your neighbours—all this is but piteous replacement of the happy dwelling of the past.

Nevertheless, we have to remember that all this is but transition and that transition stages are, invariably, ugly. I am doing my reader the credit of believing that he or she wishes to have the truth as I see it, and not some pretty picture in pale pink with no relevance to truth, the sort of picture our weekly illustrateds, our Sunday newspapers, and our "sob-stuff" screens and novelettes paint for us. The refusal to face reality is the curse of the sentimental British people, and I specially except the Irish who are emotional, not sentimental. It is, actually, the curse of acquiescent adolescence, which, we may thank the Life Power, is at last growing up and into the fuller, freer atmosphere of the life that is coming to our earth from the astral supersphere, from which earth draws its inspiration.

We shall suffer many shocks to preconception and prejudice when we pass over to our astral home. There, we shall find a concept of "family life" and "home" as infinitely beyond anything that we know in our strangulated concepts of earth as we of the earth are beyond the ideas which prevail on such low-vibrationed planets as Art-Saturn.

It is the fashion to pretend that the average home life down here is

ideal. The astrals know better. They who have the power to see into our hearths and hearts, see that all is not well with the earthly family. That "the happy family" of the cheaper novelist is comparatively rare, and that even "happy families" can quickly become unhappy in the stress and strain of evolution. For the home, like the individual who makes it, can only progress by the pendulum-swing of happiness and unhappiness.

"The perfect peace and perfect happiness", beloved of the glib pulpit-pundit, and of the increasing armies of people with patent panaceas for all human ills, just has no existence on this earth. It is something to be striven for and perhaps, in some cases, attained even before we lay down the physical for the etheric body. For "to God all things are possible", even that "peace which passeth all understanding". Never must we be satisfied with less than the best—and of "the best", perfect peace is a constituent.

On our modern earth we build our homes by machines. Indeed, we live our lives largely by the machine and even act as the slave to that machine. When Man masters the Machine, we shall be well into the Aquarian Age which already holds out its arms to tired unhappy humanity. The Aquarian Age, in its later stages, will be the Happy Age, an age when "The Sorrowful Planet" will have become if not "The Happy Planet", at least a home amidst the stars which will offer strangely greater possibilities of happiness than it presents today.

We build our homes by machines. The Astrals build theirs by *thought*.

This is one of the more strident differences of earth and astral.

In many of my books, I have dealt with the technique of this "creation by thought". At first glance, it sounds a fairytale to the average man and woman. Look at it a little closer, and it is seen not to be so incredible after all. And remember, in all this, I am still writing largely about the Third Plane.

Here is a somewhat elaborated verbatim extract from an account by an astral architect of the strange way in which they build their homes in the etheric world. This was a lecture given by this particular astral to an instruction group which met regularly to receive that instruction. Repeatedly, it may be said, it had been found that the statements made by our master were borne out by the facts when these statements, sometimes most difficult of credence, applied to our earth. By "cross-checking" with other astrals, some of us were also able to reach conviction that the statements made about the astral world and its method of building houses were accurate.

Ours was a very mixed group, consisting of men and women of every walk in life, from a princess to a scientific man and from business men to writers and poets. Even crowned heads entered our portals. So did we have a fine background for criticism and appraisal, and I want here to say that of the thirty to forty who regularly came "to sit

at the feet of the master", scarcely one, or with perhaps half a dozen exceptions, so far as I know, failed in the end to be convinced that what that master said was true. Some of these people were sceptics, if not scoffers, but, in face of the overwhelming evidence, they nearly always went out convinced.

Opening with the statement that "the object of all human evolution was the attainment of 'consciousness'", and with it the power of the mind over matter, he told us that our earth was "the second lowest in evolution and development of all the planets". (I assume he referred to the planets of our solar system only, although something he added, seemed to imply he referred to the millions of planets of *our* universe—for there are as we now know countless universes lying beyond the one in which our solar system turns in the eternal night of space.)

It was only then that some of us realized how incredibly undeveloped we must be in comparison with the astral beings, and especially in comparison with our own "Greater Selves" on that astral. It is only by astral contact that we do realize our own tininess and unimportance, and with it the absurdity of some of our carefully built up philosophies and religions and our pretence to the fuller knowledge and especially the fuller wisdom. We are still just babies playing on *one* grain of the sand that makes our universe. By such perspective alone, as our astrals often tell us, may we really learn something.

"You build your earthly homes by *thought*, just as we do," our architect began. "The only difference is that when you have first thought out the plan of your house, you call in the architect who makes a drawing from your thought-out plan, after which he calls in the artisan—bricklayer or what not. We, over here on the astral, however, do not need to draw any plan or to call in any bricklayer or plumber or tiler. We just *imagine* our houses and gardens, and so they come into being little by little, much as an impressionist artist with a pencil, first lightly sketches the outline, and then fills in and makes more plain, until the completed picture is before him."

To make this still easier for us, he used the following explanations in the "questions and answers" which followed his talk (I elaborate a little, borrowing from other talks with him):

Astral Architect: Is not all this exactly the same thing you do when you build on earth? For, how do you build your houses and make your homes on earth, and from what do you get everything?

Shaw Desmond: From the *mind*.

Architect: You are of course perfectly right, for everything comes from the mind in the first place, whether Up Here or Down There. But whence do you get the *material* for the home which is one day to be filled by happy children and, let us hope, happy fathers and mothers?

S.D.: Out of the earth.

Architect: Of course. So also have we, etherics, to use material, though not clay and cement and slates and tiles. The building substance we use is not, technically, "ether", yet is it a stuff corresponding to the stuff of which your earth is composed, but one of infinitely greater

lightness and one much more ductile and tenuous. But do not forget that even the very clay of your earth is also "ether", solidified ether as you may call it. But our etheric building stuff is so highly vibrationed and so gaseous, as you might say, that the *mind* can act upon it directly without the interposition of hand or machine. The only machine we use is mind.

S.D.: But, dear Master, this sort of explanation is laughed at by our scientists who at times, seem to think they know everything!

Architect (in the gentle humour which he sometimes indulged): Really, little man! As for me, I am always astonished when about the things of the planes of spirit an earthly scientist knows *anything*!

Very often, however, this lecturer would say to us that already our earthly scientists are not so sure of their "science" as they were, although he never denied that they did know much in some ways. I fancy it is always in their interpretation of their more or less accurately observed facts in which they fail. Many times had I said to this Master that the scientists should come to us, the creative artists, the poets and musicians and writers, for the special and spiritual interpretation of their purely objectively observed phenomena. "They are our milch-cows," I would say.

Always during such lectures were we astounded by the astral possibilities, especially in this "building by thought".

It will delight many who read this to know that the house and home they loved on earth, has its etheric replica on the astral and that, if they will, the home they made by love down here they will find awaiting them on the Other Side. The very same façade and rooms with their contents, from a beloved old table or chair, to the pictures on the walls. And, as I think, they may also find there the happy children who once inhabited them on earth, now perhaps returned to earth to reincarnate but leaving their etheric counterparts behind them—such counterparts no mere shadow-children but as real as the children they knew when they came to the home they had made on the hard sad ground of earth. For our Guides have often told us that our earth is but a shadow of the astral and that everything upon it has its counterpart or "ghost" on the astral.

Rudyard Kipling wrote more than he knew in the greatest of his psychic stories: *They*. He possibly thought he was writing fiction born of the imagination. He was actually writing *fact*:

I waited in a still, nut-brown hall, pleasant with late flowers and warmed with a delicious wood fire—a place of good influence and great peace. (Men and women may sometimes, after great effort, achieve a creditable lie; *but the house, which is their temple, cannot say anything save the truth of those who have lived in it.*) A child's cart and a doll lay on the black-and-white floor, where a rug had been kicked back. I felt that the children had only just hurried away—to hide themselves, most like—in the many turns of the great adzed staircase that climbed stately out of the hall, or to crouch at

gaze behind the lions and roses of the carved gallery above. Then I heard her voice above me, singing as the blind sing—from the soul:

In the pleasant orchard-closes . . .

And all my early summer came back at the call:

In the pleasant orchard-closes,
 God bless all our gains say we—
 But may God bless all our losses,
 Better suits with our degree.

I have here, all inadvertently, dropped into speculation and imagination which, nevertheless, behind it has truth. Perhaps *the* truth. It is not for you and me, still enshelled in the physical body, to find the answer to the speculation. It is for us *to keep the brain quiescent* and to allow the deeper imagining to do its work during the sleep of the brain, and, as during the nightly sleep we take our nightly promenade upon the astral, to wonder at wonder, to allow the dormant truth to rise to the surface.

For these etheric children do await us there. And these earthly homes of ours, an' we wish, have their unearthly counterparts over there. Yes, even whilst the earthly originals are still standing, and even whilst the Little Ones, lately vacating their etheric home, are laughing and crying in their new homes of earth. Also is it possible that all this was known by Kipling, who, as we glean from his autobiography, knew of the world of spirit, believing in the spirit who inspired his work.

But more than he have recaptured "the astral home". There was du Maurier with his immortal *Peter Ibbetson*, a peep into the fourth dimension which ranks with Barry's play, *Mary Rose*, both of them as true in substance as the writing of these words.

We know from numberless communications that it is possible for a great Master to be in a score of places and with a score of people at the same moment of time, timelessnesses injected into time. We know that these higher guides of us, frail creatures of earth, may, like our radio, send their loving kindness and loving thoughts to a thousand mortals in the same instant, just as we know, from actual experiment, that they are able to appear in more than one place on our earth at the same moment. So, why should it be impossible for God's Little Ones, and ours, at will to take upon themselves any age and form they wish in order that we may remember them, and, if they will, to be present both in earth and heaven simultaneously?

The Children of our love, as apart from the Children of Hate, never forget us and *never* leave us. There are many thousands of broken-hearted mothers who, seeing these words, may take heart of grace and the comfort that comes from actual experiment by clairvoyants and others, when I tell them: "Even now, as you read, your own little Mary

or Bill is by your side, looking at you with eyes love-shining, eager to speak with you and to tell you all about their new home on the astral, and that there is no barrier between the two worlds, and no death."

CHAPTER XLI

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUNDS

THE subject of the astral children itself would occupy a book. It will be enough in this section of our study of love after death for us to glance at the conditions of the ethereal playgrounds in which the babies play and learn their lesson of life after death.

Already the etheric world is busy sending messengers and missionaries to our earth to reveal, as we are able to bear it, these strange facts of the astral plane which is to be the future home of all of us. Amongst these accounts are those of the child-life of the astral, as we shall later see.

Although one hesitates to introduce a note both sacred and innovating into a book which especially concerns itself with love after death, I regard it as pertinent to give a short account of one of the most remarkable meetings between astral and terrestrial I have ever attended. A meeting which largely concerned itself with marriage and children on the other side of the veil.

Also it is an interesting little introduction to the method of communication between astral messenger and earthly recipient—one human and understandable.

One January evening in 1936, when I had been invited by an old friend and spirit guide to meet him with others, in order that he might tell us something of the daily life of the spheres, especially in matters of marriage and child, I found myself on arrival outside a closed door. There was a rule at such meetings, in order that the vibrational flow of the astral communicant might not be interrupted, that nobody could be admitted after the Guide had made his appearance and begun to speak and discuss with those about him. A wise arrangement, for "the vibration must always be held", as every orator has discovered. Lose its thread, and you lose your audience. One especially notices it in the speech political, as I myself discovered at the time I took active part in the international movements many years ago. You feel when speaking to great audiences that you are holding each member on a thread—the thread of vibrational mind. For always betwixt speaker and audience there runs backwards and forwards the shuttle of word which holds the minds of both in thrall—and, more rarely, enthralled.

To my surprise, as I approached the locked door, it seemed to open of itself. My spirit friend had seen me coming to the house, had told those within that I was waiting outside the door, and so it opened. From scores of similar proofs of the omniscience of the astral world, I and others can say that, "when they tune in to our vibration" they

can see us wherever we are. It is a sort of televisior vision, and in its way, not a bit more surprising.

My friend had been on a visit to what are called "the Spheres", to which they often go at Christmas and Easter. These "Spheres" I imagine are those of the Spiritual Plane, of which I have already written.

He began by a perfectly accurate forecast, made, in this case, some seven years before the event, that "steps would be taken by the (democratic) leaders of our world to abolish war for ever from this earth", something that *has* matured in 1943 by the famous international "Moscow Conference", between Britain, Russia, America, and China. He also told us that "there would be one more clash of arms, being the last effort of the Lower Astral" (that is, the darker realms on the Other Side of death). His words were picturesque: "It will be as a boil, there will be a red flush, but we astrals will do the lancing." (It is only fair to say that his further words were mysteriously emblematical and of their interpretation in light of subsequent events, I am still unsure.)

He also made the prophecy that "the Church will be rent by those in it who are believers in the world of spirit and in the possibility of communication". This has still to mature, although the formation some years ago of a spiritualist Confraternity of some three hundred clergymen, some of them of high position in the Church, would seem to indicate the possibility of this.

Also, as a matter of fair record, I wish to say that the Guides often find it difficult to calculate in our earth-time so that their forecasts, when fulfilled, as they often are, are sometimes out as to date. They themselves admit their difficulties in this and also in getting names, as they live in a world in which neither space nor time nor "name", as we know it, exists. It seems to me that they know people by their individual vibration rather than by names, although they do use names in communicating with us.

If in such pages as these, I enter into these details, it is only because without such knowledge the reader of these words may find it impossible to envisage the messages which follow and which more pertinently deal with the subject of this book.

Our spirit friend said that "in the state of consciousness into which I pass when I leave you", by which he meant in part the astral consciousness and, as I think, in part the consciousness of the spiritual realms above the astral, "the state or vibration which we know as 'the Summerland', we begin to lose touch with the earth, and, for the first time, have no suffering to make us progress". In other words, that in that "state", for the "Next Worlds" are much more "states" or "conditions" than "places", we progress by happiness and realization rather than by the pruning of sin and suffering and frustration.

They, in fact, progress by *love*.

Many descriptions have reached us from the astral of the marriage conditions on that plane. To some of these we shall later revert, but here it may be said that such conditions are infinitely more ideal than

those upon our "Sorrowful Planet". The absence of the physical body and its replacement by the more spiritual body of the etheric alone means such a spiritual meeting and realization between those who have been lovers on earth as removes all misunderstandings and yields a franker, fuller realization of passion and its implications.

They have children "Over There", as I have said before. It is of these children that the spirit guide spoke in the major part of his talk, he permitting full questions, criticism, and discussion, and it may here be said that often at such meetings he spoke not through the voice of a medium but in his own voice direct out of the air. To attempt to refute the facile professional sceptic, who masquerades under a pseudo science, is not worth the trouble, because "though the very stones rose up", he would not believe!

"Over here," this lover of children said, "we have the Children's Playgrounds, in charge of guardians and angels as nurses." He then told us how the babies play with colours, which they, so to speak, snatch out of the air and weave into "coloured balls" which they throw into the air and catch. These little ones, as indeed do our own little ones of earth, see about them their guardian angels and the higher world of spirit, which to them is as real as their own astral world and much more real than our heavy earth which masks the spirit forms. The astral world is of course a "world of spirit" too, but one of much greater density than that of the angelic spiritual world above to which the little ones of the astral have access, much as our own babies have access to the astral, and this gradation from lower to higher vibration probably goes on indefinitely through the worlds.

Earthly fathers and mothers are doing a great wrong to their children and to themselves when they ridicule the visions of the Tiny People. All children, without exception, see into the astral world, but, as they "grow up", lose it and even forget all about that which they have seen much as we forget a dream of the night, however powerful it may seem to have been at the time. This "astral memory" of our earth babies is a sort of "dream memory", and the analogy of "dream" is the most accurate man has been able to evoke in his attempts to describe such astral memories.

It was delightfully true to hear from the lips of our friend that the chief playmates of the astral children, after their guardian angels and the spirit people of the Upper World of Spirit, are the animals. We humans still do not realize the meaning and implication of our animal world or of what our pets mean to us and we mean to them.

We are the gods of our cats and dogs and horses—to none, indeed, more than the horse, who is the aristocrat of the animal world, of an exclusiveness which shadows his power of deep love for his mistress or master. It is us that they worship. To us it is that they look up for sustenance, not only physical but mental and, if one may use the word in this connection, "spiritual". And it is also abundantly true that our pets survive death, that it is a pet dog or cat or bird who often is the first to greet us on the Other Side of death, and that their ghosts are

often with us here on earth as we move about our daily work and play, we in our ignorance believing them to be parted from us for ever by death. Professors Bozzano and Passini amongst others have stated this.

Now the astral children spend part of the "Eternal Day" of their country in the valleys where the wild animals find their refuge. Even on our coarser earth, some of us have seen little children fast asleep between the paws of a great bear, or playing hide-and-seek through the legs of an eleven-foot elephant, who is perhaps closer to humanity than almost any other of God's four-footed creatures.

I myself in my travels across Africa never saw a child hurt by anything of the wild, and in the kraals of the Zulus amongst whom I spent some little time, I was told that the *mambas*, black and brown, one of the deadliest snakes, would come to play with the little ones and would drink milk from the saucers which they held out to them. I never heard of a child being bitten by a snake in these kraals.

The reason of this is not "mysterious", a word we should be most careful in using about anything. It is all due to "synchronization of vibration". The child has the quality, to greater or less degree, of automatically finding the vibrations of the wild things, who feeling the vibrations between them and the babies to be the same and with it sympathy and affection, never hurt their little playmates. And all this is as certain as the facts of the differential calculus or that differential gear which was known to the Chinese thousands of years ago, for we are always re-discovering upon our earth.

Now the little astrals run down the valleys and there find the tiger and lion, which to them are great pussy-cats, as indeed they have often seemed to me in Africa and elsewhere. There, as it says in the bible, they can play with the deadly serpent without danger. And there they find elephant and wolf and, strangely enough, as some of us think, possibly the prehistoric animals of our antediluvian world so dramatically portrayed by Walt Disney in that astounding film, *Fantasia*. For the "ghosts" of the great dead still haunt the valleys of the astral, and the sight of a tiny tot riding on the back of a megalosaurus, the prehistoric tiger-king of the antediluvian world, known better to the babies as "Old Sabretooth", must indeed be a sight for the gods!

Yet it seems to me that the prehistoric may only be encountered by them on the planes of the lower astral, to which they possibly have temporary access for education and play in a vibration where play is education, and education, play.

We, locked in here on earth, often all unconsciously use expressions which we believe to be born of the imagination, when, actually, they are plain statements of astral fact.

For instance, we often speak of fairies weaving garlands out of the rainbow and "spinning in colour". In sober fact, as our guide told us on this occasion, there are both colour-garlands and fairies, or elementals, not only in the next world but in this. He told us, laughingly, on another occasion :

"You are all so matter-of-fact, but your facts are often no more than fictions. And as for your 'facts of science', sometimes we astral scientists do not know whether to laugh at you or to be angry with you when you put certain of these forward as absolute ascertained truth. For all 'truth' is comparative. There is no absolute truth." (I write from memory of many such talks with my friend.)

On the present occasion he said that "our children, over here, weave colours out of rainbows for the hair, and their etheric garments are beautifully woven out of bewildering colours". (He once told us of the dresses worn by the ladies of the astral, dresses made out of ectoplasmic stuff, filmy, exquisite, leaving the creations of a Wörth or a Paquin far behind.)

"As regards the fairies and elementals of your world" (now being frequently photographed and so admitted as "fact"), "I often spend an hour or two watching them at work and play. They are of a different vibration from yours and (in their evolution) have not passed through the fleshly vibration." He emphasized that these little elemental creatures are the playfellows of all the children of earth, as we have often heard from the lips of our own babies who find the greatest difficulty in distinguishing between the two worlds of matter and spirit. This last you find beautifully told in *The Story of San Michele*, by Axel Munthe, when he describes the goblin man he met in Lapland who had always been his own playmate and of the conversation he had with the little being—one of the *nissemænd* as the Scandinavians call them.

When I lived for some time in Sweden and Norway, I found the fjords and dells pregnant with the fairy-peoples, who were often seen by friends, and the half-dozen sceptics in the German Schwarzwald, who, hearing the trill of fairy pipes, saw a little creature about two feet high march past them in full daylight blowing on his pipes for all he was worth, will never forget their appearance. The facts of this last, giving names and place and time, were published to the world at the time.

These are the "Little People" or, as we call them in my island of Ireland, "The Good People", whose work in life is largely to play with the children both of earth and astral, as my friend and other spirit friends have told us. But in this "land where dreams come true", and which seems to be made for lovers and children, he told us that another of their duties was "to watch over the earth flowers, and that such fairies belong to what we know as 'the flower vibration'". Further, a great deal of the "psychic-fertilization" of our plants is carried out by these tiny agriculturists, and in this I refer not only to the plants of the astral world but to the plant-life of our own earth. I even know one clairvoyant who has often watched them at work.

Our learned astral visitor at this session told us even more astonishing things of the part the elemental world plays in tidal control and wind control. But as such matters lie outside the scope of this book, I will not here do more than incidentally refer to them, although in such

strange assertions I have learned to hold my judgment, finding, as I have, that they often have sound basis.

The babies who play with these fairies also find themselves admitted into the world of angels. We still know too little about the conditions of such admission, but we are told by our guides, who all agree substantially on such matters in my experience, that as my friend said (I quote from him verbatim as noted at the time): "the angels have never passed through the earth vibration, for it has not been necessary to them. They have on the forehead, not the Cross, which is a symbol of man's suffering, but a sort of crown. Their dresses are blue and of exquisite form."

This universal colour of the angel dress is comforting and helpful to their tiny astral playmates. And what the Roman Catholic knows as "the blue of Mary", itself originally the colour of the Irish flag, is not all fancy. Blue is the colour of heaven, as we know, and the auric blue is the surest sign of good health in the possessor.

That "light neither of earth nor sky" which we so often see upon the faces of our babies is no accident. It is, one thinks, the afterglow or reflection of the astral world to the playgrounds and people of which they have access. They do not "believe", they *know* in the unconscious that there is no death, and that life is continuous both here and Over There. As our friend added: "Men and women who do not believe that they survive death, look grey and dead, and it takes time for us to infiltrate or percolate them with light."

That percolation is part of the work of the lovers of the astral. For in some way not yet quite clear to us, the Greater Guides who are deputed by the Higher Sphere to organize and inspire our world, utilize the "love-power", as it may be called, to turn the greyness of death of earth into the multi-coloured lightsomeness of the astral and other spiritual worlds.

Let the "pure" scientist laugh at this, even though everything his science has taught him in physics shows that dynamos of passion generate power, as certainly as the dynamos of the power-house, electricity. Love is still the greatest potential of our earth.

So may all lovers, whether of earth or astral, remember that when they are lovemaking, they are doing so not only for themselves but for

Those who sit within the dark where hate has banished love,
And love un-knowing, knowest naught of aught, beneath, above.

Book Six

Retrospect

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CHAPTER XLII

RETROSPECT

IN all psychic records there is strange evanescence, rendering a periodical summing-up and analysis of what has been set down essential, a method I follow in these pages, even at the risk of repetition. This and the next chapter I devote to this summing-up, so that you, the reader, and I, the writer, may realize what we have learned.

These are perhaps amongst the most difficult chapters I shall have to write because they are, of necessity, analysing something which is built up partly of inference and of deduction from the thousand and one flickering lights received from the astrals upon its subject. Lights which, like the casual striking of a match in a dark room, reveal momentarily, but to leave us once more in the darkness with hazy memory of that which we have seen.

If the reader find from time to time in these pages different or varying interpretations of phenomena, as received from our astral friends, he or she must remember that even on the various astral planes there are striking differences of view, even of the same phenomena. Also, each of the astral sub-planes, from the lowest etheric to the super-etheric, will give its interpretation literally, "according to the light that is in it" and according to the conditions of the particular plane.

You would not expect an Australian aboriginal to give the same account of a thunderstorm or an animal or a house as a highly trained European. Even in our immediate circles, no two people will give exactly the same description of incident or person. And in our law courts it is notorious that as between witnesses of the same street accident, scarcely any two will agree on detail.

Why, then, expect in our rather foolish way of earth, that we should always receive the same details from our astral acquaintances?

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Throughout these pages I have persistently indicated the fact that only "hitting on all three cylinders" of body, mind and spirit can ensure the love that is complete. Also have I tried to show how our different "bodies", physical, etheric, "subtile" and "celestial", function.

The various etheric planes, including the "sub-" and "super-planes", we have faintly outlined, but we have learned our lesson that the farther the soul advances, the higher and faster its vibration, and the finer and fuller its sensitiveness. Which is to say that the farther we climb on the ladder of evolution, the farther also does our lovemaking advance in technique and result.

One has even dared to suggest that on the higher spheres, there are awaiting for all lovers such revelations and experiences as will leave them dazzled. And if it be rightly asked: "How do you know that these further revelations are facts?" the reply is: "We have been able to check many of the assertions of our higher guides of the spirit world to find them fact—why, then, should not their assertions as to the limitless vistas of the etheric worlds also be true?"

As the reader will have gathered, there has now been collected such an encyclopædia of information about astral lovemaking and astral life as makes it impossible within the space of one book to set down even all the major facts. I shall therefore hope to concentrate my information as also that of others. Much of the information which follows has been sent over to us by Myers, the poet and philosopher, and by such of the Greater Comrades and Guides as Red Cloud. I have personally contacted even loftier authorities than these on very rare occasions, often with others present, but as the naming of these personalities might give rise to conjecture and discussion, I will forbear in this particular record.

We have now realized in our past pages that the factual differences of condition and vibration between earth and astral are so considerable that whether on the lower or higher planes of the astral etheric, a chasm separates the love conditions there from our coarsely vibrationed earth.

We have discovered that astral lovers have only to wish in order to be in any place they desire and which they can conjure up from memory, or, as I suspect on the astral super-planes, merely by wish without memory. Also, as we now know, thought and intention cannot be concealed from our astral fellows when we get there, unless, by an act of will, itself but momentary, we deliberately veil our minds from those of our fellow astrals.

One of the more peculiar results of this subtlety of vibration in so tenuous an atmosphere as that of the etheric world as we have seen, is that the matching of lovers is infinitely easier than on our earth where attraction and repulsion of two people is so often clouded or "blanketed" by the heavy body of flesh. Lovers often miss each other on earth because, like a child running after butterflies, they are so often led astray from their true quarry by the distractions of the earth-life. Many a man or woman who reads these words will instinctively think of how their true lover was taken from them by "the other man" or "the other woman", who by sheer physical or positional attraction, has, for the time only, so clouded the judgment and even the feeling, that the lost one has imagined himself or herself in love with the false suitor.

One comfort such may have. They will almost inevitably meet the true lover on the Other Side, unless he or she make the mistake of incarnating again before picking up the wave-length of the "old flame", as we all unconsciously but accurately call it.

But the question of synchronization of incarnation will later be handled. It is of the utmost importance if the true lover is to find her or his mate, whether here or hereafter.

On the astral, natural mates find each other "on the vibration". There are none of the earthly distractions and none of the coarser vibrations of the body of flesh to prevent the finding. Like runs to like as certainly as magnet draws steel. Avoidance is impossible.

It may even be said that the astral wooing is already accomplished before it begins! For perhaps thousands of years the two natural mates have been prepared for this rushing together, a rushing together that may not be the first or the last. For life after life on earth, if they have not finished with their reincarnations, they will so "rush together", and if they take up their more or less permanent abode on the astral planes, there they will instantly find each other.

Yet it often seems to me when I hear the astral love stories which reach me, that perhaps, in another sense, the astral wooing is the longest and most delicate of all. For it is a wooing that, from astral life to life, never ceases. It is only when one reincarnates on earth before the other that such a wooing is broken—and yet, even here, what do we know of the meeting of souls in the subliminal worlds of the subconscious? I should say just as little as we know of the seven qualities or states of the soul of the human being which the Egyptians claimed to know as, in varying degree, did also the Hindu, Greek, and Jew. All guesswork! We earth-people still know—nearly nothing.

CHAPTER XLIII

OUR SEVEN DISCOVERIES

HERE, for a moment inconsequent, we have permitted ourselves to gaze out from our little nest of earth, across the immensities, to discover, in our adventure outside space and time, that love, and love only, holds within its magic, the magic of all the worlds. That when we, with our astrals, study love, as we are doing in these pages, we are studying much more. We are studying the origins of life on this planet, and with it the future of life, here and perhaps on the other planets, and so find ourselves launching our argosies of the imagination into Outer Space.

Now, in this summing up of what we have so far learnt in these pages, let us return to the more immediate consideration of the things we have learnt in our joint excursion in the present and other chapters, in order that we may realize that which we have learnt and at times but conjectured.

First, to elaborate what we have said in our last chapter, we have seen how it is that accounts of the astral worlds and sub-planes of those worlds differ in degree according to the informant, the plane on which that informant lives, and the mind of that informant. This explains the, at times, extraordinary variants of the accounts received from beyond death, especially about marriage and divorce, childbirth, and the spiritual and "physical" relations of the men and women there. For each astral world, and each sub-plane on each world, has its own special conditions, and often, the informant is not sufficiently educated to give accurate accounts even of the conditions on his or her own planet or plane.

Secondly, we, for the first time in these pages, begin to imagine the revelations and experiences which await the astral lover. Some of these will be more fully indicated as we progress, especially those of the higher spiritual realms.

Thirdly, we begin to understand the scientific reason for the unhappy matings and marriages of our earth, and why and how it is that on the astral, these mistakes are largely avoided by spiritual fusion and "mutual adjustment". With this we considered the position of, and reason for, "the lost lover".

Fourthly, we arrived at the difference between astral and earthly wooing, and, more particularly, accentuated the importance of "synchronization of incarnations", something which we shall later more fully consider.

Fifthly, we made the happy discovery that each night during sleep, nearly all of us meet our loved ones on the Other Side, and with the meeting learn much not only of the astral life but of our own life of earth as seen in the astral mirror. This discovery of the sub-conscious or "subliminal" life, of which the mass of humans is quite unaware, is perhaps the most delightful and comforting of all our astral discoveries, hitherto. Also we have found a technique of regaining the memory of what happens during our sleep-visits to the astral world, when we awake.

Sixthly, we regarded, briefly, the dangers of selfish indulgence in casual "communication" without object and just for the sake of talking with the astral. (The remarks upon the masked selfishness of some mothers and lovers are worthy of closer attention by the reader, we implied.)

Seventhly, we made the supreme discovery. That all evolution on the earth or astral was an evolution from the *unconscious* to the *conscious*. That our love-lives on earth we ourselves had forged on the anvils of time, as we now are forging our future upon those anvils. And, consequently, that anything that happened to us in our present earthly love-life, or would happen in the future upon the astral planes, as in the worlds lying above the astral belts, had and would come from our own thoughts and our own actions, and that every astral thinker of the first class had confirmed this. Yet, always, that nothing was absolutely fated, but that, as we had indicated in other chapters, by

thought, prayer and service, which is to say by *love*, we could change our fate at will.

Those seven discoveries and conclusions alone give us thought for the whole of our earthly life. They demand our thought and our intuition.

They demand both "thought" and "intuition", because the very stage in evolution of the soul which we are undergoing on "The Planet of Pain", and as I write these words, has for its goal the passing from the intellectual and the "reasoning" to the "instant-knowing" or intuitional.

Book Seven

Astral Marriage Experiments

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CHAPTER XLIV

“VIBRATIONAL MATING”

AT this stage of our investigation and searching-out into vibrations lying beyond those of our earth, we find ourselves in a sort of Twilight of the Gods—what the Germans called the “*Götterdämmerung*”.

It is a twilight stage, for it is the conjectural examination of what is still, for us, but not for the astrals, a twilight world. Always, it must not be forgotten, Over There feelings and “bodies” are not only as clear-cut and defined as here, they are immeasurably more defined and therefore more “realizable”. There is nothing mysterious about the astral lands.

We have already examined how the astrals love. We have reached a general conclusion that for some reason they make fewer mistakes than we in their love-unions, which seem to be more beautiful and enduring than our earthly and ephemeral passion.

That this is due to their infinitely more sensitive etheric bodies and their insistence that “like should mate with like”, the higher spiritual with the higher spiritual and the lower with the lower, there seems little doubt.

I myself, perhaps more than a decade ago, began to get on the trail of the theories behind the astral unions, partly through the communications which began to reach me, and others, about the properties of matter, whether etheric or earthly.

Repeatedly, our scientific guides would tell us that all matter was in a state of more or less violent vibration, and that everything had its wave-length. For instance, we were told that stone vibrated more slowly than anything else. That plastics, and after them, metals, vibrated at a faster rate. That flesh had the fastest rate and shortest wave-length of all, the flesh of the lower animals vibrating at a slower rate than that of the human being. That the mind had the shortest wave-length and fastest vibration of all.

They also told us that on this vibratory rate of mind turned the whole question of “sympathy” or “repulsion”. But this there is no need to recapitulate as we have mentioned it elsewhere in these pages.

When men and women felt happy together and “sympathized”, it

was because, roughly, they were of the same mental wave-length or speed of vibration. When they "hated", it was because their rates were different. Also that this accounted for that instant attraction or dislike we had for people when we met them for the first time.

Now, frankly, it was not necessary for the astral scientists to emphasize this, because the physical and mental scientists of our earth had reached something of the same conclusions. All of it fell into the earthly "law of vibration".

I then reached the conclusion that this "law of vibration" probably governed the whole question of mating happily or unhappily. There even came to me the idea of a sort of "magic box" which, by testing the physical and mental vibrations of men and women, might be used also as a test as to whether they were suited to make love to each other and whether unions between them would be happy or unhappy. The name I have given to this was "the vibrational box".

We had already seen in medical diagnosis such an epoch-making invention as the "Abrams box", which was something on these lines, and I wish here to place it on record that, despite the short-sighted and often prejudiced reports upon this "box", not only will Dr. Abrams yet find his theories justified in base, but our diagnoses will all involve this principle. "Diagnosis by vibration", it may be called.

Not only had such notable gynæcologists as Dr. Abraham Wallace and other great physicians use the human medium for such vibrational diagnosis of what was really diagnosis of wave-length, but Wallace told me himself he had never known his human diagnostician to fail in accuracy even when contradicting the orthodox medical diagnosis.

All this at the time seemed to me to be very straightforward and obvious, until reflection and observation over many years, indeed over a period of perhaps a quarter of a century, made me modify my original belief that our earthly scientists, helped by the astral scientists as I knew, had begun to find an infallible method of mating men and women. But the eugenic experiments of a Galton and the constant hiatuses in the theories of even such clever men as Rudolf Steiner "gave me furiously to think", as the French say.

I found myself up against the fact which I had noticed over many years. It was that again and again I had discovered that when husband and wife did not "get on", and indeed at times furiously quarrelled, it did not *always* follow that they were not ultimately suited to each other.

If it were only a question of telling women and men who seemed to hate each other, "to divorce each other and have done with it", it would be easy. Too easy. For humanity is an incalculable mixture, of a substance elusive, and things simply do not go like that on our earth. A thousand and one other considerations come into the picture, some of them impossible for us either to comprehend or define.

One of the outstanding cases which came under my persistent and, even, astonished notice was that of an apparently hating couple, a man and wife, both of them creative artists of a high point in evolution spiritual and intellectual. They had been deeply in love, and had had

two children, but, literally, from the day they had married, they not only quarrelled, but they found it impossible to bridge the chasm, mental, physical, and even spiritual, which *seemed* to exist between them. Sometimes they could not bear to be together in the same room even for a minute.

I use the word "seemed", for as the male partner said: "The strange thing is that I love Aase today better than ever. I cannot speak with her. I can scarcely live in the same house with her. She ignores my work in the world. She hates my spiritual and mental objectives. She even sets my own children against me. *But . . .* she is the only woman in the whole world that I love; I *feel* that we are intended to be mates; and, the thing decisive—I know that *there is another being behind her, part of her*, utterly adorable and good, who waits for me on the Other Side of the Veil, and *who is Aase herself*. I am willing to wait until death unites the real Aase and me."

Now if this had been a solitary case, I would have been inclined to discredit its import. But there are others, although I regard this case from my "Case-book", every detail of which I know, to be the most significant and vital of all similar cases which have come before me.

This is not the place to consider in detail the reasons for this extraordinary contradiction in the realms of human passion, although I hope one day to deal with it in fictional form in a novel—the proper *format*, but I will content myself, if not the reader, with suggesting that the explanation is as follows.

As we have seen in these pages, we are none of us a single personality. We are complexed of many beings. Sometimes "possession" will even replace the real "I". But all possession, if evil, is pathological, whereas the case of this man and woman was physiological—at least in part of its manifestation, for there were times when the husband would insist that his beloved wife was possessed by an evil spirit—an accusation often made but not one to be dismissed with a shrug and a tolerant smile, for possession is fact, as Jesus showed us. "When Aase would speak to me in hate, concentrated, intense, her very face would change, her voice—and *another being, evil and hateful, would look out at me through her eyes.*"

He spoke truth, for I have often myself witnessed this phenomenon. And it is good for you and me to remember that each time we give way to temper we lay ourselves open to "possession".

"Then, the darkness would fade out of her face and the evil thing from her eyes, and she would be her old serene beautiful self again whom I had known in the long agos. All the love of my heart, a love I believe which has existed through many incarnations and for at least three and a half thousand years, for I remember Aase in the Egypt of the 18th dynasty, would rush back into that heart in a warm flood and all would be for the time restored between my beloved woman and me."

This case of one of the most balanced and evolved men I know and of his remarkably evolved wife saved me from facile belief that by automatic or artificial "mating by wave-length" one could necessarily

secure happy unions. I should say that these two people were *basically* of the same spiritual and mental evolution, when they were both *normal and not hating*, but over large parts of their life together, upon utterly different vibrations and therefore, for the time at least, of different wave-lengths. My "magic box" at one moment might have registered mutually sympathetic waves—at others antagonistic. Nor does even that exhaust the possibilities of error.

What I am trying to say is that no man or woman reading these words, who thinks he or she is unhappily mated, should jump into divorce without deep thought and effort at reconciliation, or they *may* find it to be a jump out of the frying-pan of love into the fire of disillusion. You, who read these words, have not mated with your present partner, however much you may seem to disagree, *without reason*. Give *reason* a chance. Give the real woman behind the shadow-woman a chance!

In all "psychics" and in the occult generally, one cannot be careful enough of not jumping to conclusions. In those shadowy fields in which we strive with ghosts, we need incomparably greater care than does any physical or other scientist in the laboratories of orthodoxy. *We are, indeed, on the verge of a quite new concept of science and, above all, of "scientific proof"*, which will not discount, but replace, the older science of the last century and a half.

Nevertheless, I am convinced that not only such minds as those of Einstein, Jeans and Eddington, all unknown to themselves, are on the very edge of this discovery, but that we are on the threshold of inter-world experiments in wave-lengths and vibrational mating which may revolutionize our earthly loves and marriages. As I have written, our scientists are beginning tortuously and timorously to feel through to their astral *confrères* for collaboration. And the day may come when, with modification and immense care, we may begin experiments in what I will call "*vibrational mating*".

Yet do I suspect that this vibrational discovery has been known for ages to the Planes of the High Spiritual. "There is nothing new under the sun", either on astral or earth!

Do not forget that many of our present wave and even corpuscular theories of matter, as other theories, were indicated to us long years before their earthly "re-discovery". It has even been asserted that Thomas Aquinas was the first mortal to broach the theory of relativity, about which Einstein, being a truly great man, is reported to have stated that he knew nothing at all about its inner workings! Indeed, in a conversation with Dr. Keilhau, the Norwegian historian, he had frankly admitted that all he had done in his theory was to introduce a fourth dimension to the other three.

Now, so far as my own lay-experience goes, the bases of our wave-theories as the later incursions of new concepts of time and space, had long been known to the astral scientist, probably for many centuries. Never have I found these minds at fault when discussing such theories as those of vibration, and one imagines that ages before it was tor-

tuously admitted here, the astral knew perfectly well that there was no such thing as "dead" matter, and that all matter, from earth to human, was in a more or less violent state of movement or "vibration". Indeed, references to all this will be found in the writings of long-forgotten occultists as in the records of Egypt and India.

Probably all that our modern science is "discovering", was known, *in one form or other*, to the occultists of ages long past. Perhaps, even, the day may come when the astronomer of our day may re-discover the truths lying behind the most dangerous and shamelessly misused of all arts—that of astrology.

From the statements which have come to us, one thing at least seemed to have been known to the scientists not only of the Fourth Plane but of the Third Plane below it. That is, that each human being has his or her special wave-length, by which he or she can be recognized everywhere, much as the same is true of the finger-prints of the human race, no two of whom have the same pattern. And none of this, I think, will be challenged by any intelligent modern scientist, even if he be materialist—a word now of shadowy connotation and one which soon will be non-existent as it gradually becomes interchangeable with "superstition". For there are superstitions of science as there are of religion.

After repeated "casts" and experiments, the astrals may yet be able to find for each child, on birth, its spiritual complement or mate. All this by discovering the like, but polaric, vibration that is common to both children who are natural "mates".

Much as a telephone operator puts in a switch to connect two numbers, so may the astral radiologists discover a method of connecting the wave-lengths, and with them the personalities of the pairs concerned. But a "pairing" not only physical but mental and spiritual. It may even be done by the auric mingling of which we have written.

Red Cloud and other astral scientists have told us how we may even trace back our incarnations. May it not be that some day we shall do this on earth and use our knowledge in the mating of boys and girls? This, however, will take centuries to accomplish as it will need exquisite care and refusal to jump to premature conclusions.

There would be many hitches and pitfalls in the way of the perfect connection. But all these may be overcome by that "infinite capacity for taking pains", which is one definition of genius.

For instance, it might be discovered in the criss-cross of multitudinous "wires" which exist between every human being on our world and every astral on the other world, that a perfect complement might be found on the *physical* wave-lengths of two babies. But, after these were linked up, it might be discovered that the mental wave-lengths did not coincide, and so the physical had proved but a will-o'-the-wisp.

Or the physical and mental lengths might be found to be the same of two selected children, only for the further discovery to be made that spiritually they were on different lengths. So had all their work of "mating" gone for nothing, for these two babes, although physically

and mentally attuned, were not attuned spiritually and therefore were not "twin-souls".

And if this seem far-fetched, may one not point out that this is exactly what we find in our marriage and love experiments here below on earth? Thousands who read these words will recall that in the betrothal stage they had imagined themselves to be violently in love with another, only later to discover that, being based only on physical attraction, or "wave-length", it had no foundations.

In rarer cases, we see on our earth men and women who, as we say, "get on" all right when it comes to physical lovemaking, or even to the lovemaking of the mind, which may show itself in like intellectual pursuits, but who, when time shows the barer patches, find that they are not *spiritually in love*. And if you are not spiritually in love, you do not love.

Remember, in all this, I am not saying that these "trial marriages", for that is what they are, are not worth while. Every experiment in love is worth while so long as it is made in good faith, for it is the natural preparation for the "one true love", as we say. It may even be that, and especially in the form in which I think they have them on the astral, we may recognize the "trial marriage", in whatever form it may take, as sometimes desirable. And how many hasty marriages of earth might not have been avoided, if the contracting parties had, before entering into intimate relationship, first learned a little about each other by living together under the same roof, not necessarily a life of sexual intimacy, even though it be unfortunately true that the sexual association is the revealer of souls and of the weak links in the "marriage" of those souls!

In this connection, I believe that our experiments in co-education have been accomplishing and will accomplish wonders in the relationships of the sexes. Nothing humanizes like the education of girls and boys together, and at any age, because such education gives balanced outlook and understanding. Already such children, as I have found in the American and European "co-ed" experiments I have investigated, are half-way to the making of happy unions. And, incidentally, it is noteworthy how many children of either sex seem to be brought together by "fate" who, actually, if not always twin-souls, are at least more or less on the same vibration.

But we are all of us "hung on wireless". Only this can account for our so-called "accidental" meetings and for the arrival of a letter by the post after we have been thinking of the sender, and of our *rencontres* in different parts of the earth with those we have known.

In the Neighbourhood Theatre, New York, within the space of a few minutes, I met six or seven separate people I had known in various parts of the world. A not infrequent happening.

It is this universal "hanging on wireless" upon which may be based the science of linking up the "wires". One day we may look forward to all this being brought to happy fruition by our "vibrational mating".

CHAPTER XLV

"PLATONIC LOVE"

WE run our earthly lives by phrases. We talk of "the good of the greater number", of "the merging of twin-souls", and above all we waste precious hours in discussing whether what we call "platonic love" be possible.

It will have been gleaned from previous pages that the ethereal view of love includes not only the love purely personal but the love "impersonal", if love can ever be that. Yet, in this sense, "platonic love" is the one example of human affection which lies between the "purely personal and exclusive" and the greater impersonal love which is known as "charity" as Paul used the word. Such friendships are often due to karmic bonds from past incarnations together and are amongst the more precious of earthly experiences.

Platonic love is actually love between a man and woman who do not wish to live together sexually and who have no desire to find the corporeal intimacy, or if they have the desire, deliberately fight it down. Something that none of our Freudians could or would understand.

The reason for this wish to avoid the closer intimacy may arise from many causes. It may either be because, knowing instinctively they are not "twin-souls" but just "friends", they do not wish to degrade friendship by a sex mingling which can only be justified when it is between a man and a woman who are "in love". "Loving" and "being in love" are sometimes entirely different things. Or it may be that they can get much more from a "loving friendship" than from the peculiarly individual bond of sex. Or there may be some reason of conscience or consciousness—not always the same thing! Or it may be a question of wide difference of age, although in my experience age has literally nothing to do with passionate love.

I have known many such friendships of beauty and balance between men and women who were "platonic friends".

Of these many cases, I will take a single instance.

I like to take earthly examples to illustrate my "heavenly" meanings. Actually, the two planes of matter and spirit are codeterminate and interpenetrant. You cannot separate the one from the other.

I know of a strangely assorted couple who, themselves, by one of those so-called chance meetings, found that each was of the other the twin-soul. Neither age nor appearance nor height nor depth can keep the twin-soul from ultimately finding its twin and so both of them rushing together into that communion of souls of which we speak so glibly and without understanding.

One of the pair of whom I write, is an unmarried woman of perhaps sixty years of earth-age. The man is a young man, already married, and with several children and a wife, "none of whom seems to belong to him", as he might express it.

This young man is a fine fellow, with a rare devotion to duty and therefore to a wife and home and children whose society was for him a daily torture, as is the case of thousands of such men. The instant his wife enters the room, he is on tenterhooks. If one of his children come up to him to irritate and to anger, he wonders how they came there, as do many such fathers, if they only dared to admit it. Yet year after year, this man went on "doing his duty" to the best of his ability—or, rather, to speak more precisely, what he considered his duty. For, apart from hard economic and humane considerations, no man or woman has any duty outside love, where living with any other man or woman is concerned.

One day this young man, by accident, saw this woman of sixty, a woman no longer in her prime, heavy in body but not in mind, and, up to that moment, hard-minded and objective.

In an instant, the man knew that here was his beloved twin. For the first time in his life, as he said, he felt with a human being of the opposite sex perfectly happy, although there has never been physical intimacy between these two people. And instantly, he began to "woo" her.

Astonished, even dismayed, the elder of the pair viewed this strange incursion into her ordered, unmarried life with doubt and suspicion. She simply, as she said, "could not understand it". When her lover would declare that she was all in all to him and that he wanted nothing from her but her companionship and her love, she thought him "just mad". For not always does one twin recognize the other at first sight, even though there is that "falling in love at first sight", which usually is the hallmark of the love of the twin-soul.

For a month or two, she laughed at her lover—made sad fun of his awkward approaches, and, in so many words, told him to go about his business and back to his wife. But one day, she had, literally, a revelation. The veils fell.

In an instant she recognized in this man of half her age, the age-long lover who incarnation after incarnation she had missed. She, hardened agnostic and materialist, in that hotted moment of realization found, also, something like faith in life and faith in a love which she had long since abandoned. She became, indeed, and as her friends recognized, as a little child, and is now perfectly happy with her "boy-friend", with whom she has a purely platonic relation and who still lives with his wife and children and, the essential, not hiding his other relationship. Frankness means freedom.

Why such "platonic" friendships should be tabu in our rather doubtful-minded civilization is inconceivable. For it is only by full freedom of association and friendship of man and woman, whether lovers or not, that we shall obtain bi- instead of uni-sexual government, and with it, a morale of beauty and truth.

There is no rule for love. No rule for age. Love has no age. It lies outside time. Cardinal Richelieu was irresistible at 80 at a time when he could not stand on his feet. Goethe fell desperately in love at

70 and also was resistless. I have personally known of a magnificent young girl of 18, falling deeply in love with a man three times her age, and, what is more, holding through the years to her love in spite of persistent rejection by the amazed and amused male.

There is no rule for love.

CHAPTER XLVI

REINCARNATION AND THE "HUMAN-RADIO"

WE cannot find on our earth anything more disastrous and even, at times, more degrading, than the living together, sexually and otherwise, of two people who have grown to hate each other, simply because they are "married". Only love can make a marriage. It is, if you like and in our present state of society, for the priest or the registrar to set his seal upon the union, as without registration of such unions and of the children resulting, government could not be continued. Nevertheless, as I once said in a Queen's Hall lecture to the dismay of the presumably conscience-struck audience, "for a wedded man and woman to live sexually together, unless they love, is married prostitution".

I can say with certainty and from the lectures to which I have listened from astral sources, that the astrals take some such view. They, at least, insist that only love, for preference "love hitting on all three cylinders", can make a marriage. It is love that hallows; tradition and custom often degrades.

We are, however, trembling on the very edge of strange changes in our marriage and divorce laws, as we can see from our current sociological experiments and from our daily lives and newspapers, and many now alive will see the day when the magnificently free divorce laws of such advanced countries as Denmark will be the foundation of our own essays into new concepts of sexual association. Only, we shall also find that these newer concepts will demand such self-discipline of mind and body, such purity of purpose and moral, as is denied to our present haphazard institutions and thought. Institutions that have directly led to our momentary licence.

The only test of real love, as apart from the countless intermediate stages of "trial love", is that the two people concerned only feel themselves each sufficient to and happy in the other when mated, to quote from an astral statement. But I would once again deliberately say to my readers of either sex: don't jump too easily to the conclusion because you are not always happy and at ease with your "opposite number", that this opposite is not your natural mate or, at least, and because your twin-soul has not incarnated at the same time as yourself, is not the best mate you can find for this one life.

To cut ourselves off from all association with the other sex just because we have not had the good fortune or, rather, presuming that

we control our incarnation periods, as is said, the, good planning to meet our "heavenly twin" in this life, would be the height of selfish foolishness—and all selfishness is foolishness. Men and women, especially women, cannot live without love—without love of some kind even if it be not the most perfect. Without love, as without the fellowship of which it is the highest example, we die. And more than one woman is dying for the want of a lover as I write—the sort of woman who is "in love with love".

The only thing which those who have not met their ultimate spiritual complement, have to ask themselves is: "Do I feel mental and, above all, *spiritual* fellowship and understanding and peace with the man or woman I think I love?" For, having reached a certain stage of consciousness in the evolutionary life, lovemaking with the physical and not with the mind and spirit can be death. But in these pages, I am writing chiefly for those who have reached such a stage, and only such people will be able to read these words with satisfaction and knowledge.

Such evolved souls will inevitably strive to find their "twin". (Do not mistake the word "twin" in these pages to mean the twins born to a woman, as such twins often have nothing in common apart from the simultaneous birth.) Such "old souls" also will inevitably seek simultaneous incarnation on the earth out of the spirit world with the twin-soul.

A child incarnated, say, in the 1st century may have returned twenty or a hundred times to our earth before meeting with the twin-soul. The astral "doctors", who are of both sexes on a plane where woman and man are comrades and share everything of knowledge will, I imagine, do all that is in their power to help the "twins" to such simultaneous reincarnation, also arranging for their more or less simultaneous return to the astral world. So will the two reunited souls then find themselves quietly, serenely happy when together. The miracle has been accomplished!

I am, however, convinced not only from my memory of some of my own previous lives, details of which have been checked, but the memory of others, that even here on this earth the day will come when all highly vibrationed children will be taught how to bring back their reincarnation memories, and so themselves learn control of the weaver's shuttle to and fro from astral to earth and back again, on the looms of time.

This union should enormously develop the characters and wisdom not of the "contracting parties", for there can be no "contract" in love, but of the natural mates. Owing to our tabus and our narrow interpretation of love and marriage on earth, we see all about us the stultifying and the maiming of the lives and even of the intelligences of men and women unhappily mated, who spend their lives in wrangling and that mutual hate of the married which has no counterpart in any other life-relation. Men and women who make for their children not a home but a "hell", and then have the impertinence to boast to a sceptic world: "But we are married and because we are moral people, we make the best of it!" But what about the children!

On the astral, it must not be imagined that all its inhabitants are people of fine intelligence and vision. Over there we have in the lower sub-planes of that Third Plane of the Astral, men and women of low intelligence and low morale. For such, they not yet having reached in evolution the stage of the higher consciousness, there can be no linking up with the spiritual complement, for such are promiscuous in love as in life. In other words, they will not yet be "aware" of the "heavenly twin", and *the whole goal of evolutionary experience is the acquiring of "awareness" in any form or field.*

Also, on the astral, men and women who have not yet reached to the stage of "awareness", can also make sad mistakes in their choice of life partners. But throughout the astral, so far as I know, the instant that men and women discover that they *have* made a mistake in entering into the marriage state, and that the continuance of that union is detrimental to their individual spiritual advance, they are at once, by simple declaration, free to separate. Indeed, the continuance of such a union would be regarded by the astrals as highly improper and unspiritual. For, as they say constantly: "Love is perfect freedom." Such astrals make their discovery by "tuning in", as one imagines, and then "tuning out", as we do on our wireless.

Not freedom to licence. Not freedom to abuse. But to freedom of thought and mind and body where a mistake has been made.

Do not forget that we are all radio sets. That all of us have a sensitive apparatus, if we will only listen to its vibrations, which tells us whether the woman or man we meet is of our kind and sort—in other words of our vibration. Not, let it be noted, necessarily agreeing with all our views or prejudices, but, basically, of the vibration which makes us happy when with them, and unhappy when separated from them.

This radio of ours is not situated in the brain but in the subconscious. It is an infallible indicator, *if we give it a chance*, of our relationship to any member of the opposite sex. By its employment, we can avoid the grosser mistakes of marriage.

The object of the last three paragraphs is to bring "awareness" to my reader. From this moment, you will find yourself listening to the "Inner Voice", as it is sometimes called, a voice that is *not* that of what is popularly known as "conscience", for the voice of conscience is so "still and small" that we often cannot hear it and even, when we do, are, in the beginning at least, uncertain as to its meaning. The Voice of which I speak is infallible and gives us almost instant indication . . . always provided we hold ourselves neutral, *without thought*, and so permit it to do its work without interference.

You will find it at work when you enter a room and meet other people, or when others enter the room in which you are. If you listen attentively, but neutrally and without prejudice, you will find almost at once how you feel to each person you meet and how that person feels

to you. Never mind the words that are spoken—what really matters is the *feeling* the words give you. Men and women, habitually and often unconsciously, use words to mask thoughts.

In the subtle medium of love, all this has double application. If you are in doubt as to whether you really love a man or woman, listen to the Voice and “watch the needle”, as a sailorman watches his compass needle. It will never leave you ultimately in doubt.

Find out patiently by the tentative stages of physical meeting how you feel to your man or woman on the purely physical vibration. If that is all right, and it is of vital import, then you can make tentative experiments with the mind, and then with the spirit along the lines indicated earlier in this volume. Never let the purely or, “impurely”, physical vibration mislead you, if you find that you “have nothing in common” in the realms of ideas with the other. And even if you discover that you have the physical and the mental in common, ’ware the other if you find that he or she has no spiritual complement to offer. Not to “offer”, for love does not imply offering or acquiring, but to find.

It is only when you find yourself melting not only into the arms but into the mind and spirit of the other, that you may be sure you have found your beloved. And this melting together cannot be achieved by any will or calculation. It comes of itself.

Once more, “*the wind bloweth where it listeth*”.

Book Eight

Vision



CHAPTER XLVII

LOVE'S "HELLS" AND "HEAVENS"

THIS "wave-length" and "vibration" runs through everything of the astral worlds, having special application to their "hells" and "heavens".

We learn this when we come to the contemplation of the hells of sex and conscience on the astral as F. W. H. Myers sees it, and as, presumably, large numbers of the greater thinkers on that plane see it. At any rate, these views are in close accord with the experiences on earth and from the astral (during sleep) which I and others have gathered for over a quarter of a century. Of all sceptics, I think I am the most hardened, for long experience has taught me to be chary of the obvious and to accept nothing except after repeated experiments and confirmation, so I think I may say that what I am here setting down may be accepted at least in its fundamentals.

When the question was asked: "Has the hunger of sex also disappeared with the dissolution of the physical body?" the answer was clearly given by Myers as it has been given, to my knowledge, by many other scientists on the astral:

"It has not disappeared. It is changed." It is on this change I now wish to give my own reflections and psychic experiences as plainly as may be.

What I may call "the Hell of Love" is no imaginary place. It is the hell of unsatisfied desire. It is the hell that the libertine of earth has built up about himself through indulgence in unlawful desire, and his punishment is that, having no physical body, and his thoughts still being centred after death upon the grosser physical passion, he makes the hideous discovery that he can no longer indulge himself, in the lower flesh, for the ecstasy of the etheric body is quite other. Thwarted desire is always pitiful, but the chasm over which such men as this dapes, is beyond the imagination to paint. And as Myers says, "when Christ spoke of that outer darkness as being the lot of sinners, He meant a darkness of soul, a mental distress, a perverted desire that cannot find its satisfaction".

The hell which Hitler has made for himself, will also be the hell of unsatisfied desire to cruelty. For sex in its perverted forms and cruelty have much in common.

What I have heard or learnt not only from Myers but from many guides, is that these libertines seek by the evocation of the pathological imagination to conjure up for themselves "sex-paradises", which in time become "sex-hells". In these paradises, through thought, they seek to lose the sex-hunger by satiety. For a time they succeed, only to find themselves in the end bereft of the power of the mind evoked to sin, bereft of the power to satisfy the coarser physical desire, and so are left in that "outer darkness" of which Jesus spoke. This state is indeed the "purgatory" of some of the Churches.

It cannot, however, be too strongly emphasized that the experience of no two libertines on the lower astral is the same, any more than is the experience of any of the mortals who have come over to the etheric world, even of the higher etheric or higher astral.

I am inclined even to believe that for a time, by intense pathological concentration of mind, it may be possible for the licentious mortal, newly arrived on the astral, to so materialize that he can create an *ersatz* physical body, equipped with the organs of sex, and one capable of giving the desired pleasure. But only for the time. Just as sin destroys itself, so will the body of base desire gradually fade away leaving the unhappy soul inhabiting it naked to the world of experience. And is it not the experience of many libertines on our earth that the more they chase the fleshly ghost, the more does it elude them?

Yet one day, after perhaps centuries of misery in the Outer Dark, may this poor destroyed soul find escape from the prison and, above all, from the dreadful companions whom he has brought to him upon his dark vibration. For even in the realm of the hell of the lower astral, itself actually the "hell" mentioned in the bible and elsewhere, love is the ruler and ultimate arbitrator. Not the love of the grosser senses, but the love of the spirit. For, as Walter Scott wrote:

Love is heaven and heaven is love.

Now this love is nothing mysteriously evanescent. It is as real as dynamite or spider web. It is as omnipotent as all the greater and ultimate forces of life, whether lived on earth or in the heavens. Listen to Myers:

"Beyond ambition, beyond any human forms of selfishness, beyond the struggling, scarcely leashed desires, are affection, *love, the drawing, intangible force between kindred souls*. It is stronger than death, it conquers despair and may conquer on all the finite levels of existence. It must be reckoned as a cosmic principle and is known as 'the power behind the pattern' which is being woven for *you*, as long as time, for *you*, exists."

And then on the love that survives death:

"Death seems terrible to the average man because of its apparent loneliness. If he but knew it, his fears are vain; his dread of being reft from the pattern—that is to say, from those he loves—has no

foundation, has no real substance behind it. For wherever he may journey after death . . . always will he find again, however deep his temporary oblivion or however varied his experience, certain human souls who were knit into his earth life, who were loved deeply, if sometimes blindly or evilly, by him in those bygone days."

That last statement is as certain as the revolution of the earth about the sun. It has been persistently repeated to me and others over many years and by all sorts and conditions of disembodied beings, from "angels" to mortals. It gives hope and assurance to those who are not spiritually dead that somewhere, some time, over there, they will find their loved ones, and with those loved ones the fuller revelation of spirit.

One of the lovelier surprises which await us in our next existence is the delight at discovering so many of our earthly dreams to have been founded on fact.

Everything I and others have learned from our astral friends goes to prove that. On the middle and higher planes of the astral at least, it may be said that this is the land where dreams come true.

It all depends upon the plane. Earthly lovers go to the plane which they have prepared for themselves during the early life, as we all do. If we have lived as decent and beautiful a life as we have been capable of living, we shall find ourselves on that plane of the astral which has been aptly compared to the heaven-world. If we have lived the lives of beasts, then we shall find ourselves, for the time, in one of the astral "hells". But only for "the time", for so far from the teachings of a certain church that "out of hell there is no redemption", being true, even the very demons themselves can be saved by themselves from themselves and, as Lucifer himself will one day, be restored to the Divine Benignance.

Just as the crude and primitive teachings of many of our earthly churches upon "hell" and "heaven" and "purgatory" have a tiny fulcrum of fact for their base, so do we find that our love-dreams, whilst still in the body, also have their basis of truth. I would even venture to say that we have strong reason for believing that ultimately, in the course of our various lives, all these love-dreams and very much more will be realized. Many even realize them when they pass from earth to astral.

But it all depends on the plane to which we go after death. Also, there are planes and even planets of so *slow* a vibration, that they are invisible to those of faster vibration. For in the case of very low and slow and very fast and high vibrations, such planes are invisible to planes of "middle" vibrations, which cannot, so to speak, "pick them up".

On the planes of the lower astral, we find even a more material condition of things obtaining than on our earth. The fact of a world being "etherically" invisible to us does not necessarily make it superior

to our earth, even though it is the "physical" tenuousness of substance composing a plane or world which indicates its place in evolution, associated with its *spiritual* quality and substance. True that as our various "bodies" are released life after life, whether here or on the astral "death", so we die out of a coarser body into a finer, except in those cases in which, the spirit needing further tempering, it incarnates upon our earth. But even in this last case, when the etheric body of the advancing soul, enclosed in the coarse physical body, descends into matter for its special purpose, it becomes more rarefied and refined.

There is a planet which vibrates so slowly that the telescopes of our astronomers cannot pick it up out of space. This planet is known on the Other Side as Art-Saturn, and it is of so slow and backward a vibration and low-scale evolution that it is the home of the Darker Things—elemental and other. It is from this planet that our nasty vicious-viscid friend, the poltergeist, comes.

This might be termed one of the astral "hells", but the planes immediately contiguous to it also come under that category. "Purgatories" would be a more accurate term, for all such places are places of probation, where those who have sold true love for a mess of pottage on earth may one day learn through the bitter experience of realization what they have done and how they have sinned against the beloved. It is for this moment that the beloved who has also passed on to the astral, waits. And it is almost invariably that the saviour who comes to take them out of the pits digged of their own imaginings and their own consciences, is the man or woman whom they had once loved on earth.

There is no eternal hell. All the biblical references are but metaphors for the hells of conscience and of mind. Only the ignorant theologian has dared to read into Christ's words in the New Testament a permanent hell. Nevertheless, love has its hells, and not only on the astral as many will know who read this!

Here are some literal extracts from a conversation which took place some years ago on one of the humbler planes of the Astral Third world, between a newcomer who had expected to find literal hells, eternal, and torturing, and an "ethereal". As though the God behind all life could torture for ever and base the "justice" of His tortures upon the existence of a human being for a few years upon one of His millions of worlds, most of which are inhabited the astrals tell us! The teller is the author of *Through the Mists*, a loving record by a lover of life.

This ignorant but teachable newcomer was greeted by a woman to whom in the long years before on the earth he had just vacated, he had done a kindness which he had quite forgotten—for Over There everything is remembered. Helen came to meet him because she wished to repay the earthly debt by a heavenly deed. As this newcomer said: "At that moment I found that 'heaven' is quite as much a condition of soul as a locality. Helen's own appearance had been completely changed: a young woman, clad in the daintiest of robes, came down the hill towards me. . . . The old furrows of care and want had been

transformed into lines and curves of beauty. . . . She was the first of all I knew to greet me."

When she told him that she had come to him on the "love-vibration", and he had responded: "whatever is done for love's sake cannot be wrong," she replied with her new-found serenity of purpose: "Why, 'God is love', Fred; that is all we know about Him. That which is born of love is also born of God."

Sentimentality is detestable. The sentimental man or woman is often the cruel man and woman. Men like Adolf Hitler are almost invariably sentimentalists, as was the bloodstained tyrant of the Old World, Nero, who would weep at the tortures he inflicted upon those nearest and dearest to him.

In these pages of the astral "hells" and "heavens", I wish to avoid sentimentality, not sentiment or emotion. For "emotion" is diamond to the common glass of sentimentality. As a literary man, I know how certain types of "hard-boiled" critics sneer at emotion in writing—as though anything worth while could ever be written without emotion or "feeling". Such critics pass at will into paroxysms of retarded joy at the word-weaving and word-cunning of so-called "great literary artists", who, incidentally, are discovered by the Sunday papers at least once a week!

But in the present record I am writing of broken-hearted men and women, of lovers separated on earth either by what we miscall "fate" or by their own foolish actions and thoughts, who have found each other on the other side of death. If to write emotionally about this be bad writing then let it be bad! Better such writing than the tapestried word-weaving of a Walter Pater or the technical fulminations of the Church Fathers in their Athanasian Creed.

When our new arrival found a man guide to show him his new world, and greatly troubled at not finding his orthodox hell, as offered by some of the "hell-fire" churches, asked what Jesus meant when he spoke of that "hell where the fire is not quenched", the Guide answered smilingly:

"But when Jesus said: 'I came to send fire on the earth', and when of him it was said, 'He shall baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire', and when man is assured that 'our God is a consuming fire', do you understand such passages to be as literal as the fires of hell?" He went on, if one does not take such passages as implying eternal fire, why then take the "hell-fire" passages (many of them, incidentally, interpolated as the scholars now tell us) also as eternal fire and eternal punishment?

As they had spoken together before the coming of the male guide, this man and woman who had found each other on the other side of the veil, they had glimpsed something of the heavens of the astral world. Now the man, his lovely companion having left him for the time, was to see something of the astral "hells" or lower vibrationed planes. To the full understanding of this record of Love beyond Death the understanding of these high and low vibrationed planes or,

rather, "conditions", is essential, which is my reason at this juncture for writing upon love's "heavens" and "hells" in the astral worlds.

For he who has not known suffering and, literally, "hell", has not known and cannot know "heaven". "Hell" is the preparation, "Heaven" is the accomplishment. Why it is that God in His infinite mercy and love permitted our "hells" of experience, we cannot now say. We only have to face the fact. Neither the Buddha nor Jesus nor any of the other Greater Guides of our planet from the astral has ever told us the reason for evil, apart from the obvious fact that without it, "good" could not exist any more than could "free-will". "There are many things I would say unto you but ye cannot bear them now," is the only "explanation" possible in our finite stage of evolution.

Our investigator of a new world asked his companion the meaning of a sight which one often sees on the lower planes of the etheric.

It was of a woman in whose eyes "the fires of terror blazed, her limbs palsied with dread, who shrank and pushed to make her escape" before a boy and girl standing near had recognized her presence. A woman who probably had taken the lover of a girl who stood now united before her with that lover.

Here ensued a perfect if terrible example of what "vibration" means, and how it is our vibrations of mind and body either knit us to others or separate us from them as we have said from time to time:

"She darted heedlessly into the first road which presented itself, exerting all her strength to put a distance between herself and the girl she had wronged. Her course, however, was not long continued. Was it her strength that failed? I knew not. Then I saw her reel as if grown faint from her exhaustion and excitement—reel and reach out for some support . . . and I could see an added agony upon her face. Something forced her to return." Her dark robe could not pass the coloured paths of light and life.

Time after time this woman made her effort to get away, and time after time she failed. It was as though she were held back by an elastic envelope, as I myself once experienced it in approaching a dangerously haunted Elizabethan house in Surrey, whence I had been invited to "lay the ghosts".

It was only when the grey dead colour of her robe synchronized with the road leading to one of the astral "hells" that she was able to go forward and downward. When, greatly distressed at what he had seen, the new arrival asked the Guide by his side what would become of her and where would that dark path lead her? he was told: "It abounds in subterranean caverns into which but little light can penetrate. In these places, such as she rush to hide themselves from the presence of those they have injured. *Terror makes their hell.*"

Those last four words should be pondered by all who read them. They explain much more than the fate of this forlorn of love, expiating her crime against love—for there is no more lethal crime than that of coming between two lovers. These four words explain the hells we create for ourselves through fear even on this earth.

Fear is the only hell. Refuse to be afraid, and in that moment you have freed yourself from the vibrational dream of hell whether on earth or astral, and have made it possible, absolutely for everybody who reads this, to find "heaven".

This poor creature will also one day find heaven, as the Guide assured the distressed man by his side. He told him that this girl would be helped to confidence and hope by some other spirit of greater faith who would descend into the hells to help her. For missionary work in the astral hells is of all work the most helpful and one of the commonest. One of my own friends, still in the earthly body so far as I know, nightly goes down into these hells during sleep to help in the reclamation of these "lost souls", much as our own Salvation Army goes along the Thames Embankment to help the down-and-outs.

To every astral experience there is an earthly parallel.

But the unhappy woman of whom we have been speaking will not be able to find her way but from her low-vibrationed "hell" or debased mental condition, until she, by an effort of her own will and, above all, *imagination*, has raised the rate of her vibrations and so made it possible for her to live in the higher vibration. The reason she could not find her way through the brightly-coloured paths to freedom and safety was because her own vibrations were too dense. As the Guide asked:

"Can men live beneath the ocean's waves, or fishes consort with the eagle in his sunward flight?"

We need no angels with flaming swords to guard love's paradise. We only need our angelic guardians to show us the path to love and to God. For God *is* love.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE "GREATER SELF" AND "GROUP-SOUL"

WE now pass in our survey of "Love after Death" from the more or less ascertained and communicated facts to the more conjectural conclusions we may legitimately draw from those facts. In a word, we pass from "fact" to "vision". Without vision, the people perish. For it is by vision, not by fact, that we live.

In this last essay, we shall project the terrene imagination into the future of love and religion in the other worlds and with it consider the "Greater Self" and "Group-Soul", the "Greater Comradeship", and "The White Company". It is the romance of that future, itself assured to all of us Over There, which we shall find behind our Vision of the Future. Romance is *the* fact of earth and heaven. It is the cement that binds earth and astral.

The abandonment of Personality and Romance offers the indictment of much of the Eastern Thought. I do not say of all of it.

It is Romance which has created the finest of God's works—the Person. And it is the Person that has created Romance. Jesus, in

particular, is the supreme example of that personality which is as human as it is divine, and that is in each one of us. For the godhead is not confined to the Nazarene. We are, each of us, and never so much as when we love, part of God as God is part of us. For if Personality be the earthly flowering of the divine, then it must be part of the God who to it has given life and *form*. Yet has the East still much to teach the West from whom the East herself must learn.

Personality and the Person is not "maya". That *maya* or illusion so beloved of the orthodox Buddhist and, indeed, of vast waves of Eastern Thought, to which the West is now about to send missionaries. It is this abandonment of the divine Person which has brought portions of the East into an unhappy if comatose condition, made them slaves to the deadening of "fate", by which they have wrongly interpreted the *karma* which is really "tendency", and left them supine and quietly intolerant and "superior". And when any one of us feels herself or himself superior to all others, we have already begun to be inferior, even to ourselves.

Now the Astrals of the higher vibration know that there exist two determinative things which by the terrestrial are almost unrecognized, although some of the greater thinkers have dimly sensed them and even written about them.

One of these things is "The Greater Self". The other is "The Group-Soul". These two things are intimately related, and, indeed, it is impossible to conceive one without the other.

In a book which, despite its "philosophy", is not intended to grope too deeply beneath the more easily accessible, it would be foolish to enter into the various philosophical contributions and interpretations of these two things. It will be the writer's endeavour to put them into terms "understandable of the people".

The Greater Self is not God, as so many imagine. For each one of us has a greater self on the Other Side of life. It is, some of us believe, from this Self that we emerge for our little night of earth "when we leave the country of the eternal sun for the country of the moon"—that is, the earth on which we reincarnate. And it is possible, even probable, that we are, so to speak, sparks from that Greater Self, projected into the matter much as the atomic showers of science are so projected, in order that the spirit of the Greater Self may be tempered by adversity, by pain, and by that "sin" with which we are presented on the "Planet of Pain", as it is sometimes called, in order that we may refuse it. For only by such presentation can we have freewill.

This Greater Self would seem to be compounded of all our previous lives, whether here or in the realms of spirit. Men and women may have hundreds or even thousands of such lives, for despite pretence, nobody on this earth knows much of such matters or how such lives are determined, *if* they are determined. For nothing is "fated". Our freewill increases as we advance on the path.

Now the Greater Self is itself part of the astral Group-Soul, if one rightly understands the still scanty communications on this vital matter,

which have been "telegraphed" from the other side on the astral wireless, which is as much fact as the wireless of the British Broadcasting Corporation, and one, perhaps, at times, more illuminating!

What is this Group-Soul?

It is a vibrational group, because each one belonging to it has much the same vibrational wave-length. That is one reason why some of us, and including the man who writes these words, are able to "tune in" at will to their "group".

This is not the place to describe this strange phenomenon of "tuning in", but it has exact parallel on the radio. It is accomplished by the turning of a kind of mental needle until we "find the wave-length", much as we turn the needle of our still clumsy radio sets, for soon we shall be able to abolish our heavy instruments, our "needles", and indeed our lamps and valves. A forecast which, incidentally, is worth watching, for already we are "on the edge of the etheric", and the day is coming when we shall be able to communicate with any other single human being in any part of the world at will by "tuning in" on his or her particular wave-length, which is different for every son and daughter of earth. Perhaps, nay certain, tune in to the inhabitants of the other world.

And if such forecasts seem extravagant, it may be well to recall that the forecasts of "wireless" in their day were also called extravagant—now fulfilled in a day when "to wish is to have". Further, I have myself, under test conditions, held in my own hand as I walked about, a Morse telegraph set which was operated, not by any human being, but by the world of spirit, as it answered questions intelligently and promptly. This is the invention of a recognized inventor and man of science, the facts of which I have given to the world in a London newspaper. Yet are stranger things now on the horizon.

I here give verbatim a conversation which, according to the late Sir Oliver Lodge, president of the British Association and the most distinguished scientist of his day in his own field, took place between him and his "dead" son Raymond, whose statements, once ignorantly laughed at by the professional sceptic, who is not even intelligently "agnostic", are now being found to have been accurate statements of the facts of the astral world. This little talk sheds light upon the constitution of the astral world, upon the part that *mind* plays in that world, and the fact of the *soul*:

Oliver Lodge: You've got something physical in your world?

Raymond: Yes, father, physical . . .

O.L.: Would you call it etheric?

R.: Yes, it's a difficult word. The ether world has been explored so little. There are so *many worlds within worlds* in the world of ether. But you see, father, mind is operative in that world.

O.L.: Always operating in that world, I believe?

R.: It is, always . . . we mustn't forget the *soul*. The soul is *us*, *you*, the essential you. Father, the soul is the "you" that makes mistakes, that kicks over the traces, that loves, that hates, that does good,

and can do evil. (But) the *Spirit* cannot be touched by anything evil. No, but the soul needs a certain setting and surrounding and vehicle of expression. And *mind* creates them accordingly. . . .

O.L.: Mind has created the thing about here (on this earth) then?

R.: Yes, father, not your mind but the Great Architect's mind. We are all architects in degree. The greatest Architect of all created the world of matter, just as He created the *world of ether*. Spirit and ether always together.

O.L.: The ether is necessary for the spirit?

R.: I don't see how you can have one without the other . . . the world of ether belongs to the world of reality. But of course it permeates and *is part of your world too*. Where there is life there is ether. . . . It is the physical vehicle of life.

From this there emerges the following:

First, that the worlds of earth and astral are both formed out of the intangible substance on which Lodge was the supreme scientific authority in his day, the ether, only that in the case of the earth it is ether much more "solidified" or, so to speak, materialized, than it is on the astral, where the vibrations are infinitely more rapid.

Secondly, that *this ether is created by the mind*, which, in its turn implies that everything is created by the mind, as indeed we know from our own experiences of earth, for there is no physical action possible without the precedent action of mind.

Lastly, that spirit and ether, so far as we know at present, always act together, and that one is never found without the other, although I for one will not dare to say that there may not be a state of vibration or, if you prefer, non-vibration, in which spirit acts without ether and in which spirit is alone—the Wonderful Solitary outside time and space!

Having laid our foundations well and truly, as befits the freemasons of spirit, we may see what that great scholar and poet of Oxford University, F. W. H. Myers, has to say about the Group-Soul through the mediumship of Geraldine Cummins, for whose powers, as for these messages, Sir Oliver Lodge vouched with others, including myself, for I have sat with her when her messages were coming through at a pace impossible to her ordinary handwriting.

"The higher the ego climbs on the ladder of consciousness, the nearer it draws to other kindred souls," says Myers. Of this "ladder" he goes on:

"The rungs of the ladder of consciousness represent the various lives from the alleged beginning to the final achievement; though it is not for me to say that there is any finality. When I use the term 'final', I merely desire to indicate the limits of my vision." He then proceeds to tell us that "the soul or ego is the actual self or surface awareness on each rung of the ladder, and that the *Spirit* is the light from above which illumines every rung of the ladder, embraces the whole. The soul, then, is merely the part, *the gatherer of experience*, the representative of the mystery behind all life."

Then, describing the Group-Soul, he says that "there may be a thousand, a hundred, or merely twenty souls all fed by one spirit. Their consciousness of comrade-souls increases on the higher levels of existence. In time they are able to enter into the other souls' memories, perceive their experiences and be sensible of them as if they were theirs." In other words, that all the knowledge laboriously gathered life after life and incarnation after incarnation by the Group-Soul is at the disposal of the individual member of the group, who in her or his turn, contributes all that she or he has been able to learn during each incarnation on earth.

In illuminating words he says: "The group-soul is one and yet many. The informing spirit makes these souls one. When I was on earth I belonged to a group-soul, but its branches and the spirit—which might be compared to the roots—were in the invisible." (He means by this, on the other side of the grave on the astral.) He then uses these remarkable words: "This group-soul is brotherhood within the one being." It is, in a word, the Greater Comradeship.

In these simple pages, I do not wish to confuse the mind of the aspiring reader, and so do not enter into the minutiae which can be found in *The Road to Immortality*, by Geraldine Cummins. But Myers, with an erudition and style peculiar to himself which gives verisimilitude to the whole book, tells us that when we leave the Third Stage astral world and enter the Fourth, "the soul becomes sensible of the Group-Soul and through the awareness there arises a great change".

Here there enter extraordinarily deep views of reincarnation, about which I, who possibly am supposed by our world to have special knowledge, at least would say that none of us, as yet, knows very much. But, for that matter, none of us knows very much about anything whilst on our earth!

O for a little sweet humility! Only by acknowledging our ignorance may we grow.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE GREATER COMRADESHIP

THE view of this book that love and romance are the basis of all phenomena and of the lives of both astral and earth can only be justified by the acceptance of "The Greater Comradeship".

Whether one accepts it or not is immaterial, for the Comradeship itself is a fact obvious to anyone who cares to spare a moment from the phrenetic turning of the wheel of earth to consider it. It is because we so rarely "stand back" from life to examine it that it continues to perplex.

The theory and the practice behind this comradeship is the theory behind the Group-Soul and the Greater Self, which themselves stand behind this Greater Comradeship.

The idea of universal love between all men and women and all races

of earth and astral is not new. Jesus of Nazareth certainly constantly referred to it, although for the past two thousand years the occultism and occlusion of our organized faiths and of the theologian has obscured it. We have hitherto applied it only to the love of men and women of our earth. Jesus envisaged a far greater love. Even Paul, who so unfortunately often entirely misunderstood the message of his Master, also envisaged it in his famous essay on "charity". How lovely could Paul be at times when he "saw through clear air" instead of through the fogs of theology and superstition!

Now even universals must have bases. The bases of universal love, so far as our investigations have gone, are the Group-Soul and the Greater Self. But one day we shall find even grander concept than these, and even in these humble pages may touch the shadow of the greater love in our starry flight.

The individual love of man and woman on the astral undoubtedly derives from and is fed by the idea of the Group-Soul. The Group vibrates within the same vibrational bounds, and anything that touches a single member touches every soul of that group. And as we read, may we not remember that however we are misunderstood and hated by those around us on this earth, we are *always* understood by our Group on the other side of death. Even when our foot slips within the slippery ways of earth, *they* understand. Our sorrows are their sorrows. Our triumphs are their triumphs. But, unlike us, they see the end of the road, something mercifully withheld from us so long as we are shrouded in the flesh.

Were the veil between present and future lifted, we might not be able to bear it, initiative and courage would be discounted. That is why "fortune-telling" and even the casting of horoscopes, save for and by the very highest and most experienced souls, is so full of danger, even if true, and it is but once in a thousand times that either can be done with absolute accuracy.

Always burns the light of the Group-Soul before the altar of the Most High as burns the light before the high altar in our churches. It burns century after century because, unlike our own lights, it is not exposed to the blast of reality from the outside. Withdrawn from the turmoil of the flesh and from the sorrows and temptations of our grosser bodies, our Greater Sisters and Brothers, whatever their astral pains and temptations may be, are able to keep watch before the Eternal Lamp for the wanderer who has ventured from their midst in order that he, and they, may acquire fineness and temper of spirit.

Here is the little story of Tullia and of the lamp that burned within her tomb, century after century. A real tomb and a real lamp.

When Paul III was Pope (1534-49), profane hands broke into the sleeping-place of Tullia, daughter of Cicero, where fifteen centuries before the maid had been laid to rest, to find the lamp alight.

At the time her mortal shell was placed within the tomb, loving hands lighted a lamp, fed by an oil that, however long the lamp burned, was never consumed, drawing its food from the air by a method known

also to the ancient Egyptians who "made their lights from the air", as I have witnessed in *Incarnate Isis*.

Century after century the lamp burned above the altar of the dead, with the living ghost haunting her sepulchre from time to time, as ghosts will. Wondering whether she was remembered, or whether in this place of time, which she had replaced by the timelessness of her astral home, everything about her had not been forgotten and her hopes and loves and fears as though they had never been. For ghosts, also, have their pride in remembrance and their memories. Is it not by memory rather than by the moment that we live? Take memory and you take life. God help the man or woman who has no memories.

Century after century, Tullia found the lamp burning with unhurried flame in that place of memory, which in some way seemed to show that she had not been forgotten. And, in fact, she has not been forgotten, or these words of mine would not be written. Indeed, one of the Oxford curators appealed not so very long ago in a newspaper of 1943 for the preservation and sending by any member of the Eighth Army of Montgomery in Italy of any such lamp found burning in one of the ancient tombs now rifled by the horrors of war, asking such member "to forward it unopened to the Museum of the History of Science" in Oxford, "*where it shall burn in perpetuity*".

But one day the spirit of Tullia was to visit its tomb only to find the temple profaned and the lamp no longer burning. And if the astral body has within it the astral heart, as we know it has, then that heart in Tullia was broken.

This grave and fine-minded scientist in using the italicized words showed himself a fitting successor to the older alchemists and astrologers, whose science—and it *was* a science—was not a mask of truth and of beauty. For the scientist who is not a lover of beauty and who behind him has not "The Idea of God", is but a half-scientist. The days when the ancient scientist was also the religious teacher are even now returning to our earth, in an age when scientist after scientist is coming forward to show himself interested in the things of the spirit—in the proofs of survival of death and the considerations of Man as Immortal.

Several such discoveries of "lamp eternal-burning", have been made, like the one of which we speak. But, alas! careless hands and careless hearts, not troubling to handle the wonder with care and reverence, admitted air to the chamber of the lamp, with resultant immediate extinguishing. And to extinguish something that has burned for fifteen hundred years is sacrilege.

This discovery of Tullia's lamp is recounted by Pancirollus in his *Rerum Memorabilium sive Deperditarum*, 1612.

So burns for ever the light of memory of the Group-Soul, awaiting the return from earth of the wanderer.

Yet does the Group not have to wait until the "bodily" return. For always is it in momentary touch with the pioneer of earth. Each pain and each happiness passes automatically along the thought

vibration to the Group and so becomes part of that Group. Each one who reads these words, whether conscious of it or not, is in touch with her or his group on the other side of death.

But that Group, in its turn, is also part of a greater grouping, itself a further efflorescence of the Greater Comradeship. And, one imagines that such groupings, ever growing, are to be found on every plane as we ascend out of the depths of matter into those of spirit. Up through the planes angelic to those of the super-angelic—to the cherubim and seraphim, who, be sure, are as real and more living than any man or woman who reads. And if proof be demanded, my reply is that “proof” of the infinite to the finite is impossible save through the channel of intuition, by which alone can we bridge the immensities.

CHAPTER L

THE MAINSPRING OF EVOLUTION

To imagine, much more to describe, the love of the Greater Self and the Group-Soul and the part that both play in the Greater Comradeship is a task nearly impossible to us whilst we are in the body of flesh. Yet it may be attempted.

This tiny fraction of the Greater Self, which we call the “I”, and which is from time to time projected into matter from spirit, is itself also a fraction of an individual Group-Soul. For just as the Group-Soul proper is made up of many individuals, so the Greater Self is composed of innumerable fractions, of which the particular “I” or “ego” appearing on this earth is but a single one. Yet are all these fractions which make up the individual human being held together on a kind of switchboard, upon a “switchboard memory” which holds them to one another in that Greater Self, much as a telephone operator puts in and takes out her switches as she holds together the individuals of the community amidst which she works.

For not everybody is the memory of previous lives. It is common in India and the East, but, except in cases like that of the writer, the West, for certain psychological reasons, rarely has it, although nearly all children remember something of other lives, forgetting the memory as they grow up.

When people hear for the first time of this Greater Self and of their being but a bit of it, they fear loss of personality in their earthly form. They need not. For this form holds within it all the other parts of the Greater Self in the sense of being connected with them. Actually, we are always greater than we think we are!

My own belief is that these fractions of the Greater Self are in constant connection with one another, whether in the incarnated life of earth or in that of the astral. Also I think that all the inhabitants of earth from the moment of ignition of earth by spirit through whose volition the first woman and man appeared on the surface of the

earth, down to the present moment, are also all part of one family—the *human*. Further, there are most probably Group-Souls of the other planets of our solar system, all the Groups of the system being in touch with one another unconsciously or, at times, perhaps consciously.

This may seem far-fetched, but we know from the facts of our own “wireless”, as from everything we learn from our scientist Guides of the astral, that such things are possible. Indeed, it is not too much or too little to say that in our universe, radiologically speaking, “*everything is possible*”.

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What, then, is it that holds together these complexities of the Group-Souls?

It is *love*.

Love is the intangible etheric which alone can bridge chasms, link up the worlds, and, something much more difficult, weave all beings, whether of astral or earth, into one family. And all this is an aspect of “the family” which the earthly sociologists, as the earthly puritans, have missed!

The “family” is more than father and mother and children. It is one of the universal units. Perhaps, in an immediate sense, it is *the* universal unit.

Now it is the affair of the Greater Self to hold to it by the web of love all the parts of that self. To this Greater Self, each fraction is equally dear and worthy of care. It is also the affair of that Self to link itself to the Group-Soul and to hold all its fractions together to that Group.

Human beings have been both too careless and too careful about the love of the sexes, which itself is, literally, the microcosm of the macrocosm of all love, everywhere, and in any form, from that of man for woman to the love of the Greater Comradeship. And it is only when we have reached the stage of Companionship Love, that we shall have freed ourselves from the tabus and conventions which degrade and destroy the love that is true.

The plan behind all evolution is for “*the lesser to lose itself within the Greater and in the losing to find itself the greater*”. That may be called the Law of Evolution.

In a word, the Nirvanic absorption of the individual by the cosmos does not cause the loss of individuality and personality, but rather their definition and aggrandizement. Once more, “he that saveth his life shall lose it”—but he that loseth his own personality in the greater of the Group, will find that personality and with it the fuller significance.

All this we know in our ordinary lives. For the instant we cease to *plan* and to *force*, the desire of our hearts is granted to us *in one form or other*. The fulfilment of hope is so often destroyed by desire. In a sense that perhaps the Gautama taught, we have to rid ourselves of desire in order that we may fulfil that desire. A paradox, but truth. But that he ever taught the dreadful renunciation of experience with

which he is credited by the moderns, I do not believe. For the Gautama was great.

That the still unevolved or the deeply ignorant will find all such sayings contradictory and obscure is but to say that behind such sayings truth is hid. Only the simple fool wants everything "simple". Truth is intensely complex and intensely simple, at one and the same time, and this will be found also to apply to our imagination of love and the Group.

Personality is never lost.

When, on our earth, lovers meet and make love, each is contributing something to the Greater Self and to that Group which lies beyond this Self. Love, indeed, is the feeder of love. It is the one thing which feeding on itself never loses substance or suffers diminution—a veritable radium of life.

Out from the Greater Self there never comes upbraiding or punishment because one of its earthly fractions "sins" and suffers.

It is the Greater Self which *always* understands, *always* praises, *always* loves. Your sins are its sins. Your loves are its loves. Your triumphs are its triumphs.

There is nothing new under the sun. There are no new truths. There are no new falsities. All that there are, are new angles and new surprises and new lights. Yet do we make our own truths and with it *truth*, as we climb the ladder of experience.

So when you and I sin and suffer, we are following world-old and well-trod paths which our Greater Selves have trodden before us. For the Greater Self *knows*. "To know all is to forgive all."

We are even forgiven by our Greater Selves before we have committed the sin. Just as the answer to prayer, as we actually know from constant experience, starts often even before the prayer is made, so are our sins forgiven by our heavenly Father, of whom the Greater Self is but itself a shining fraction, even before they are committed. God knows the wish before it is thought or uttered.

Our Churches, as our complex and vain theologies, have been wrong in their views of sin and the sinner, as even a cursory reference to the gospels and to Christ's views of such matters will prove.

Indeed, it may be said that when we sin, God suffers! When we triumph over sin, He rejoices. As of Jesus it was said that his sins were our sins and our sins his, so it may be said of his and our Heavenly Father, who is as real as personality and quarter day, that out of Him and to Him there proceed and return all the sorrows and all the joys of our daily lives. Nothing too small, nothing too great, to be noted. For are not "the very hairs of our heads numbered"?

God may seem to be asleep in these days of world wars and of the deaths of humans and little birds. Yet not a feather on a wing of any sparrow of them all but is known to Him and, deep in the Heart of the World, cared. And *nothing is wasted*.

It is the recognition of this universal meticulous love that is behind the love and understanding of the Group-Soul on the other side of

death. And, just as do some of the great meditative souls, who for greater or less period have deliberately retired from the hurly-burly of the worldly life of our earth in order to be able to *concentrate upon love*—for that is what they do—so also does the Soul of the Group on the astral pass much of its time and effort in spraying our earth with loving thought and loving prayer. And thought without prayer is impossible!

It is claimed by one of the larger Christian Churches that if its "Contemplatives" as they are called, did not retire from the worldly life and spend their long little hour of earth in so spraying the Church with their prayers and meditations, their Church could not go on. And in all this there is much truth, despite the fact that these Contemplatives in scourging the flesh and mutilating the spirit by total abstention from speech and from the joy of life, often maim the very organization they seek to protect and to nourish.

The Group-Souls on the other side of life also have their Contemplatives, who spend their timeless day in prayer and loving thought for our earth which has been committed to the care of that White Brotherhood of which the Groups are part. Such men and women of the astral are neither monks nor nuns. They are full beings, "alive with life", living the astral life sanely and joyfully to the glory of God. For they have learned the lesson that "without love there is no joy, and without joy there is no life".

It is not only by suffering and pain that we progress and learn. We learn also through delight and happiness.

Our earth for countless ages has been hag-ridden by tabu. For centuries it has played with the mutilation of the mind and body, by immolation within monasteries and convents—and this not only in the Christian era but in the pre-Christian, for there were pagan hermits. For perhaps tens of thousands of years before Christ came to bring earth as The Light of the World, the Indian fakir, who is *not* the Indian yogi, tortured his body in order to escape from the wheel of life and love, just as the Indian Buddhist has but too often followed something of the same path. Not by renunciation but by fulfilment shall man progress on his road to the stars. Attempting all. Fearing naught. Hoping ever.

So far as go my own enquiries and the communications which have come to me and others from time to time, this also is the view of the astral world and of the Group-Souls who make up that world. That it is the mature thought of the Higher Spiritual Spheres, poised above the astral, I have no doubt whatever. In all the teachings of the Leader of the White Brotherhood, our own dearly beloved Jesus, we never find reference to vain renunciation or torture of the body at any time. All the more remarkable that, as the scholars now tell us, it was the rather unhappy and dishonest custom of some of the Fathers of the Church to interpolate such passages, from time to time, as might seem to bolster up their own particular predilections.

These Fathers, like some of the Fathers of a materialist Science who

were to follow them down the ages, had the instinct to death. True, the scientific sceptic denied the survival of death, rejecting persistently and even passionately the plain proofs of such survival, whilst the Churchly Father, admitting survival, denied to vast numbers of the human race any such possibility save in a hell of eternal torment, even though it was his facile casuistical custom to shelter the horror he had conjured by stating that "nobody knows whether there is anybody at all in hell, save Judas Iscariot".

Poor Judas! Poor priests!

The love of the Group-Soul for our world has no room in it for hell or annihilation or for the Inquisitor who protested that burning a hundred or two of heretics in the autos-da-fé of the Holy Inquisition, was a small matter when one considered that a human being's soul must come first and that such tortures, with the screams and revilings which accompanied them, formed salutary examples to the budding heretic! Yet even these utterly sincere and wrong-headed men, shrinking from the spectre of a God of Pain which they had conjured, also sheltered themselves behind the assertion that "it was not Holy Church who burned these heretics, but the Civil Power to whom the Church transferred them!" an argument that was used to the writer in the famous Catholic University of Notre Dame in Indiana where he was lecturing.

In love there is no room for hate or pain. The love of the Group-Soul, itself fed from the Spiritual Spheres with which it has direct contact, is the perfect love, of full measure, pressed down and running over. Like its Leader, it has the same love for the Roman Catholic or Protestant, for the agnostic or atheist, and makes no distinction. Jesus loved everybody.

Nor is there distinction between the love of lovers and that love of humanity which the Divine Lover himself possessed. One is of the essence of the other, even though the love of woman for man and of man for woman may be selfish and egoistic in its lower forms. But, for that matter, the other sort of love, the "love" of the professional philanthropist, may be but love in name.

That latter love we reward in our world with titles and approbation. On the astral it would win nothing but pitying indifference. For Over There, it is the spirit of love that matters—its motive, not its form. "The cup of cold water" may be worth more than all the hospital-foundations on earth, gifted by wealth.

But of either love, the Astral Groups demand reticence, self-restraint, self-discipline, and a passionate idealism. None know better than they that the love between lovers may be temporary or permanent—the love of "the ships that pass in the night" or the love of the heavenly twin. But so long as it lasts, "love must work no harm to the beloved", as I heard one of the greater Guides say.

As for that passage in the earthly marriage service: "until death us do part", it but brings a smile to an astral world which believes that there is no death and that all life is one continuum. Not only is "love

until the dissolution of the earthly body" but a passing dream, but no man or woman dare promise love for any length of time, any more than she may promise "to love, honour and obey" her husband.

Not by swearing or by oath may love or obedience be assured, but just by "love". Love is its own assurance. There can be no other. "When affection and understanding goes, then goes love with it," the Astral Group would say.

But always, in the Greater Perspective of the astral worlds, from the mother's love for her baby newly born, up through that baby's love for parent or friend or lover, up to the love of the Greater Comradeship of which the Greatest Comrade was the supreme demonstrator, love will have its way. It is love that moves our worlds. It is love that is the mainspring of evolution. Always love.

Love is its own justification.

CHAPTER LI

"THE WHITE COMPANY"

I HAVE been trying throughout to show the reader and myself that the earth and astral are each part of the other, and that whichever one touches one touches also the other. Also, that upon the astral plane there does actually exist "The White Company", themselves headed by that Being who is the shadow of the Cosmic Christ, of Whom the mystics and poets of all time have written, and Whose arms span the heavens and the earth with a golden span, and that this Company of Saints do their work through love—and *through love only*.

This conclusion I had reached long years ago, but, as the reader can observe, more and more do we find references by all the greater writers to the concept of Love as the universal saviour and power. Neither height nor depth, neither force nor evil, neither the Dark Forces nor the Darker Law may stand against love, which itself is *natural law*.

The Law of Love is always on our side. You and I are certain victors in the battle of life whatever the moment may seem to show, and you and I may wring victory out of the shadow of defeat, so that we may cry with William Blake :

Bring me my Bow of burning gold!
Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Bring me my Spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

and in that "chariot of fire" you and I may find the Promised Land, not through force or "will", but just through love.

It is the White Company who place in our hands our bows of burning gold and show us our chariots of fire, so that we, with them, may ascend out of the murk of matter into the high clear air of the spiritual worlds. And, be sure! the day will yet come when

our advance to those worlds up an endless "Jack and the Beanstalk" ladder, will no longer be by tortuous pain, but, with the spiritual release of which Blake was writing, we shall in the twinkling of an eye soar into the empyrean, no more to return to earth and to the pain and sorrow of matter.

Nothing can keep us back but ourselves !

Physically, the scientists of our earth tell us that this planet is continuously bathed in the "atomic showers" which come to us from some central source of power in space—or, as I would prefer to put it, outside space itself. It is by these showers of energy and of light that we have our being within the dungeon of earth, and if they ceased to pour upon us, we should instantly die.

But as the physical is always but the dark mirror of the spiritual, these showers of light have their corollaries in the showers of blessing which also ceaselessly pour down from the worlds of spirit—also from some Central Source of Power which we, poor mortals without vocabulary or perspective, call "God" for want of another term. We see that Central Source as a giant anthropomorphic being, as a giant Man, for otherwise our puny minds would not envisage the Power Behind Life, although, actually, such Source is of the Divine Imperson, of Whom we also are part, in that universal circulation of spirit around and through the worlds and stars and interstellar spaces which may be compared to the circulation of the blood in the physical body.

And may it not be that, as Science draws nearer to this Central Source, it may in it discover God ?

Now it is the White Company, formed as they are out of those souls who, throughout the ages, have fought and conquered and so been made free of "the second death" of earth-life and of incarnation, who are charged with the task of directing the showers of the Central Source of Love and Life to their proper goals and in their proper proportions, as the recipients may be able to bear them. No electrician would send a current through a filament unable to carry it, because if he did, it might fuse the wire. Nor do the White Companions permit thought-currents greater than the recipient can bear to be sent down on to the earth into the human heart. "Many things I would say unto you . . ." run the words of Jesus, he adding "but ye cannot bear them now." As we advance on the Path, the current grows as we grow, as we are able to take it.

I am taking the liberty of quoting again from *The Shining Brother*, because it seems to show that this original belief of mine had fact behind it. One of the messages which came through from Saint Francis d'Assisi said that " 'The Sons of Light' or the 'Sons of the Kingdom' " (my own "Children of Light" in *World-Birth*) "carry the undying flame, the beacon which showeth succeeding generations the road to immortality.

"For to the Sons of the Kingdom is this Light given, and it is that which revealeth the new way of life to the maturing soul of man ; for each age receiveth its own illumination, and man requireth continually

new teaching and a fuller insight into the laws that govern the universe and into the Being in whom he dwelleth."

These be remarkable words, but they are followed by others still more remarkable :

"To the Sons of the Most High is entrusted the task of apportioning the revelation to the growth and needs of the children of earth. These High Ones dwell nigh to the Centre of Life, but their children are found at all stages of progression, and their call is *always the same*. The cry for Light from birth to birth breaketh from their lips ; and never can they cease their search until the glory of the Life Triumphant sweepeth them into the ocean of Light that beateth upon the shining throne of God."

So it was that Goethe, on his deathbed, cried : "Light, more Light !" and so do you and I also cry every instant of our lives. Nor is the answer ever delayed. It comes even as I write these words and you read them, even though we do not always hear it at the moment of coming.

I picture the worlds of astral and earth as worlds of the Superior and Inferior Brains, just as we have in our earthly bodies such brains, the "Inferior" being that of the solar plexus, itself of such urgent continuous import to the poise of all our thought and health, and which in our bodies is connected with the Superior Brain. So are the worlds of astral and earth united.

But above and beyond the Astral and even the Spiritual Realms lying immediately above the Astral, there ascends a ladder of nerves, physical and spiritual, through world after world, plane after plane, the highest *antennæ* of which vanish into the infinite, "into that ocean of Light that beateth upon the shining throne of God". As the script from which I have quoted puts it : "They are the ladder on which the angels descend ; they are, as it were, the nerve centres of the body of humanity, receiving impressions from without and within and transmitting their inspirations for their fellows who can perceive but through them."

Up and down this Ladder of Life and Light go and come the angelic hosts, bringing down to us terrestrials the messages of the *illuminati*, and taking back with them, be sure, whatever spiritual values we have been able to accumulate by our sufferings and efforts of earth. Those values which we hoard for the Group-Soul to which we belong and which that Group-Soul itself but holds in fief for all the other Groups of the astral worlds, with all of which it has communication one way or other.

Nothing is wasted. Nothing lost.

The one thing which the angelic choirs sing and bring is *love*. The one thing which we can send back to the heavens is *love*. It is by love that the miracle of intercommunication is accomplished—by love *only*, in all its forms, that we find the life eternal.

CHAPTER LII

THE FUTURE OF LOVE

FROM what we have recorded in these pages, both from the earthly and "heavenly" records, I think we may now see the trends and tendencies of love and marriage not only on this planet but on the astral. One, at any rate, is inevitably a reflection of the other by what I will call "The Law of Parallel". For all earthly things have their first occurrence in heaven.

So far as the earth is concerned, it is not only the writer of these words but many of our sociologists and psychologists, as well as our religious teachers, who are noting these trends. Whether we like it or not, and my own views are not always necessarily here involved, we are seeing and will see such catastrophic changes in marriage and divorce laws and customs in the world of the Post-War Stage as will dwarf the physical, mechanical, economic, and other metamorphoses.

I believe we are about to see the astral view of marriage gradually find adoption and acquiescence. Which is to say, first of all, "no marriage without love"; secondly, that no ceremony, however desirable such ceremony may be from the standpoint of beauty and recognition, can make a marriage whether by priest or registrar; lastly, that divorce is likely to be on simple declaration by either of the parties when they have decided that continued marriage between them would result in moral and physical deterioration.

Nevertheless, I believe that if our "pastors and masters", our politicians and our statesmen deliberately force such views, whether desirable or otherwise, upon their peoples, they will make the same hideous mistake which the Nazis made in their attempts at "superimposition of idea", and which even the Soviets attempted. For those who do not believe that "love is perfect freedom", and who still believe in the marriage ceremony "binding for life", it should always be open to them to undergo such a binding, which will mean that there will probably be the choice of two ceremonies—one the "free", the other the "binding".

Women and men must always be free to serve and find their God as they will. So shall we preserve freedom of conscience and action, and although some of the more "ancient established" churches will doubtless fight the above with "claw and candle", education and the romantic recognition of life will do their work on the national consciousness as the years roll by. Freedom has always God and time on her side.

We are also going to see strange changes in our view of children and the "home", changes already showing themselves, to take Britain for one example, in the coming of the "flat-life", the reluctance to have either any children at all or one or two at most, with the "only child" family constantly in the ascendant.

As against this, the growth of sex-education of the adolescent and

adult, and with it the growth of "Romance" and the recognition that the woman without motherhood is only a woman unfulfilled, will, in my opinion, gradually restore the family to a position and security unquestionably higher than the family of the Victorian and Edwardian eras. Also, with the vast State subsidies and other action now foreshadowed in the Beveridge type of plan, economic lack will no longer make young fathers and mothers afraid to have babies. In addition, our primary schools and our universities, as they even now are beginning to do, will have their "courses in the art of love"!

On the psycho-spiritual side, marriage in the future will lift itself, little by little, to the astral concept as it exists at the moment of my writing these words.

Which is to say, a concept of physical, mental and spiritual union and communion unknown to any of our earth marriages apart from those between the very highest beings on this planet. That we do, rarely, see such unions, there can be no doubt. But one day such will be the rule, not the strange exception.

In all such cases, the children will be considered. Wherever men and women decide to separate for each other's spiritual advancement, and where they have had children together, there will be, as there is today in Denmark and some other advanced countries, "equal free access by both parents to the children". Sometimes, this seemingly insoluble problem is solved by the children spending part of the year with one parent, and part with the other. This plan has been found to work satisfactorily, and also has the advantage of giving the children greater variety of contact and experience.

The astral advocates of the above views of marriage and divorce point out something which seems to be unchallengeable. They say that all this will enormously lift up our standard of morality, idealism, and conduct, by ridding us of the clandestine attachment to "the strange woman", and to the sometimes "strange man", of the strange stratagems and devices of "unfaithful" husbands and "unfaithful" wives who have "fallen in love" with somebody other than their lawful partner, and that the sordidness of our newspaper records and social reactions to what really are but "breaches of contract" will cease to have place in our social economy.

Not only on the astral, where it is now possibly in full flower, but on our earth shall we have "vibrational mating" which, so far as I know, is potentially, if not as yet actually, infallible. This will spare us "the unhappy marriage" which is now the norm of modern life, the wretched bickerings before the strained children of men and women who "can't get on", and the well-meant but pitiful attempts by ignorant partners to overcome by sheer will the fundamental rhythmic difference and vibrational chasm which separate them.

The intelligent reader will have gathered that "vibrational mating" is not conjecture. It is a fact, the workings of which he can see about him in the everyday life of our earth. He can feel it even more generally at work in his feelings to the men and women about him, and he finds

the conclusions which we have reached with the astrals in the preceding pages bear the test of experiment and experience.

This writing of ours is much more than a study of "Love after Death". It is equally a study of the love-life of our planet, itself a mirror held up to the astral lying above. To study life and love after death, you have to study them before death. In evolutionary life there is no break. Life is but the release of death, and death the release of new life. Always "cause and effect". Always continuity.

Two things I think we shall find in the "future of love" on this earth. One, the stretching of the recognition of love, as something that is illimitably beyond the concept of the selfishly segregated love of two people, with the "possessive" sense predominant, especially in the woman. The other, the recognition of the Greater Comradeship of which the Greater Love spoken of by Jesus is compounded.

Whilst nothing can ever compare with or exceed in beauty and delight the love of woman for man and man for woman, each as a complementary part of the other, it is about to be recognized here that of it the Greater Comradeship is also part. The intensely selfish love of men and women which excludes from its 'chanted circle "all not of the true fold"—which is to say, everybody outside the two participants, is about to yield to the concept of a love that enfolds within it all men and women, and all the human race. That is the love of "charity" of which speaks the St. Paul, with whom, in his views of women, I have often the honour to differ.

That Greater Comradeship, itself another name for the White Company on the astral which, throughout the ages, has watched over the soul of our little earth, is itself part of the Greater Self and the Group-Soul, without the understanding of which we, literally, know almost nothing of love in its essence.

It is that Greater Comradeship, particularly in its relation to the Greater Self and Group-Soul, that we have been considering in these plastic pages. A consideration which will take us outside the earthly bounds of space and time, freeing us into a world of spirit that for any of us is still incalculable in its higher dimensions.

But as we are just entering the Aquarian Age, in which four-dimensional thought and writing will gradually become the normal, we may approach our imaginative flight with confidence and fearlessly, as becomes sons and daughters of a New Age.

CHAPTER LIII

"PARENTS OF THE SPIRIT"

It is with a certain trepidation that in this last stage of our search for love after death I fly the kite of conjecture into skies other than those of earth, or even of astral. For much that I shall now put down deals

with the Spiritual Realm or Plane lying even above the highest Astral.

For many years, I had been coming to the belief, one suspected since I could think, that not only were we all Children of the One Father, but that in the more immediate intimacy of earthly and astral parent and child, we had not only physical but spiritual parents.

I wish to set down something which I believe has come to me under the direct imagination and inspiration :

I believe that there is no such thing as a separate person on either the earth or astral planes. I believe that each one of us has running through her or his veins the "spiritual blood" of countless progenitors—in other words, the spiritual substance of those progenitors. I believe that all of us, angel and man alike, are hung together upon an endless chain of spirit and that the day will dawn when we shall be reunited, here or hereafter, with those spiritual fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, children and lovers of ours.

It is sure, I think, that in our earthly parents and lovers and relations, we find sparks drawn from the central source of life, which, as it descends upon our struggling little planet, sends its lightnings through those who, in the Upper Spheres, are nearest to us in spirit. We are all of us but *reflections and reflexes* of the Spirit Hierarchies who, tier on tier, world on world, stretch above us into infinity until they reach the very footstool of God, the "Father-Mother" of us all. For it is an entirely false concept of the Godhead that it is male, a concept springing from the physical arrogance of male usurpation of power on our earth. Indeed, we so unconsciously recognize this that in all our religions, from the Isis of the Egyptian trinity to the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Christian Dispensation, we have felt ourselves compelled to the introduction of the mother element.

If we could trace through the heavens of shining glory above us, the trail by which, for the time, we have descended out of spirit into matter, we should be amazed. We are of the angelic ancestry.

There is a celestial biology as well as a terrestrial—both equally true. From the persistent evidence for reincarnation of the human and such collateral evidence as our earthly biology affords, combined with an intuition common to all the more advanced spirits that we are something more than "men made from monkeys", we are brought to the conclusion that humanity has come down through æons of time along a sweeping arc—literally an *arc-de-ciel*, out of the spiritual hierarchies. Down into the flaming gases of evolution, then upwards through the protoplasmic slime, through plant, amœba, fish, and animal.

There are no more accurate analysts of matter than the scientists. There are no more inaccurate guides to interpretation of that analysis and synthesis which they have so laboriously and conscientiously accumulated.

It is for the scientist to lay the results of his experiments before the inspired of our earth—those rare and lovely minds, of which, perhaps, in the whole of our world, there may be half a thousand.

The scientist, as the ignorant layman, imagines that the only choice before him is either to accept the Darwinian theory of "selection", "acquired characteristics" and all the rest of it, including man's ascent from some ape-like ancestor, *or* to deny it all and accept only the primitive biblical account of creation as in Genesis, with man as a special creation, called forth in a hotted instant from the mind of the Creator.

There is no such choice. It is one which exists only in the stultified and imperfectly implemented imagination. Also, incidentally, it has been made clear that much of the Darwinian theory has gone into the discards of science, and that "there is possibly only a single genuine orthodox Darwinian left", the last of which may or may not be true.

I am of those who believe, partly from the evidence, partly from the controlled intuition which is already supplanting the haltered blinkered "reason" of the modern scientist, that we men and women probably have ascended from the primeval slime up through some ape-like ancestor. But I also believe that before the particles of our Greater Selves descended along the arc of matter into that slime, in order to learn by experience of pain and sin, by good and evil, by suffering and happiness, we had been minted in the angelic furnaces, in the suns of the Higher Heavens, where we have left our Greater Selves and our Group-Souls.

We have, indeed, deliberately taken the headlong plunge into the darkness of matter and death, so that the Love of which this book is written, may find itself within the womb of death. . . . Love conquering Death.

But these be perilous flights outside Space and Time—flights which, to the darkened mind and the soul encased in matter, will seem of the stuff of an Edgar Allan Poe or of "the tale told by an idiot". Yet may it rather be the tale told by a Milton in a *Paradise Lost*, one day, for all of us, and through love, to be a *Paradise Regained*. For the illuminati, however, one ventures to think that the arrow of this arc-de-ciel, drawn at a venture, as it rushes upwards, may find the instinctive response and understanding which is, actually, *the only way of learning and realizing anything that really matters*.

If instead of focussing our spiritual eyes upon the tremendous curve along which we have come out of spirit to our world, we focus them upon our spiritual genealogical trees, we shall have rich reward. Neither I nor anyone else can promise that we shall see the branches of this tree at once. It may take months or years, it may take but moments. The wish is enough to bring the picture—a picture which will emerge as does a picture on the screen.

As it emerges, we shall see that not only have we our earthly parents, whom we may, or may not, love, but that above us, in the astral and spiritual spheres, we are linked with men and women who have, literally, "given birth" to us and as they did so, endowed us with something of their own spirit.

That is why some of us feel so close to some spirit, lying outside ourselves and outside our earth, whose identity we may or may not know. Many, for instance, have felt close personal love for the world's best-loved man, Saint Francis of Assisi, of which we see a remarkable case in that beautiful little book, *The Shining Brother*, where reference will also be found to something not unlike the spiritual parentage, upon which the writer has stumbled.

I myself have felt closest to the Master himself, perhaps because to know him was to love Him, and Him I believe I knew about the time of my Roman incarnations, of which I have so meticulous a memory in places. But after Him, Saint Francis has always been nearest and dearest, because I always felt that he *understood* and understands me, and that, despite my own poor equipment and my excessive limitations, he and I were of the same stuff.

This latter is passing strange, for not only am I not a Roman Catholic, nor indeed pay allegiance to any church save the Church of Christ, but I cannot bear the superimposition of any Church or man upon freedom of thought. And Saint Francis was a Catholic.

But Christ was a "christian"!—his church, the world of hearts.

Yet in the divine alchemy of the Spheres, an alchemy which melts us all, bond or free, white or black, brown or yellow, Catholic or Protestant, agnostic or just "Christians" who, like their Master, own no church, I believe that we human beings are of one family, as I have said. Over There, on the higher planes at least, the Saint Francis, as the Bradlaughs, Blavatskys, and Besants, have learned this, as they have learned the secret of the spiritual parentship and sonship and lovership of which we have been speaking.

And this is why we must never, at any time, ridicule or even attempt to "convert from" any man or woman's religious faith. We have to remember, you and I, that there are as many roads to the golden-flaming throne of God as there are human beings, and that no two can take exactly the same road. And when we differ, let us not forget that "differences" are transitory and that behind, there is always the sure foundation of truth—that truth which, like the diamond it resembles, has a thousand facets, even though the central brilliance is the same for every facet.

We have full right to state our beliefs of the moment and our reason for holding them. We have right to protest and to work against any attempt by Church or State or Person, whether that be one of the Christian Churches or Dictators like Hitler and Mussolini, to force belief from above upon the Average below. We have even the right to die for our beliefs. *But we must never hate.*

Let those who read these words, who feel affinity to great spirits like Father Damien or his spiritual brother, Saint Francis, or to a Florence Nightingale, or an Edith Cavell, a love that is as inexplicable as it is real, remember that these spirits may be their own spiritual fathers and mothers.

Encourage that intercourse of spirit. Meditate upon it. It is one

of the most precious but least prized or recognized gifts of God to Man.

Jesus is as close to us today as he ever was when for three short years he ministered to us on earth. He is close to me as *a real person* as I write these words. How could Time or its twin, Death, separate the inseparable? And He, the universal lover, is for all of us inseparable. He whose task as head of the White Brotherhood it is to watch over and to tend our tiny planet as it blinks its way through the immensities.

In the little book I have mentioned, this idea of Spiritual Relationship is beautifully spoken by Saint Francis himself, who chose his "brother in spirit", Laurence Temple, whom he calls "Lorenzo Leo", as his communicant to our world:

"Francesco is here, Lorenzo. I have come out of love for ye; I love ye, and have loved ye always. Ye are not only my brother, *fratello mio*, ye are also the beloved *figlio mio*, my son. My son in the spirit, you understand. I feel to ye as to one who understands me, to whom I need hardly speak in words, so deep is the sympathy between us."

He elaborates; after he has been asked whether "a spiritual son is one born on a higher plane and descends to this?" :

"Yea, that is so; *ye are born in the spirit before ye enter a body*. Ye were born my son on the plane that is sixth after this one. . . ."

Asked whether he, Lorenzo, comes to his side in sleep, he replies:

"Yea, nearly every night ye come to me and gradually ye are drawn to higher planes. *The spheres where ye know without learning*."

That is to say, the Higher Spheres where the divine intuition takes the place of the clammy reason and brain. And it is this "Spiritual Parentage" and Comradeship which unites all who seek God, even the writer of these words, with Saint Francis and the Lorenzo he loved, and even though our angles and interpretations will often differ.

Those of us who habitually use this intuition, "taking no thought for the morrow", find that it is as nearly infallible as anything earthly can be. All "planning", but not all circumspection, is foolish—at least for the "Intuitive Man" and "Woman". Our plans almost invariably come to naught, or when they mature, often do so at a terrible cost to ourselves and others.

That is one reason why we should always work by *imagination* rather than by *will*, which is the slave of matter, but it has to be the "controlled imagination", not the blind phrenetic instinct which is no true instinct and which leads us into early quagmires. Controlled by prayer and service and by that "spiritual awareness" which our spiritual parents and guides are always trying to cause within us.

As I have myself experienced directly during my present incarnation, this spiritual bond and yearning towards one of my spiritual parents, I can write of it with conviction. That "father" was my Greater Comrade, "Red Cloud", the great-hearted Egyptian, who has been by my side for many years, and who has repeatedly helped me and my friends.

On April 25, 1934, my Egyptian "father", who, materializing, had taken us by the hand, said to me: "Do not be afraid. Your sorrows and joys are mine. I shall always be with you, and, if you wish, will go hand in hand with you on the astral when you come."

And here is a verbatim extract of our meeting on a previous occasion from my notes at the time, a time when I was in grievous trouble and had appealed to him for help:

S.D.: You *will* help me, won't you?

R.C. (with strange earnestness): I would give all my kingdom to help you. (This he repeated, and I know that we have known each other in the pasts.)

He also said to me with that almost terrible intensity of love, as of a father for a son: "I am with you, Desmond, to the end—to death itself."

Though the world may scoff, there is not a single one of us who has not his or her guardian angel behind them from birth to death . . . and beyond. These guardians are, I believe, always related to us by spirit, one way or other. They can only help and "guard" when they are on the same vibration as we.

My own "guardian angel", if you like to call him that, has visited me more than once. On February 20, 1935, when I had the opportunity of speaking to men who had known me in my gladiatorial days in the Rome of Nero, one of them calling me by my Roman name, I also met my guardian. That conversation is sacred, but one phrase stood out from all others: "I promise you protection in the darkness—I, *who am your other self*."

Of this meeting and conversation I have eight witnesses.

Only those who have seen their guardians materialize slowly before their eyes, sometimes in good light, and have held them by their materialized hands to feel the soft warm impress of affection, and have heard their voices of a sympathetic wisdom, one often shot by humour, will be able to understand the meaning of the following notes, made on October 13, 1933, and referring to the spiritual parentage and the "Group Soul" which of that relation is a part:

Questioner: Am I correct in assuming that these present are on the same vibration, and that they have been through the same reincarnations during the past 2,000 years?

Red Cloud: You see, my son, every group is attracted, according to the law, by its own consciousness, even as a magnet will attract a pin, and, even as the elements cannot mix, such is the law with human souls. By cause and effect those who were with me 2,000 years ago are here with me tonight. Life, my children, is like a

glorious piece of tapestry, and every piece of fine silk must be in its place. It is not complete without every piece, and each strand must know its own place. Each mind is attracted by cause and effect into its own group. Such is the law.

For never are we loosed from one another through the ages. Parted for the moment, we may be—and even then only parted in our conscious moments, for during sleep we are again reunited—but ultimately we of the same spiritual lineage find one another and “know even as we are known”.

To use the words of the dear loving one, “The Shining Brother”, Saint Francis of Assisi, as quoted in the script of the book of that name :

“Ye are the child of my spirit, and have been nigh unto me from the beginning and in no wise can ye be loosed from the spiritual link, for ye are as a blossom on my tree and can bloom on no other, for through me do ye derive from the Great Father of all and from that which is Francesco (St. Francis) have ye been brought forth.”

So do we, “fellows one of another”, bloom, each one on the tree of our Group, in the Gardens of God.

CHAPTER LIV

THE VEILS ARE FALLING. . . .

YOU and I have been happy enough to be born in the Time of the World-Wars, which have acted as the midwives to the birth of the Aquarian Age of Love and Wisdom into which we are now passing.

It is a glorious time into which to be born, and one for which we should thank God. For if we can see through the veils of matter which seem to enshroud our earth in cruelty and force, as the caul enshrouds the babe, we shall be able to glimpse the glory behind.

The Veils are falling. . . .

Before many years have run out, we shall have the heavenly visitants stand before us on our public platforms from day to day to speak in their own Voices in a time when no science worthy of the name will dare either to deny that man survives death or that such survival and proof of continuity and “Plan”, is the most important question of our earth . . . indeed the only question that should seriously concern us.

And if the unscientific scoffer scoff, he has his answer. For already such Visitants have stood before audiences, great and small, in various parts of the world, and, even at times, materialized before those audiences to whom they gave the message of the Illumined Ones of the higher spheres.

For untold centuries there have been breaches made in the veils between the worlds of the visible and invisible, but they were only temporary breaches made by and known to the saints and the mystics. Now the breaches between the worlds are so wide and unclosable, that it is possible for all the world to see the world behind.

The Veils are falling. . . .

The Chairs or Societies of Psychical Research now being established not only at Oxford and Cambridge but in the United States, the South Americas, and elsewhere on our planet, all tell the story of that falling. And never again, under any circumstances, will the materialist be able to close the breaches.

"Young men are seeing visions, and old men are dreaming dreams" in this State of Transition from the visible to the invisible, seeing such vision and dreaming such dream as never before were dreamt. Religion itself is growing up out of the cere-cloths of theology and dogma and more and more is seeking Christ and ensuing him.

Religion, little by little, here and there, is forgetting its theories and finding its love. For Religion is Love and Love is Religion. And with the falling of the veils from about organized religion, we are finding the veils falling from about the superstitions and tabus of love and marriage.

For love is coming out of her leading strings and the marriage of love and not of convenience and pretence is finding its fruition in that love which is "perfect freedom". Nor can any statesman or priest, any politician or any player with words, compel it back into the harness of past hypocrisy.

The Veils are falling. . . .

Our little world is passing from the adolescence of hate to the fuller growth of love. With the realization that Man and his comrade Woman are immortals, not mortals, and that "killing" is impossible, our wars will gradually cease from off our fretted earth and we shall pass into the Golden Age of Love of which every poet has written.

But the veils will only fall as we are able to bear the fuller revelation and the stronger light. The sudden dropping of the veils, which veil spirit from our frail matter, might lead to sudden blindness and retrogression, for men, like young kittens, bear the light badly.

Our earth is growing up.

Little by little we are learning to bear "that light not of other worlds" which has been making itself felt through the later years.

The light is breaking on earth's grey shores. The dawn has come. Love is being born out of Death.

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